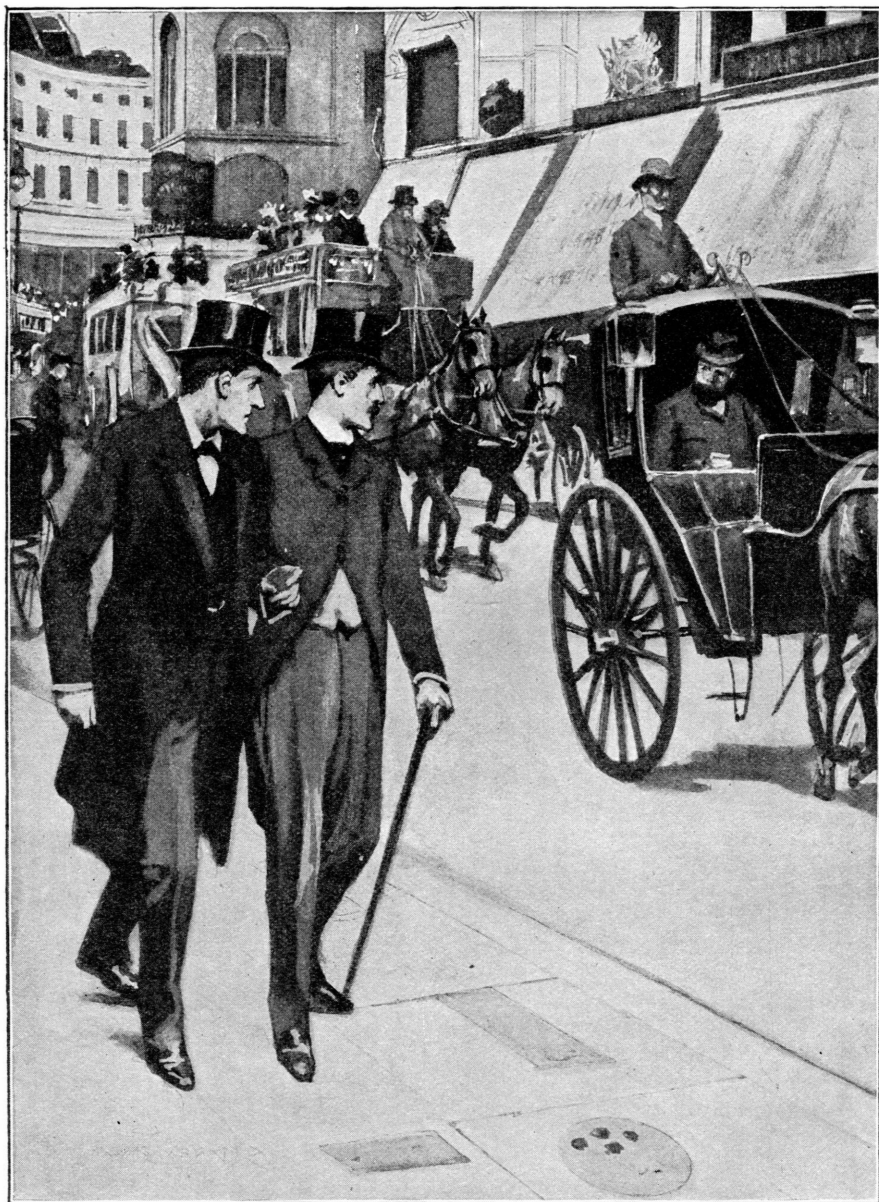




"THERE'S OUR MAN, WATSON ! COME ALONG."

(See page 253.)

The Hound of the Baskervilles.

ANOTHER ADVENTURE OF

SHERLOCK HOLMES.

By CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER III.

THE PROBLEM.



CONFESS that at these words a shudder passed through me. There was a thrill in the doctor's voice which showed that he was himself deeply moved by that which he told

us. Holmes leaned forward in his excitement and his eyes had the hard, dry glitter which shot from them when he was keenly interested.

"You saw this?"

"As clearly as I see you."

"And you said nothing?"

"What was the use?"

"How was it that no one else saw it?"

"The marks were some twenty yards from the body and no one gave them a thought. I don't suppose I should have done so had I not known this legend."

"There are many sheep-dogs on the moor?"

"No doubt, but this was no sheep-dog."

"You say it was large?"

"Enormous."

"But it had not approached the body?"

"No."

"What sort of night was it?"

"Damp and raw."

"But not actually raining?"

"No."

"What is the alley like?"

"There are two lines of old yew hedge, 12ft. high and impenetrable. The walk in the centre is about 8ft. across."

"Is there anything between the hedges and the walk?"

"Yes, there is a strip of grass about 6ft. broad on either side."

"I understand that the yew hedge is penetrated at one point by a gate?"

"Yes, the wicket-gate which leads on to the moor."

"Is there any other opening?"

"None."

"So that to reach the Yew Alley one either has to come down it from the house or else to enter it by the moor-gate?"

"There is an exit through a summer-house at the far end."

"Had Sir Charles reached this?"

"No; he lay about fifty yards from it."

"Now, tell me, Dr. Mortimer—and this is important—the marks which you saw were on the path and not on the grass?"

"No marks could show on the grass."

"Were they on the same side of the path as the moor-gate?"

"Yes; they were on the edge of the path on the same side as the moor-gate."

"You interest me exceedingly. Another point. Was the wicket-gate closed?"

"Closed and padlocked."

"How high was it?"

"About 4ft. high."

"Then anyone could have got over it?"

"Yes."

"And what marks did you see by the wicket-gate?"

"None in particular."

"Good Heaven! Did no one examine?"

"Yes, I examined myself."

"And found nothing?"

"It was all very confused. Sir Charles had evidently stood there for five or ten minutes."

"How do you know that?"

"Because the ash had twice dropped from his cigar."

"Excellent! This is a colleague, Watson, after our own heart. But the marks?"

"He had left his own marks all over that small patch of gravel. I could discern no others."

Sherlock Holmes struck his hand against his knee with an impatient gesture.

"If I had only been there!" he cried. "It is evidently a case of extraordinary interest, and one which presented immense opportunities to the scientific expert. That gravel page upon which I might have read so much has been long ere this smudged by the rain and defaced by the clogs of curious peasants. Oh, Dr. Mortimer, Dr. Mortimer, to think that you should not have called me in! You have indeed much to answer for."

and most experienced of detectives is helpless."

"You mean that the thing is supernatural?"

"I did not positively say so."

"No, but you evidently think it."

"Since the tragedy, Mr. Holmes, there have come to my ears several incidents which are hard to reconcile with the settled order of Nature."

"For example?"

"I find that before the terrible event occurred several people had seen a creature upon the moor which corresponds with this Baskerville demon, and which could not possibly be any animal known to science. They all agreed that it was a huge creature,



"YOU HAVE INDEED MUCH TO ANSWER FOR."

"I could not call you in, Mr. Holmes, without disclosing these facts to the world, and I have already given my reasons for not wishing to do so. Besides, besides——"

"Why do you hesitate?"

"There is a realm in which the most acute

luminous, ghastly, and spectral. I have cross-examined these men, one of them a hard-headed countryman, one a farrier, and one a moorland farmer, who all tell the same story of this dreadful apparition, exactly corresponding to the hell-hound of

the legend. I assure you that there is a reign of terror in the district and that it is a hardy man who will cross the moor at night."

"And you, a trained man of science, believe it to be supernatural?"

"I do not know what to believe."

Holmes shrugged his shoulders.

"I have hitherto confined my investigations to this world," said he. "In a modest way I have combated evil, but to take on the Father of Evil himself would, perhaps, be too ambitious a task. Yet you must admit that the footprint is material."

"The original hound was material enough to tug a man's throat out, and yet he was diabolical as well."

"I see that you have quite gone over to the supernaturalists. But now, Dr. Mortimer, tell me this. If you hold these views, why have you come to consult me at all? You tell me in the same breath that it is useless to investigate Sir Charles's death, and that you desire me to do it."

"I did not say that I desired you to do it."

"Then, how can I assist you?"

"By advising me as to what I should do with Sir Henry Baskerville, who arrives at Waterloo Station"—Dr. Mortimer looked at his watch—"in exactly one hour and a quarter."

"He being the heir?"

"Yes. On the death of Sir Charles we inquired for this young gentleman, and found that he had been farming in Canada. From the accounts which have reached us he is an excellent fellow in every way. I speak now not as a medical man but as a trustee and executor of Sir Charles's will."

"There is no other claimant, I presume?"

"None. The only other kinsman whom we have been able to trace was Rodger Baskerville, the youngest of three brothers of whom poor Sir Charles was the elder. The second brother, who died young, is the father of this lad Henry. The third, Rodger, was the black sheep of the family. He came of the old masterful Baskerville strain, and was the very image, they tell me, of the family picture of old Hugo. He made England too hot to hold him, fled to Central America, and died there in 1876 of yellow fever. Henry is the last of the Baskervilles. In one hour and five minutes I meet him at Waterloo Station. I have had a wire that he arrived at Southampton this morning. Now, Mr. Holmes, what would you advise me to do with him?"

"Why should he not go to the home of his fathers?"

"It seems natural, does it not? And yet, consider that every Baskerville who goes there meets with an evil fate. I feel sure that if Sir Charles could have spoken with me before his death he would have warned me against bringing this the last of the old race, and the heir to great wealth, to that deadly place. And yet it cannot be denied that the prosperity of the whole poor, bleak country-side depends upon his presence. All the good work which has been done by Sir Charles will crash to the ground if there is no tenant of the Hall. I fear lest I should be swayed too much by my own obvious interest in the matter, and that is why I bring the case before you and ask for your advice."

Holmes considered for a little time.

"Put into plain words, the matter is this," said he. "In your opinion there is a diabolical agency which makes Dartmoor an unsafe abode for a Baskerville—that is your opinion?"

"At least I might go the length of saying that there is some evidence that this may be so."

"Exactly. But surely, if your supernatural theory be correct, it could work the young man evil in London as easily as in Devonshire. A devil with merely local powers like a parish vestry would be too inconceivable a thing."

"You put the matter more flippantly, Mr. Holmes, than you would probably do if you were brought into personal contact with these things. Your advice, then, as I understand it, is that the young man will be as safe in Devonshire as in London. He comes in fifty minutes. What would you recommend?"

"I recommend, sir, that you take a cab, call off your spaniel who is scratching at my front door, and proceed to Waterloo to meet Sir Henry Baskerville."

"And then?"

"And then you will say nothing to him at all until I have made up my mind about the matter."

"How long will it take you to make up your mind?"

"Twenty-four hours. At ten o'clock to-morrow, Dr. Mortimer, I will be much obliged to you if you will call upon me here, and it will be of help to me in my plans for the future if you will bring Sir Henry Baskerville with you."

"I will do so, Mr. Holmes." He scribbled the appointment on his shirt cuff and hurried off in his strange, peering, absent-minded fashion. Holmes stopped him at the head of the stair,



"HE SCRIBBLED THE APPOINTMENT ON HIS SHIRT CUFF."

"Only one more question, Dr. Mortimer. You say that before Sir Charles Baskerville's death several people saw this apparition upon the moor?"

"Three people did."

"Did any see it after?"

"I have not heard of any."

"Thank you. Good morning."

Holmes returned to his seat with that quiet look of inward satisfaction which meant that he had a congenial task before him.

"Going out, Watson?"

"Unless I can help you."

"No, my dear fellow, it is at the hour of action that I turn to you for aid. But this is splendid, really unique from some points of view. When you pass Bradley's would you ask him to send up a pound of the strongest shag tobacco? Thank you. It would be as well if you could make it convenient not to return before evening. Then I should be very glad to compare impressions as to this most interesting problem which has been submitted to us this morning."

I knew that seclusion and solitude were very necessary for my friend in those hours

of intense mental concentration during which he weighed every particle of evidence, constructed alternative theories, balanced one against the other, and made up his mind as to which points were essential and which immaterial. I therefore spent the day at my club and did not return to Baker Street until evening. It was nearly nine o'clock when I found myself in the sitting-room once more.

My first impression as I opened the door was that a fire had broken out, for the room was so filled with smoke that the light of the lamp upon the table was blurred by it. As I entered, however, my fears were set at rest, for it was

the acrid fumes of strong coarse tobacco which took me by the throat and set me coughing. Through the haze I had a vague vision of Holmes in his dressing-gown coiled up in an arm-chair with his black clay pipe between his lips. Several rolls of paper lay around him.

"Caught cold, Watson?" said he.

"No, it's this poisonous atmosphere."

"I suppose it *is* pretty thick, now that you mention it."

"Thick! It is intolerable."

"Open the window, then! You have been at your club all day, I perceive."

"My dear Holmes!"

"Am I right?"

"Certainly, but how——?"

He laughed at my bewildered expression.

"There is a delightful freshness about you, Watson, which makes it a pleasure to exercise any small powers which I possess at your expense. A gentleman goes forth on a showery and miry day. He returns immaculate in the evening with the gloss still on his hat and his boots. He has been a fixture therefore all day. He is not a man with

intimate friends. Where, then, could he have been? Is it not obvious?"

"Well, it is rather obvious."

"The world is full of obvious things which nobody by any chance ever observes. Where do you think that I have been?"

"A fixture also."

"On the contrary, I have been to Devonshire."

"In spirit?"

"Exactly. My body has remained in this arm-chair, and has, I regret to observe, consumed in my absence two large

and held it over his knee. "Here you have the particular district which concerns us. That is Baskerville Hall in the middle."

"With a wood round it?"

"Exactly. I fancy the Yew Alley, though not marked under that name, must stretch along this line, with the moor, as you perceive, upon the right of it. This small clump of buildings here is the hamlet of Grimpen, where our friend Dr. Mortimer has his headquarters. Within a radius of five miles there

are, as you see, only a very few scattered dwellings. Here is Lafter Hall, which was mentioned in the narrative. There is a house indicated here which may be the residence of the naturalist—Stapleton, if I remember right, was his name. Here are two moorland farm-houses, High Tor and Foulmire. Then fourteen miles away the great convict prison of Princetown. Between and around these scattered points extends the desolate, lifeless moor. This, then, is the stage upon which tragedy has been played, and upon which we may help to play it again."

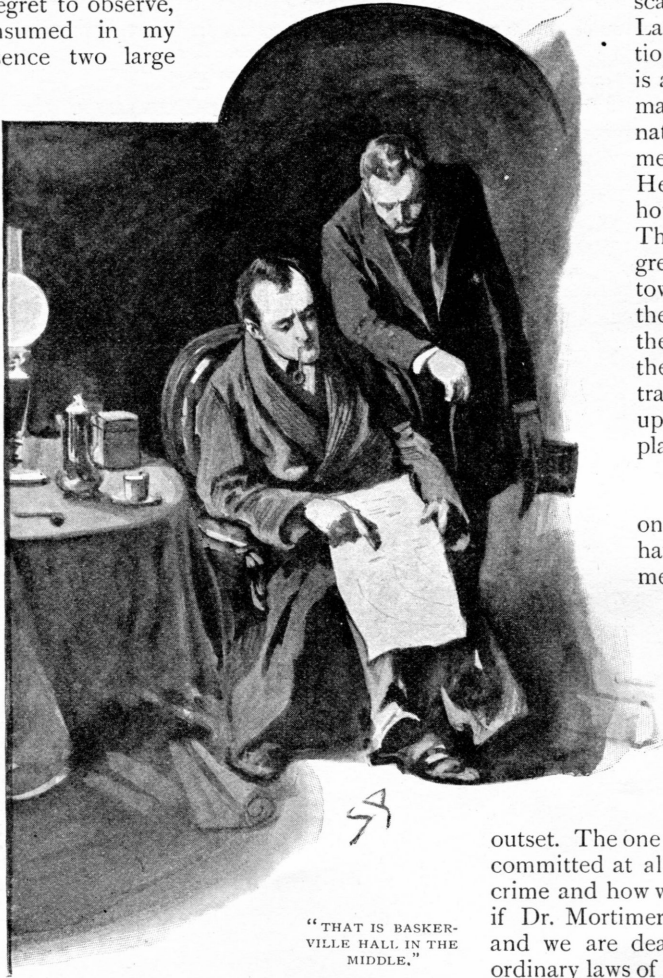
"It must be a wild place."

"Yes, the setting is a worthy one. If the devil did desire to have a hand in the affairs of men——"

"Then you are yourself inclining to the supernatural explanation."

"The devil's agents may be of flesh and blood, may they not? There are two questions waiting for us at the

outset. The one is whether any crime has been committed at all; the second is, what is the crime and how was it committed? Of course, if Dr. Mortimer's surmise should be correct, and we are dealing with forces outside the ordinary laws of Nature, there is an end of our investigation. But we are bound to exhaust all other hypotheses before falling back upon this one. I think we'll shut that window again, if you don't mind. It is a singular thing, but I find that a concentrated atmosphere helps a concentration of thought. I have not pushed it to the length of getting into a box to think, but that is the logical outcome of my convictions.



"THAT IS BASKERVILLE HALL IN THE MIDDLE."

pots of coffee and an incredible amount of tobacco. After you left I sent down to Stamford's for the Ordnance map of this portion of the moor, and my spirit has hovered over it all day. I flatter myself that I could find my way about."

"A large scale map, I presume?"

"Very large." He unrolled one section

Have you turned the case over in your mind?"

"Yes, I have thought a good deal of it in the course of the day."

"What do you make of it?"

"It is very bewildering."

"It has certainly a character of its own. There are points of distinction about it. That change in the footprints, for example. What do you make of that?"

"Mortimer said that the man had walked on tiptoe down that portion of the alley."

"He only repeated what some fool had said at the inquest. Why should a man walk on tiptoe down the alley?"

"What then?"

"He was running, Watson—running desperately, running for his life, running until he burst his heart and fell dead upon his face."

"Running from what?"

"There lies our problem. There are indications that the man was crazed with fear before ever he began to run."

"How can you say that?"

"I am presuming that the cause of his fears came to him across the moor. If that were so, and it seems most probable, only a man who had lost his wits would have run *from* the house instead of towards it. If the gipsy's evidence may be taken as true, he ran with cries for help in the direction where help was least likely to be. Then, again, whom was he waiting for that night, and why was he waiting for him in the Yew Alley rather than in his own house?"

"You think that he was waiting for someone?"

"The man was elderly and infirm. We can understand his taking an evening stroll, but the ground was damp and the night inclement. Is it natural that he should stand for five or ten minutes, as Dr. Mortimer, with

more practical sense than I should have given him credit for, deduced from the cigar ash?"

"But he went out every evening."

"I think it unlikely that he waited at the moor-gate every evening. On the contrary, the evidence is that he avoided the moor. That night he waited there. It was the night before he made his departure for London. The thing takes shape, Watson. It becomes coherent. Might I ask you to hand me my violin, and we will postpone all further thought upon this business until we have had the advantage of meeting Dr. Mortimer and Sir Henry Baskerville in the morning."

CHAPTER IV.

SIR HENRY BASKERVILLE.

OUR breakfast-table was cleared early, and Holmes waited in his dressing-gown for the promised interview. Our clients were punctual to their appointment, for the clock had just struck ten when Dr. Mortimer was shown up, followed by the young Baronet. The latter was a small, alert, dark-eyed man about thirty years of age, very sturdily built, with thick black eyebrows and a strong, pugnacious face. He wore a ruddy-tinted tweed suit, and had the weather-beaten appearance of one who has spent most of his time in the open air, and yet there was something in his steady eye and the quiet assurance of his bearing which indicated the gentleman.

"This is Sir Henry Baskerville," said Dr. Mortimer.

"Why, yes," said he, "and the strange thing is, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, that if my

friend here had not proposed coming round to you this morning I should have come on my own. I understand that you think out little puzzles, and I've had one this morning which wants more thinking out than I am able to give to it."



SIR HENRY BASKERVILLE.

"Pray take a seat, Sir Henry. Do I understand you to say that you have yourself had some remarkable experience since you arrived in London?"

"Nothing of much importance, Mr. Holmes. Only a joke, as like as not. It was this letter, if you can call it a letter, which reached me this morning."

He laid an envelope upon the table, and we all bent over it. It was of common quality, greyish in colour. The address, "Sir Henry Baskerville, Northumberland Hotel," was printed in rough characters; the post-mark "Charing Cross," and the date of posting the preceding evening.

"Who knew that you were going to the Northumberland Hotel?" asked Holmes, glancing keenly across at our visitor.

"No one could have known. We only decided after I met Dr. Mortimer."

"But Dr. Mortimer was no doubt already stopping there?"

"No, I had been staying with a friend," said the doctor. "There was no possible indication that we intended to go to this hotel."

"Hum! Someone seems to be very deeply interested in your movements." Out of the envelope he took a half-sheet of foolscap paper folded into four. This he opened and spread flat upon the table. Across the middle of it a single sentence had been formed by the expedient of pasting printed words upon it. It ran: "as you value your life or your reason keep away from the moor." The word "moor" only was printed in ink.

"Now," said Sir Henry Baskerville, "perhaps you will tell me, Mr. Holmes, what in thunder is the meaning of that, and who it is that takes so much interest in my affairs?"

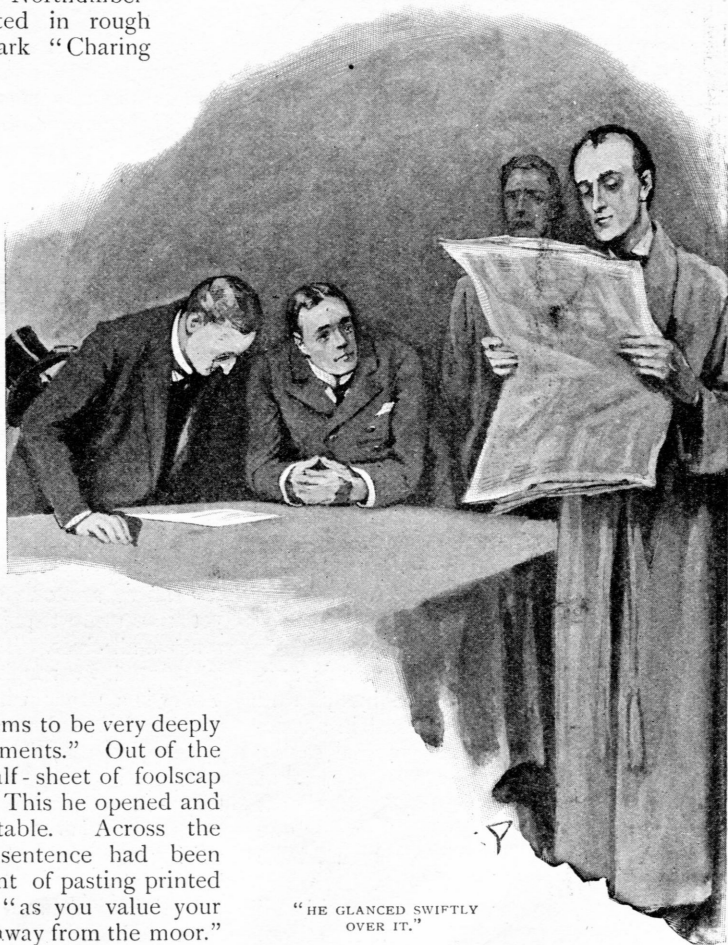
"What do you make of it, Dr. Mortimer? You must allow that there is nothing supernatural about this, at any rate?"

"No, sir, but it might very well come from someone who was convinced that the business is supernatural."

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"What business?" asked Sir Henry, sharply. "It seems to me that all you gentlemen know a great deal more than I do about my own affairs."

"You shall share our knowledge before you leave this room, Sir Henry. I promise you that," said Sherlock Holmes. "We will confine ourselves for the present with your permission to this very interesting document, which must have been put together



"HE GLANCED SWIFTLY
OVER IT."

and posted yesterday evening. Have you yesterday's *Times*, Watson?"

"It is here in the corner."

"Might I trouble you for it—the inside page, please, with the leading articles?" He glanced swiftly over it, running his eyes up and down the columns. "Capital article this on Free Trade. Permit me to give you an extract from it. 'You may be cajoled into imagining that your own special trade or

your own industry will be encouraged by a protective tariff, but it stands to reason that such legislation must in the long run keep away wealth from the country, diminish the value of our imports, and lower the general conditions of life in this island.' What do you think of that, Watson?" cried Holmes, in high glee, rubbing his hands together with satisfaction. "Don't you think that is an admirable sentiment?"

Dr. Mortimer looked at Holmes with an air of professional interest, and Sir Henry Baskerville turned a pair of puzzled dark eyes upon me.

"I don't know much about the tariff and things of that kind," said he; "but it seems to me we've got a bit off the trail so far as that note is concerned."

"On the contrary, I think we are particularly hot upon the trail, Sir Henry. Watson here knows more about my methods than you do, but I fear that even he has not quite grasped the significance of this sentence."

"No, I confess that I see no connection."

"And yet, my dear Watson, there is so very close a connection that the one is extracted out of the other. 'You,' 'your,' 'your,' 'life,' 'reason,' 'value,' 'keep away,' 'from the.' Don't you see now whence these words have been taken?"

"By thunder, you're right! Well, if that isn't smart!" cried Sir Henry.

"If any possible doubt remained it is settled by the fact that 'keep away' and 'from the' are cut out in one piece."

"Well, now—so it is!"

"Really, Mr. Holmes, this exceeds anything which I could have imagined," said Dr. Mortimer, gazing at my friend in amazement. "I could understand anyone saying that the words were from a newspaper; but that you should name which, and add that it came from the leading article, is really one of the most remarkable things which I have ever known. How did you do it?"

"I presume, doctor, that you could tell the skull of a negro from that of an Esquimaux?"

"Most certainly."

"But how?"

"Because that is my special hobby. The differences are obvious. The supra-orbital crest, the facial angle, the maxillary curve, the——"

"But this is my special hobby, and the differences are equally obvious. There is as much difference to my eyes between the leaded bourgeois type of a *Times* article and

the slovenly print of an evening halfpenny paper as there could be between your negro and your Esquimaux. The detection of types is one of the most elementary branches of knowledge to the special expert in crime, though I confess that once when I was very young I confused the *Leeds Mercury* with the *Western Morning News*. But a *Times* leader is entirely distinctive, and these words could have been taken from nothing else. As it was done yesterday the strong probability was that we should find the words in yesterday's issue."

"So far as I can follow you, then, Mr. Holmes," said Sir Henry Baskerville, "someone cut out this message with a scissors——"

"Nail-scissors," said Holmes. "You can see that it was a very short-bladed scissors, since the cutter had to take two snips over 'keep away.'"

"That is so. Someone, then, cut out the message with a pair of short-bladed scissors, pasted it with paste——"

"Gum," said Holmes.

"With gum on to the paper. But I want to know why the word 'moor' should have been written?"

"Because he could not find it in print. The other words were all simple and might be found in any issue, but 'moor' would be less common."

"Why, of course, that would explain it. Have you read anything else in this message, Mr. Holmes?"

"There are one or two indications, and yet the utmost pains have been taken to remove all clues. The address, you observe, is printed in rough characters. But the *Times* is a paper which is seldom found in any hands but those of the highly educated. We may take it, therefore, that the letter was composed by an educated man who wished to pose as an uneducated one, and his effort to conceal his own writing suggests that that writing might be known, or come to be known, by you. Again, you will observe that the words are not gummed on in an accurate line, but that some are much higher than others. 'Life,' for example, is quite out of its proper place. That may point to carelessness or it may point to agitation and hurry upon the part of the cutter. On the whole I incline to the latter view, since the matter was evidently important, and it is unlikely that the composer of such a letter would be careless. If he were in a hurry it opens up the interesting question why he should be in a hurry, since any letter posted up to early morning would reach Sir Henry before

he would leave his hotel. Did the composer fear an interruption—and from whom?”

“We are coming now rather into the region of guess work,” said Dr. Mortimer.

“Say, rather, into the region where we balance probabilities and choose the most likely. It is the scientific use of the imagination, but we have always some material basis on which to start our speculations. Now, you would call it a guess, no doubt, but I am almost certain that this address has been written in an hotel.”

“How in the world can you say that?”

“If you examine it carefully you will see that both the pen and the ink have given the writer trouble. The pen has spluttered twice in a single word, and has run dry three times in a short address, showing that there was very little ink in the bottle. Now, a private pen or ink-bottle is seldom allowed to be in such a state, and the combination of the two must be quite rare. But you know the hotel pen, where it is rare to get anything else. Yes, I have very little hesitation in saying that could we examine the waste-paper baskets of the hotels round Charing Cross until we found the remains of the mutilated *Times*

leader we could lay our hands straight upon the person who sent this singular message. Halloo! Halloo! What’s this?”

He was carefully examining the foolscap, upon which the words were pasted, holding it only an inch or two from his eyes.

“Well?”

“Nothing,” said he, throwing it down. “It is a blank half-sheet of paper, without even

a watermark upon it. I think we have drawn as much as we can from this curious letter; and now, Sir Henry, has anything else of interest happened to you since you have been in London?”

“Why, no, Mr. Holmes. I think not.”

“You have not observed anyone follow or watch you?”

“I seem to have walked right into the thick of a dime novel,” said our visitor. “Why in thunder should anyone follow or watch me?”

“We are coming to that. You have nothing else to report to us before we go into this matter?”

“Well, it depends upon what you think worth reporting.”

“I think anything out of the ordinary routine of life well worth reporting.”

Sir Henry smiled.

“I don’t know much of British life yet, for I have spent nearly all my time in the States and in Canada. But I hope that to lose one of your boots is not part of the ordinary routine of life over here.”

“You have lost one of your boots?”

“My dear sir,” cried Dr. Mortimer, “it is only mislaid. You will find it when you return to the hotel. What is the use of troubling Mr. Holmes with trifles of this kind?”

“Well, he asked me for anything

outside the ordinary routine.”

“Exactly,” said Holmes, “however foolish the incident may seem. You have lost one of your boots, you say?”

“Well, mislaid it, anyhow. I put them both outside my door last night, and there was only one in the morning. I could get no sense out of the chap who cleans them. The worst of it is that I only bought the pair



“HOLDING IT ONLY AN INCH OR TWO FROM HIS EYES.”

last night in the Strand, and I have never had them on."

"If you have never worn them, why did you put them out to be cleaned?"

"They were tan boots, and had never been varnished. That was why I put them out."

"Then I understand that on your arrival in London yesterday you went out at once and bought a pair of boots?"

"I did a good deal of shopping. Dr. Mortimer here went round with me. You see, if I am to be squire down there I must dress the part, and it may be that I have got a little careless in my ways out West. Among other things I bought these brown boots—gave six dollars for them—and had one stolen before ever I had them on my feet."

"It seems a singularly useless thing to steal," said Sherlock Holmes. "I confess that I share Dr. Mortimer's belief that it will not be long before the missing boot is found."

"And, now, gentlemen," said the Baronet, with decision, "it seems to me that I have spoken quite enough about the little that I know. It is time that you kept your promise and gave me a full account of what we are all driving at."

"Your request is a very reasonable one," Holmes answered. "Dr. Mortimer, I think you could not do better than to tell your story as you told it to us."

Thus encouraged, our scientific friend drew his papers from his pocket, and presented the whole case as he had done upon the morning before. Sir Henry Baskerville listened with the deepest attention, and with an occasional exclamation of surprise.

"Well, I seem to have come into an inheritance with a vengeance," said he, when the long narrative was finished. "Of course, I've heard of the hound ever since I was in the nursery. It's the pet story of the family, though I never thought of taking it seriously before. But as to my uncle's death—well, it all seems boiling up in my head, and I can't get it clear yet. You don't seem quite to have made up your mind whether it's a case for a policeman or a clergyman."

"Precisely."

"And now there's this affair of the letter to me at the hotel. I suppose that fits into its place."

"It seems to show that someone knows more than we do about what goes on upon the moor," said Dr. Mortimer.

"And also," said Holmes, "that someone is not ill-disposed towards you, since they warn you of danger."

"Or it may be that they wish, for their own purposes, to scare me away."

"Well, of course, that is possible also. I am very much indebted to you, Dr. Mortimer, for introducing me to a problem which presents several interesting alternatives. But the practical point which we now have to decide, Sir Henry, is whether it is or is not advisable for you to go to Baskerville Hall."

"Why should I not go?"

"There seems to be danger."

"Do you mean danger from this family fiend or do you mean danger from human beings?"

"Well, that is what we have to find out."

"Which ever it is, my answer is fixed. There is no devil in hell, Mr. Holmes, and there is no man upon earth who can prevent me from going to the home of my own people, and you may take that to be my final answer." His dark brows knitted and his face flushed to a dusky red as he spoke. It was evident that the fiery temper of the Baskervilles was not extinct in this their last representative. "Meanwhile," said he, "I have hardly had time to think over all that you have told me. It's a big thing for a man to have to understand and to decide at one sitting. I should like to have a quiet hour by myself to make up my mind. Now, look here, Mr. Holmes, it's half-past eleven now and I am going back right away to my hotel. Suppose you and your friend, Dr. Watson, come round and lunch with us at two? I'll be able to tell you more clearly then how this thing strikes me."

"Is that convenient to you, Watson?"

"Perfectly."

"Then you may expect us. Shall I have a cab called?"

"I'd prefer to walk, for this affair has flurried me rather."

"I'll join you in a walk, with pleasure," said his companion.

"Then we meet again at two o'clock. Au revoir, and good morning!"

We heard the steps of our visitors descend the stair and the bang of the front door. In an instant Holmes had changed from the languid dreamer to the man of action.

"Your hat and boots, Watson, quick! Not a moment to lose!" He rushed into his room in his dressing-gown and was back again in a few seconds in a frock-coat. We hurried together down the stairs and into the street. Dr. Mortimer and Baskerville were still visible about two hundred yards ahead of us in the direction of Oxford Street.

"Shall I run on and stop them?"

"Not for the world, my dear Watson. I am perfectly satisfied with your company if you will tolerate mine. Our friends are wise, for it is certainly a very fine morning for a walk."

He quickened his pace until we had decreased the distance which divided us by about half. Then, still keeping a hundred yards behind, we followed into Oxford Street and so down Regent Street. Once our friends stopped and stared into a shop window, upon which Holmes did the same. An instant afterwards he gave a little cry of satisfaction, and, following the direction of his eager eyes, I saw that a hansom cab with a man inside which had halted on the other side of the street was now walking slowly onwards again.

"There's our man, Watson! Come along! We'll have a good look at him, if we can do no more."

At that instant I was aware of a bushy black beard and a pair of piercing eyes turned upon us through the side window of the cab. Instantly the trap-door at the top flew up, something was screamed to the driver, and the cab flew madly off down Regent Street. Holmes looked eagerly round for another, but no empty one was in sight. Then he dashed in wild pursuit amid the stream of the traffic, but the start was too great, and already the cab was out of sight.

"There now!" said Holmes, bitterly, as he emerged panting and white with vexation from the tide of vehicles. "Was ever such bad luck and such bad management, too? Watson, Watson, if you are an honest man you will record this also and set it against my successes!"

"Who was the man?"

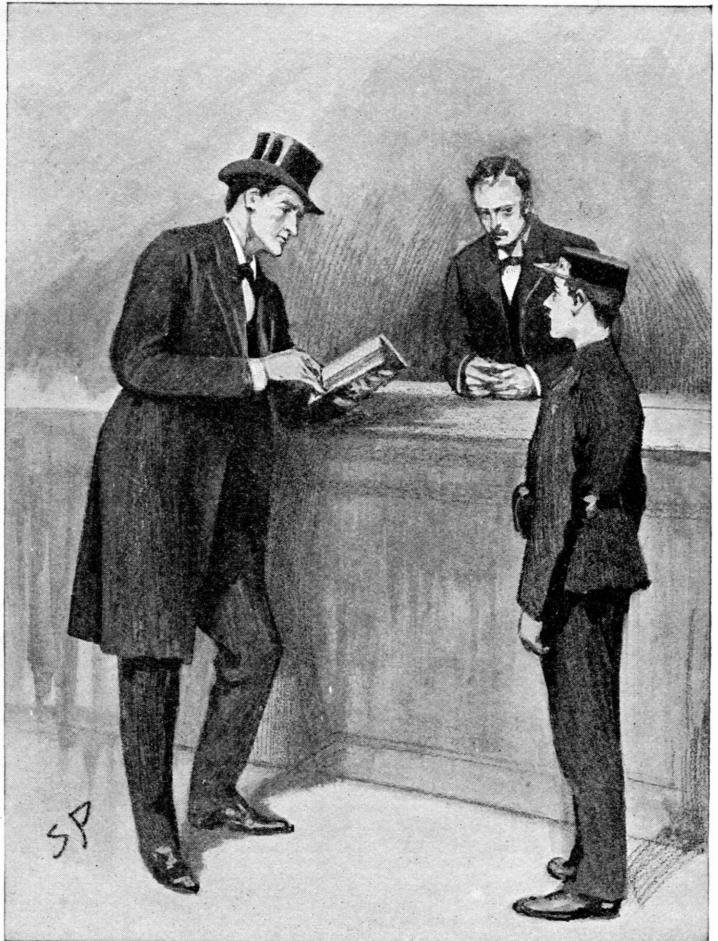
"I have not an idea."

"A spy?"

"Well, it was evident from what we have heard that Baskerville has been very closely shadowed by someone since he has been in town. How else could it be known so quickly that it was the Northumberland Hotel which he had chosen? If they had followed him the first day I argued that they would follow him also the second. You may have observed that I twice strolled over to the window while Dr. Mortimer was reading his legend."

"Yes, I remember."

"I was looking out for loiterers in the street, but I saw none. We are dealing with a clever man, Watson. This matter cuts very deep, and though I have not finally made up my mind whether it is a benevolent or a malevolent agency which is in touch with us, I am conscious always of power and design. When our friends left I at once



"HERE ARE THE NAMES OF TWENTY-THREE HOTELS."

followed them in the hopes of marking down their invisible attendant. So wily was he that he had not trusted himself upon foot, but he had availed himself of a cab, so that he could loiter behind or dash past them and so escape their notice. His method had the additional advantage that if they were to take a cab he was all ready to follow them. It has, however, one obvious disadvantage."

"It puts him in the power of the cabman."

"Exactly."

"What a pity we did not get the number!"

"My dear Watson, clumsy as I have been, you surely do not seriously imagine that I neglected to get the number? 2704 is our man. But that is no use to us for the moment."

"I fail to see how you could have done more."

"On observing the cab I should have instantly turned and walked in the other direction. I should then at my leisure have hired a second cab and followed the first at a respectful distance, or, better still, have driven to the Northumberland Hotel and waited there. When our unknown had followed Baskerville home we should have had the opportunity of playing his own game upon himself, and seeing where he made for. As it is, by an indiscreet eagerness, which was taken advantage of with extraordinary quickness and energy by our opponent, we have betrayed ourselves and lost our man."

We had been sauntering slowly down Regent Street during this conversation, and Dr. Mortimer, with his companion, had long vanished in front of us.

"There is no object in our following them," said Holmes. "The shadow has departed and will not return. We must see what further cards we have in our hands, and play them with decision. Could you swear to that man's face within the cab?"

"I could swear only to the beard."

"And so could I—from which I gather that in all probability it was a false one. A clever man upon so delicate an errand has no use for a beard save to conceal his features. Come in here, Watson!"

He turned into one of the district messenger offices, where he was warmly greeted by the manager.

"Ah, Wilson, I see you have not forgotten the little case in which I had the good fortune to help you?"

"No, sir, indeed I have not. You saved my good name, and perhaps my life."

"My dear fellow, you exaggerate. I have some recollection, Wilson, that you had among your boys a lad named Cartwright, who showed some ability during the investigation."

"Yes, sir, he is still with us."

"Could you ring him up?—thank you! And I should be glad to have change of this five-pound note."

A lad of fourteen, with a bright, keen face, had obeyed the summons of the manager. He stood now gazing with great reverence at the famous detective.

"Let me have the Hotel Directory," said Holmes. "Thank you! Now, Cartwright, there are the names of twenty-three hotels here, all in the immediate neighbourhood of Charing Cross. Do you see?"

"Yes, sir."

"You will visit each of these in turn."

"Yes, sir."

"You will begin in each case by giving the outside porter one shilling. Here are twenty-three shillings."

"Yes, sir."

"You will tell him that you want to see the waste paper of yesterday. You will say that an important telegram has miscarried and that you are looking for it. You understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"But what you are really looking for is the centre page of the *Times* with some holes cut in it with scissors. Here is a copy of the *Times*. It is this page. You could easily recognise it, could you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"In each case the outside porter will send for the hall porter, to whom also you will give a shilling. Here are twenty-three shillings. You will then learn in possibly twenty cases out of the twenty-three that the waste of the day before has been burned or removed. In the three other cases you will be shown a heap of paper and you will look for this page of the *Times* among it. The odds are enormously against your finding it. There are ten shillings over in case of emergencies. Let me have a report by wire at Baker Street before evening. And now, Watson, it only remains for us to find out by wire the identity of the cabman, No. 2704, and then we will drop into one of the Bond Street picture galleries and fill in the time until we are due at the hotel."

(To be continued.)

The History of the British Association.

By JOHN MILLS.



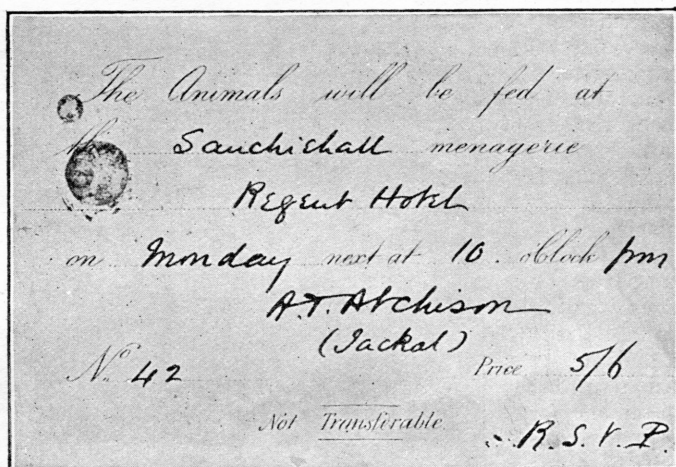
ON the eleventh day of the current month there will be a great concentration of leading men of science in the City of Glasgow. Chemists, physicists, mathematicians, astronomers, naturalists, geographers, explorers, engineers, economists, and other specialists in every branch of human knowledge will, for one free and easy week, quit the usual routes of research and sit down together by the River Clyde, not to weep, but to cheerfully present to each other, to the world, and to posterity the fruits which they have individually gleaned in the scientific vineyard during the last twelve months.

It is interesting to note, in passing, that among the members of the Association there is a combination called the Red Lion Club. It was founded by the late Edward Forbes and others, and a dinner generally takes place at the meeting. The members of the club are called Lions, and the President the Lion King. New members are known as cubs, and the arrangements are in the hands of two jackals, or the lions' providers. "The great feature is the discourse of the senior jackal, illustrated with diagrams, repetitions of experiments, and so forth, in which the errors, scientific and other, in the various presidential addresses and the chief papers of the meeting are pointed out, and suggestions suited to the character of the club thrown out. Manifestations of applause are usually made by roaring, though it is regarded as a breach of etiquette for a cub to do more than wag his coat-tail, and if he offends against this rule

he is liable to be called to order by the Lion King and removed." A ticket of invitation to the club is here reproduced.

The Association is not a secret confraternity of men jealously guarding the mysteries of their profession. It invites the public at large to share its advantages, having as one of its objects to break down those imaginary and hurtful barriers which exist between men of science and so-called men of practice.

Just now, while preparations are in progress for the great meeting in Glasgow, it is opportune to glance at the origin, aims, and history of the Association, and to point out its use to the general public. I may



BACK AND FRONT OF INVITATION CARD OF THE RED LION CLUB.

say at the outset that His Majesty's subjects are equivalent to shareholders in a gigantic co-operative movement, in which the members of the British Association form the Board of Directors, and every man, woman, and child, though ignorant of the fact, receives regular and substantial dividends, increasing year by year as time rolls on. The Association has been and is an unseen body of far-sighted men working down in the foundations of social structures; strengthening the hands of statesmen in making laws for the public good; suggesting, aiding, and executing schemes for filling the public granaries while we are far advanced down the foreigner's throat, three-fourths of our food supplies coming from abroad; formulating ways and means for raising coal from greater depths at a time when the exhaustion of the upper seams is coming threateningly near; better water supplies to large towns, improved drainage, broader and sounder education for the people; the seeds of these and a thousand other reforms in our everyday life were sown, watered, and the young plants tenderly nursed at the meetings of the British Association.

Probably there is no one alive to-day out of the 325 members who attended the first meeting held at York on Tuesday, 27th of September, 1831, in the Museum of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society, and at which Lord Milton presided. The Rev. W. Vernon Harcourt, father of the Right Hon. Sir William Harcourt, was the virtual founder of the Association. Of a scientific turn of mind, he constructed a laboratory, and, aided by his friends Davy and Wollaston,

occupied himself in chemical analysis. While he was President of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society the following letter from Sir David Brewster was received by the secretary, Professor John Phillips, who acted as Secretary of the Association up to the year 1862, and was President at the Birmingham meeting in 1865:—

Allderly, Melrose, 23rd Feb., 1831.

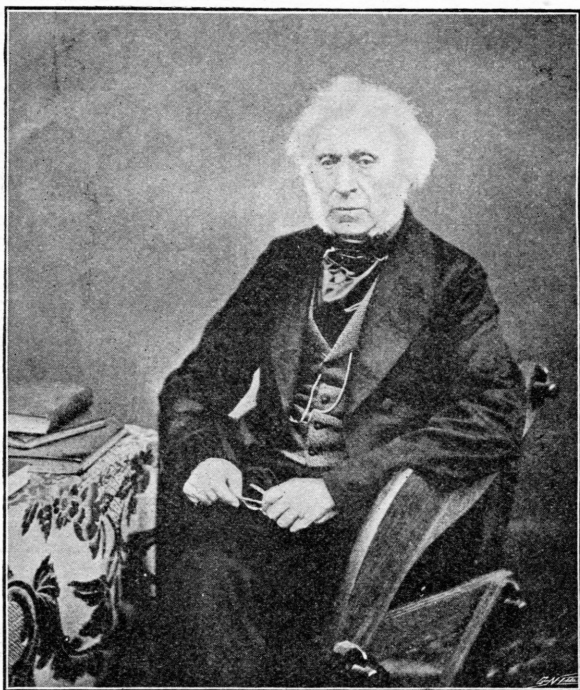
DEAR SIR,—I have taken the liberty of writing to you on a subject of considerable importance. It is proposed to establish a *British Association of Men of Science*, similar to that which has existed for eight years in Germany, and which is now patronized by the most powerful Sovereigns in that part of Europe. The arrangements for the first meeting are now in progress, and it is contemplated that it shall be held

in York, as the most central city of the three kingdoms. My object in writing to you at present is, to beg that you would ascertain if York will furnish the accommodation necessary for so large a meeting, which might perhaps consist of above one hundred individuals; if the Philosophical Society would enter zealously into the plan; and if the Mayor and influential persons in the town and in the vicinity would be likely to promote its objects. The principal objects of the society would be to make the cultivators of science acquainted with each other—to stimulate one another to new exertions; to bring the objects of science before the

public eye, and to take measures for advancing its interests and accelerating its progress. The society would possess no funds, make no collections, and hold no property; the expense of each anniversary meeting being defrayed by the members who are present. As these few observations will enable you to form a general opinion of the object in view, I shall only add that the time of meeting which is likely to be most convenient would be about the 18th or 25th July.—I am, etc.,

D. BREWSTER.

The Rev. W. Vernon Harcourt was a man of great intelligence, great influence in high places, and great energy. He possessed the



SIR DAVID BREWSTER, WHO SUGGESTED THE FORMATION OF THE ASSOCIATION.
From a [Photo.]

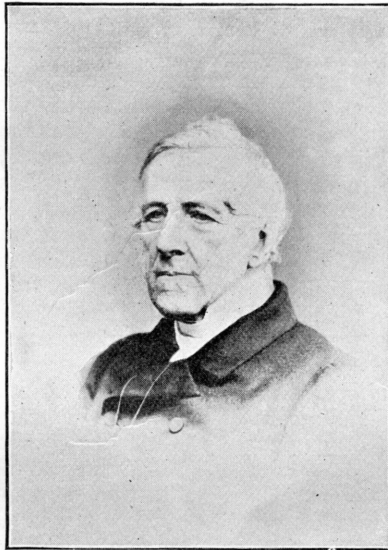
necessary resources for effectually helping Brewster to float this grand idea, and at the first meeting he set forth a more fully developed scheme with such skill, foresight, and good judgment, that it has remained practically unchanged to this day.

It was agreed that the Association should employ one week in every year in pointing out lines in which research should move, proposing problems to be answered and calculations to be made, and setting to work in the most useful manner the multitude of humbler labourers in science who were anxious to know how they might direct their studies with the greatest advantage to science in general. Mr. Harcourt then proceeded to read the plan of the Association in several resolutions. It was proposed a "British Association for the Advancement of Science" should be formed to give a stronger impulse and more systematic direction to the efforts of men of science in this country; that members of philosophical societies in the British Empire should become members, by desiring their names to be enrolled and contributing some small subscription; that the Association should meet annually at certain places in rotation.

There were no railways in 1831—at least none which could be of much use in aiding wayfarers to the ancient city of York. One year previous, in 1830, the Manchester and Liverpool line had been opened. Although letters of invitation were sent to all learned societies and all men known to be engaged in scientific work, the founders of the Association were quite prepared for many letters excusing non-attendance on account of distance, loss of time, and expense, and they did not even expect to see at the meeting men living in such far-off places as Cornwall! The means of travel were scanty and dear, available for the most part to the rich alone, and men of science, as a rule, are not rich; and for all ranks travelling then was beset with discomfort and risk. Correspondence by post was a slow business, and communi-

cation by telegraph was a dream of the future.

The birth of the British Association occurred just on the borderland between the England of our grandfathers, so much like the ancient civilizations of Greece and Rome, and the England of our day filled with magic wonders which would perhaps scare them back into their graves could they but see the transformations wrought since 1831. He, therefore, that would see the sun of science rise higher and higher on England's horizon, and witness the growth of the old sciences and germination of the new, must follow the migrations of this Association from town to



THE REV. W. VERNON HARCOURT, THE VIRTUAL
FOUNDER OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.
From a Photo.

town and watch the doings of the members. The first paper was read by John Dalton of Manchester, and was entitled "Experiments on the quantity of food taken by a person in health, compared with the quantity of secretions and insensible perspiration." The experiments by Dalton himself. At the very first meeting the Association began that system of reform which has earned for it the title of "The British Parliament of Science." At that time the Patent Laws were a serious impediment to both the progress of science and the free course of industry. It cost about £400 to get a patent through, and even then it was regarded as of no value until it had sustained a suit at law to establish its novelty. They also sought to reduce the tax on glass, which was so expensive that the manufacture of telescopes was carried on at a prohibitive cost, and in museums glass was too much of a luxury to be used for cases of specimens as we now see them. These museums, by the way, were the objects of much sarcasm in those days, and eminent men spoke contemptuously of "the stuffed ducks, the skeleton in the mahogany case, the starved cat and rat which were found behind a wainscot, the broken potsherd from an old barrow, the tattooed head of the New Zealand chief, the very unpleasant-looking lizards and snakes coiled up in the

spirits of wine, the flintstones and cockle shells."

It is curious to observe the large proportion of clergymen who formed the main body of the Association in its early days, and the almost complete absence of so-called professors of science. Now the order of things is entirely reversed. With the great development of scientific education during the last few decades professors have sprung up like mushrooms, and many of them shine as stars of the first magnitude in these yearly meetings. It is evident that the Association made a profound impression on the captains of industry throughout the land; many employers enrolled themselves as members—machinists, ironfounders, shipbuilders, agriculturists, and others, who recognised in the deliberations of this Parliament of Science the prime mover of progress in all that appertains to the improvement of trade, wholesome living, and intellectual refinement. At York, at Oxford, at Cambridge, in their initial gatherings, we see them in committee with their heads together, endeavouring to fix on some piece of work for the public good.

The tides? Any old salt at Hull, Liverpool, or Portsmouth can tell you one day at what time the tide will be up the next, but the man of Hull would not undertake to perform the part of prophet for Liverpool or Portsmouth. And so our Parliament of Science recognised that if a great number of observations of the ebb and flow of the tides were taken at many different places, accurate tables might be constructed which would render the prediction of the tides as certain as that of eclipses of the sun and moon. The conduct of this most important work was intrusted to the father of Lord Avebury (Sir John Lubbock), and it has been followed up by others, so that now tables are prepared in advance for all important ports in the civilized world.

Oxford University, 1832, at the first meeting of the Association in that city, conferred the degree of Doctor on Faraday, Dalton, Brewster, and Brown. Lord Salisbury, as President of the Association in 1894, again at Oxford, told a story about this incident. He said: "A curious record came to light last year in the interesting biography of Dr. Pusey, which is the posthumous work of Canon Liddon. In it is related the first visit of the Association to Oxford in 1832. Mr. Keble, at that time a leader of University thought, writes indignantly to his friend to complain that the honorary degree of D.C.L.

had been bestowed upon some of the most distinguished members of the Association. 'The Oxford doctors,' he says, 'have truckled sadly to the spirit of the times in receiving the hodge-podge of philosophers as they did!' It is amusing, at this distance of time, to note the names of the hodge-podge of philosophers whose academical distinctions so sorely vexed Mr. Keble's gentle spirit. They were Brown, Brewster, Faraday, and Dalton. When we recollect the lovable and severe character of Keble's nature, and that he was at that particular date probably the man in the University who had the greatest power over other men's minds, we can measure the distance we have traversed since that time, and the rapidity with which the converging paths of these two intellectual luminaries, the University and the Association, have approximated to each other."

Familiarity with railways from earliest childhood has rendered us almost oblivious to the risk of life, and long journeys are now undertaken with scarcely a thought of danger. Lord Francis Egerton, as President of the Association at Manchester in 1842, gave a picture of a different order when Bessel, who measured the distances of some of the stars, visited the Association. "If ever accident is destined to happen on the Birmingham and Grand Junction Railroad," said he, "I hope it may be spared us on an occasion when two such companions as Bessel and Herschel are trusting their lives to its axles. May they convey to us in health and safety the illustrious stranger, the accuracy of whose observations have enabled him to pass the limits of our system and the orbit of Uranus, and to measure and report the parallax and the distance of bodies, which no contrivance of optics can bring sensibly nearer to our vision—and which remain on the mirrors of our most powerful telescopes, the same points of unextended light which they appeared to the Chaldean shepherd."

Lord Brougham takes a more cheerful view, and looks into the future with genuine optimism. "What is it that enables man to move almost with the wings of a dove," he says, "and perform the various operations of business, or amusement, or pleasure, to attend to private affairs, or to public concerns, half-a-dozen times in the course of the day, at distances thirty miles asunder, which in former ages it would have taken a week to accomplish? What is it that makes the distance between Manchester and Liverpool nothing, which will enable us shortly to proceed from Liverpool to Birmingham,

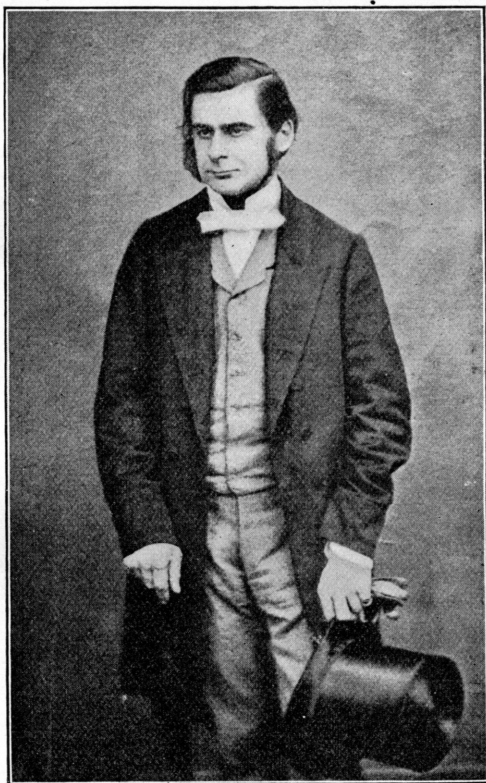
or from Liverpool to London, in eight or ten hours at farthest? What is the power that annihilates, as it were, the space which separates different communities of men—or, walking on the waves, brings the continents buried in the heart of America down to the sea-coast, and civilizes their inhabitants by commerce and intercourse with their fellow-men? Why, it is steam, subdued to the use of man, and made as docile as and a thousand times more powerful than any domestic animal, instead of being the source of terror and dismay by its devastation."

Among the many useful national objects which have been promoted by the physical researches of the British Association there is one which calls for special notice, namely, the proposal of Robert Stephenson to carry an iron tube over the Menai Straits to sustain the great railway to Holyhead. "This bold proposal," said Sir R. Murchison, "could never have been realized if that great engineer had not been acquainted with the progress recently made in the knowledge of the strength of materials, and specially of iron; such knowledge being chiefly due to investigations in which the Association has taken, and is still taking, a conspicuous share, by the devotion of its friends and the employment of its influence." Nevertheless, at this period it was thought necessary to explain at each meeting the character and objects of the Association, and to vindicate it from the denunciations fulminated against it by individuals, and even by parties of men, who held it up as dangerous to religion and subversive of sound principles of theology. Now, so marked is the change in public feeling, that the Association is solicited by

the clergy, no less than by the laity, to hold the meetings within their precincts.

It was to the British Association at Glasgow in 1840 that Baron Liebig first communicated his work on the "Application of Chemistry to Vegetable Philosophy." The philosophical explanation there given of the principles of manuring and cropping gave an immediate impulse to agriculture, and directed attention to the manures which are valuable for their ammonia and mineral ingredients, and especially to guano, of which

in 1840 only a few specimens had appeared in this country. The late Duke of Argyll, as president of the Association, again at Glasgow in 1855, speaking on this subject said, "Chemistry has come in with her aid to do the work of Nature, and as the supply of guano becomes exhausted, limited as its production must be to a few rainless regions of the world, the importance of artificial mineral manures will increase. Already considerable capital is invested in the manufacture of superphosphates of lime, formed by the solution of bones in sulphuric acid, the use of which was first recommended at the last Glasgow meeting. Of these artificial manures



PROFESSOR HUXLEY IN 1860.
From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders, Oxford.

not less than 60,000 tons are annually sold in England alone."

But infallibility is not to be conceded even to the wise men of our Parliament of Science, as will be seen in the case of one of the greatest men of this or of any age—James Prescott Joule. Joule's own account of the general reception of his work is given in a note, dated 1885, to his "Collected Papers." He says: "It was in 1843 that I read a paper on the Calorific Effects of Magnetic Electricity and the Mechanical Value

of Heat to the chemical section of the British Association assembled at Cork. With the exception of some eminent men, including the Earl of Rosse and a few others, the subject did not excite much general attention; so that when I brought it forward again in 1847 the chairman suggested that, as the business of the section pressed, I should not read any paper, but confine myself to a short verbal description of my experiments. This I endeavoured to do, and, discussion not being invited, the communication would have passed without comment if a young man had not risen in the section and, by his intelligent observations, created a lively interest in the new theory. This young man was William Thomson" (Lord Kelvin). Now Joule's presentment stands on a pedestal.

Professor Schönbein, in addition to his report on ozone, brought to the Association a discovery which has proved to be of vast practical importance. The "gun-cotton" of Schönbein, the powers of which he exhibited to his colleagues, is an explosive substance, which was said to exercise a stronger projectile force than gunpowder, to possess the great advantages over it of producing little or no smoke or noise, and of scarcely soiling fire-arms; "whilst no amount of wet injures the new substance, which is as servicable after being dried as in its first condition. The mere mention of these properties is sufficient to suggest its extraordinary value in warlike affairs, as also in every sort of subterranean blasting." Nitro-glycerine was first exhibited to the

Association by Professor de Vry at Ipswich in 1851.

When it was announced at the meeting of the British Association in 1856 that a paper would be read on a new method of converting cast iron into malleable iron without the use of fuel the intelligence was received by many with a smile of incredulity, and not a few "practical men" went to "Section G" expecting to be entertained by the visionary

schemes of some ingenious but idle enthusiast. Their expectations were utterly falsified. A graceful tribute of admiration was paid by Mr. Nasmyth to Henry Bessemer, who had made one of the greatest discoveries of the age. Mr. Bessemer's workshop was at Baxter House. The result of his experiments was the discovery of a process applicable to the arts of peace no less than to those of war. "It is difficult to assign any limits to the importance of an invention whose influence will

be felt throughout the civilized world in the improved quality and diminished cost of one of the great staples of modern industry." Sir Henry Bessemer not only secured the legitimate reward of his industry and ingenuity by the grants of patent rights in almost every part of Europe, but alive to the greatness of his invention, he resolved to adopt a wise and liberal policy in the grant of licenses, and to place the use of the process within the reach of all persons who might be desirous of availing themselves of its important advantages.

One mode in which the Association has materially aided in the advancement of science is through the instrumentality of its



From a]

PROFESSOR TYNDALL IN 1860.

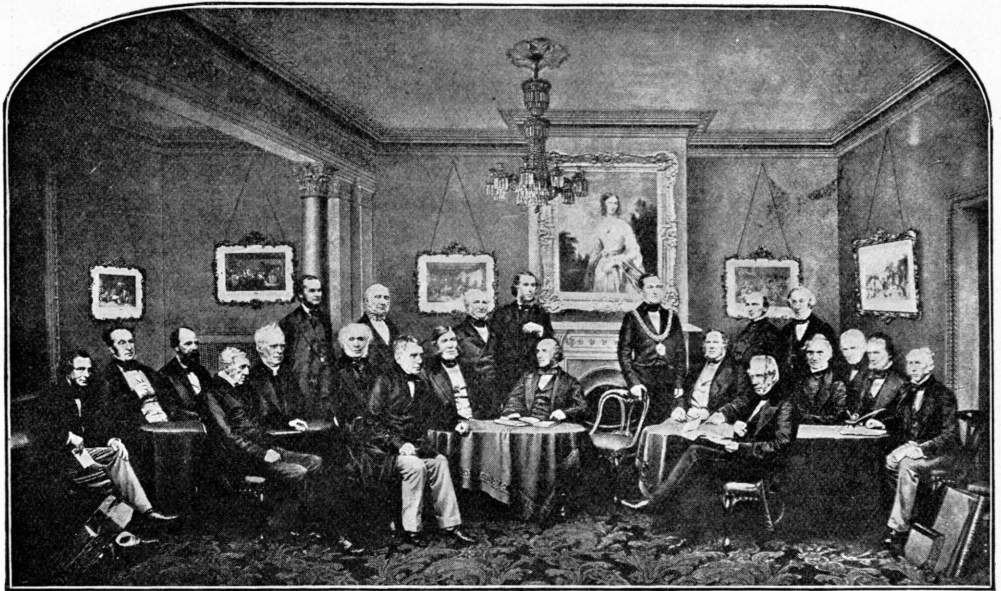
[Photo.

Observatory at Kew. The objects which have been attained by that important establishment are the trial and improvement of instrumental methods, and especially of those connected with the photographic registration of natural phenomena ; the verification of meteorological instruments, and the construction of standard barometers and thermometers ; the supervision of apparatus to be employed by scientific travellers, and the instruction of the observers in their use.

Sir William Fairbairn, as President of the mechanical section at Leeds, 1858, speaks as

extent unexplored, field of this wonderful discovery."

A time of intense intellectual warfare now overtook, not only the British Association, but the whole civilized world. The publication of Darwin's revolutionizing works brought to light views on man's origin which made sad havoc of the poetic imaginings of long generations of teachers and spiritual leaders. At the Oxford meeting, in 1860, the late Professor Huxley championed the cause of science in the face of terrible opposition. How the great Darwin himself



THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT MANCHESTER, 1861.

From a Photo. by A. Brothers, 14, St. Anne's Square, Manchester.

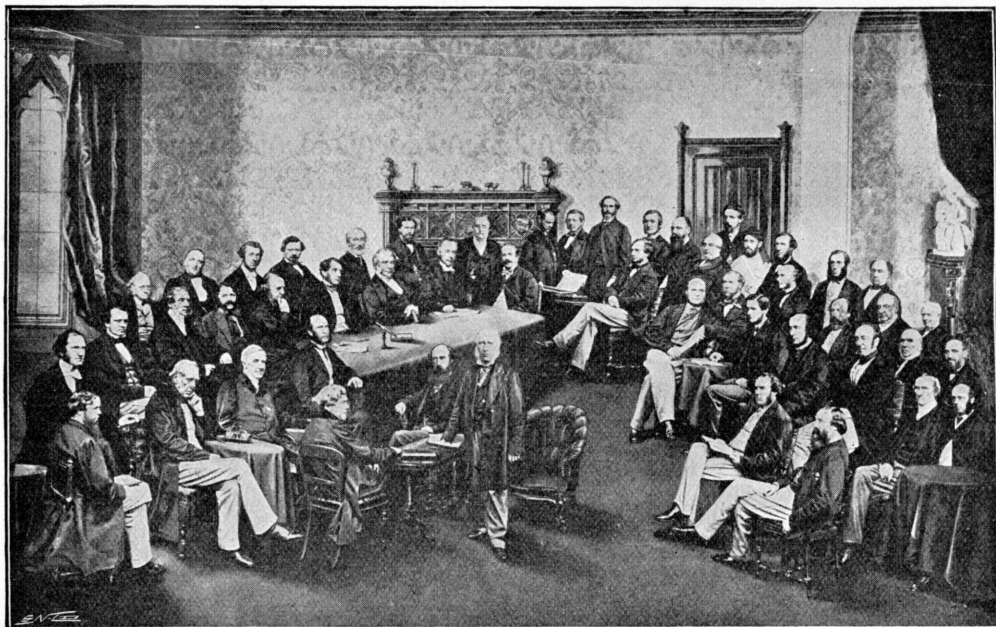
follows on the completion of the Atlantic Cable: "The consummation of telegraphic communication between the old and new world is the crowning triumph of the age, and I hail in common with every lover of science the immense benefits which the successful laying of the Atlantic cable is calculated to secure for mankind: it is another step forward in the great march of civilization, and the time is not far distant when we shall see individuals as well as nations united in social intercourse through the medium of the slender wire and the electric current. These are blessings which the most sanguine philosophers of the past never dreamed of; they are the realizations of the age in which we live; and I have to congratulate the section on what has already been done in the wide, and to some

found solace may be gathered from this passage: "The astonishment which I felt on first seeing a party of Fuegians on a wild and broken shore will never be forgotten by me, for the reflection at once rushed into my mind — such were our ancestors. These men were absolutely naked and bedaubed with paint, their long hair was tangled, their mouths frothed with excitement, and their expression was wild, startled, and distrustful. They possessed hardly any arts, and, like wild animals, lived on what they could catch; they had no government, and were merciless to everyone not of their own small tribe. . . . For my own part I would as soon be descended from that heroic little monkey who braved his dreaded enemy in order to save the life of

his keeper. . . . as from a savage who delights to torture his enemies, offers up bloody sacrifices, practises infanticide without remorse, treats his wives like slaves, knows no decency, and is haunted by the grossest superstitions."

The famous aeronauts, Glaisher and Coxwell, undertook their thrilling adventures in the air at the request of the British Association, and the expedition of H.M.S. *Challenger* was also born under the same roof. An interesting result of this deep-sea exploration

the tedium of long winter evenings unrelieved by adequate illumination. At present we have no experience of a house-to-house system of illumination on a great scale and in competition with cheap gas; but preparations are already far advanced for trial on an adequate scale in London." Referring to the adventurous spirit of the Association in crossing the Atlantic to hold their meeting, he said: "It is no ordinary meeting of the British Association which I have now the honour of addressing. For



From α]

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT BIRMINGHAM, 1865.

[Photo.

has been to show that the depths of the ocean are no mere barren solitudes, as was until recent years confidently believed, but, on the contrary, present us many remarkable forms of life. We have, however, as yet but thrown here and there a ray of light down into the ocean abysses.

Nor can so short a time sufficient be
To fathom the vast depths of Nature's sea.

Our Parliament of Science has been from the first, and still is, imbued with the spirit of prophecy. Lord Rayleigh, as President when the Association met at Montreal in 1884, said: "Looking forward to the future of electric lighting we have good ground for encouragement. Already the lighting of large passenger ships is an assured success, and one which will be highly appreciated by those travellers who have experienced

more than fifty years the Association has held its autumn gathering in various towns of the United Kingdom, and within those limits there is, I suppose, no place of importance which we have not visited. And now, not satisfied with past successes, we are seeking new worlds to conquer."

Coming nearer still to our own day we find Sir William Crookes in his Presidential address at Bristol looking ahead to the time when food will not be obtainable at any price by dwellers in these islands without the artificial assistance of the chemist. The controversy raised by this remarkable speech obliged Sir William to write a book, "The Wheat Problem," in his own defence, in which he says: "I stated that, under present conditions of heedless culture, a scarcity of wheat is within appreciable dis-

tance ; that wheat-growing land all over the world is becoming exhausted, and that at some future time—in my opinion not far distant—no available wheat land will be left. But I also pointed out that Nature's resources, properly utilized, are ample. I urged that, instead of being satisfied with an average world-yield of 12·7 bushels an acre, a moderate dressing of chemical manure would pull up the average to 20 bushels—thus postponing the day of dearth to so distant a period that we and our sons and grandsons may legitimately live without undue solicitude for the future. It was far from my intention to create a sensation, or to indulge in a 'cosmic scare.' After considerable study I placed before the public hard and formidable facts. I have been assailed with criticism—unfavourable, abusive, suggestive—but, having pondered disputed points, I cannot in any material degree modify my estimates of the future producing capacity of the wheat fields of the globe. . . . I have no wish to be gloomy, and certainly no wish to consider myself infallible. If at the end of another generation of wasteful culture my forecast is invalidated by the *unforeseen*, I cheerfully invite friends and critics to stone me as a false prophet."

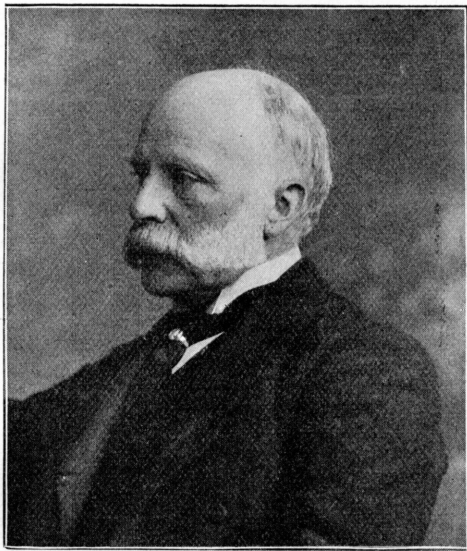
The meeting at Dover, September 13, 1899, is memorable because it was the occasion of meeting on both sides of the Channel of the French and English Associations. The meeting of the French on this side at Dover and their reception of our Association at Boulogne are things to be remembered always by those who were privileged to be present on both occasions, when a real Continental embrace took place and Sir Michael Foster kissed the French President on both cheeks.

The meeting to be held at Glasgow a few days hence is likely to be one of the most interesting on record, and, combined with the additional attraction of the great exhibition, unusual numbers will wend their way

northwards in search of health, pleasure, and information. The attendance at Newcastle in 1863 numbered 3,335 ; at York, in 1881 (the jubilee year of the Association), 2,533 ; and at Manchester in 1887, 3,838. These numbers will probably be far exceeded this year. The President-elect is Professor Arthur William Rücker, late of the Royal College of Science, South Kensington, and now President of the London University, a gentleman who has won great distinction in the domain of mathematical and physical science. Visitors are assisted by an index in the reception-room to inform the passer-

by what paper in each section is at the time in course of reading or discussion. Telephonic communication also is established between the several sections and the reception-room for the convenience of members. Sometimes the proceedings are enlivened by warm controversy, and passages of arms between intellectual giants are now and then afforded to the great joy and admiration of the pigmies. There will be abundant hospitality for those who are lucky enough to find it: receptions, dinners, smoking

concerts, excursions to places of interest in the neighbourhood, popular lectures for visitors, reinforced by a large contingent of residents in the place—residents who would probably not go any long distance to attend, but among whom a fruitful spirit of inquiry is often awakened by the circumstances in which the objects, methods, and advantages of science are brought home to their doors. The more abstruse papers and addresses which furnish the natural food of some of the sections are pleasantly lightened ; in others, by histories of the adventures and observations of great travellers, or by dissertations which are not without bearing upon moot points of contemporary politics. Other forms of entertainment are provided for those—and they are many—who regard the annual British Association meeting as a gigantic picnic.



PROFESSOR RÜCKER, PRESIDENT-ELECT OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION, 1901.

From a Photo. by George Newnes, Limited.

At Sunwich Port.

By W. W. JACOBS.

CHAPTER VIII.



R. NUGENT'S return caused a sensation in several quarters, the feeling at Equator Lodge bordering close upon open mutiny. Even Mrs. Kingdom plucked up spirit and read the astonished captain a homily upon the first duties of a parent—a homily which she backed up by reading the story of the Prodigal Son through to the bitter end. At the conclusion she broke down entirely and was led up to bed by Kate and Bella, the sympathy of the latter taking an acute form, and consisting mainly of innuendoes which could only refer to one person in the house.

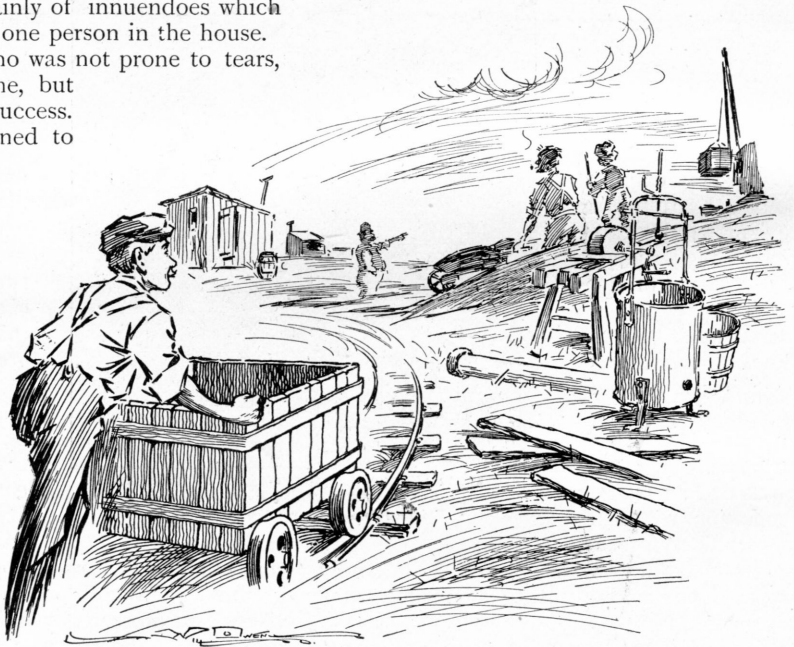
Kate Nugent, who was not prone to tears, took a different line, but with no better success. The captain declined to discuss the subject, and, after listening to a description of himself in which Nero and other celebrities figured for the purpose of having their characters whitewashed, took up his hat and went out.

Jem Hardy heard of the new arrival from his partner, and, ignoring that gentleman's urgent advice to make hay while the sun shone and take Master Nugent for a walk forthwith, sat thoughtfully considering how to turn the affair to the best advantage. A slight outbreak of diphtheria at Fullalove Alley had, for a time, closed that thoroughfare to Miss Nugent, and he was inclined to regard the opportune arrival of her brother as an effort of Providence on his behalf.

For some days, however, he looked for Jack Nugent in vain, that gentleman either being out of doors engaged in an earnest search for work, or snugly seated in the back parlour of the Kybirds, indulging in the

somewhat perilous pastime of paying compliments to Amelia Kybird. Remittances which had reached him from his sister and aunt had been promptly returned, and he was indebted to the amiable Mr. Kybird for the bare necessities of life. In these circumstances a warm feeling of gratitude towards the family closed his eyes to their obvious shortcomings.

He even obtained work down at the harbour through a friend of Mr. Kybird's. It was not of a very exalted nature, and caused more strain upon the back than the



"HE EVEN OBTAINED WORK AT THE HARBOUR."

intellect, but seven years of roughing it had left him singularly free from caste prejudices, a freedom which he soon discovered was not shared by his old acquaintances at Sunwich. The discovery made him somewhat bitter, and when Hardy stopped him one afternoon as he was on his way home from work he tried to ignore his outstretched hand and continued on his way.

"It is a long time since we met," said Hardy, placing himself in front of him.

"Good heavens," said Jack, regarding him closely, "it's Jemmy Hardy—grown up spick

and span like the industrious little boys in the school-books. I heard you were back here."

"I came back just before you did," said Hardy.

"Brass band playing you in and all that sort of thing, I suppose," said the other. "Alas, how the wicked prosper—and you were wicked. Do you remember how you used to knock me about?"

"Come round to my place and have a chat," said Hardy.

Jack shook his head. "They're expecting me in to tea," he said, with a nod in the direction of Mr. Kybird's, "and honest waterside labourers who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow—when the foreman is looking—do not frequent the society of the upper classes."

"Don't be a fool," said Hardy, politely.

"Well, I'm not very tidy," retorted Mr. Nugent, glancing at his clothes. "I don't mind it myself; I'm a philosopher, and nothing hurts me so long as I have enough to eat and drink; but I don't inflict myself on my friends, and I must say most of them meet me more than half-way."

"Imagination," said Hardy.

"All except Kate and my aunt," said Jack, firmly. "Poor Kate; I tried to cut her the other day."

"Cut her?" echoed Hardy.

Nugent nodded. "To save her feelings," he replied; "but she wouldn't be cut, bless her, and on the distinct understanding that it wasn't to form a precedent, I let her kiss me behind a waggon. Do you know, I fancy she's grown up rather good-looking, *Jem*?"

"You *are* observant," said Mr. Hardy, admiringly.

"Of course, it may be my partiality," said Mr. Nugent, with judicial fairness. "I was always a bit fond of Kate. I don't suppose

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anybody else would see anything in her. Where are you living now?"

"Fort Road," said Hardy; "come round any evening you can, if you won't come now."

Nugent promised, and, catching sight of Miss Kybird standing in the doorway of the shop, bade him good-bye and crossed the road. It was becoming quite a regular thing for her to wait and have her tea with him now, an arrangement which was provocative of many sly remarks on the part of Mrs. Kybird.

"Thought you were never coming," said Miss Kybird, tartly, as she led the way to the back room and took her seat at the untidy tea-tray.

"And you've been crying your eyes out, I suppose," remarked Mr. Nugent, as he groped in the depths of a tall jar for black-currant jam. "Well, you're not the first, and I don't suppose you'll be the last. How's Teddy?"

"Get your tea," retorted Miss Kybird, "and don't make that scraping noise on the bottom of the jar with your knife. It puts my teeth on edge."

"So it does mine," said Mr. Nugent, "but there's a black currant down there, and I mean to have it. 'Waste not, want not.'"

"Make him put that knife down," said Miss Kybird, as her mother entered the room.

Mrs. Kybird shook her head at him. "You two are always quarrelling," she said, archly, "just like a couple of—couple of—"

"Love-birds," suggested Mr. Nugent.

Mrs. Kybird in great glee squeezed round to him and smote him playfully with her large, fat hand, and then, being somewhat out of breath with the exertion, sat down to enjoy the jest in comfort.



"MISS KYBIRD STANDING IN THE DOORWAY OF THE SHOP."

"That's how you encourage him," said her daughter; "no wonder he doesn't behave. No wonder he acts as if the whole place belongs to him."

The remark was certainly descriptive of Mr. Nugent's behaviour. His easy assurance and affability had already made him a prime favourite with Mrs. Kybird, and had not been without its effect upon her daughter. The constrained and severe company manners of Mr. Edward Silk showed up but poorly beside those of the paying guest, and Miss Kybird had on several occasions drawn comparisons which would have rendered both gentlemen uneasy if they had known of them.

Mr. Nugent carried the same easy good-fellowship with him the following week when, neatly attired in a second-hand suit from Mr. Kybird's extensive stock, he paid a visit to Jem Hardy to talk over old times and discuss the future.

"You ought to make friends with your father," said the latter; "it only wants a little common sense and mutual forbearance."

"That's all," said Nugent; "sounds easy enough, doesn't it? No, all he wants is for me to clear out of Sunwich, and I'm not going to—until it pleases me, at any rate. It's poison to him for me to be living at the Kybirds' and pushing a trolley down on the quay. Talk about love sweetening toil, that does."

Hardy changed the subject, and Nugent, nothing loth, discoursed on his wanderings and took him on a personally conducted tour through the continent of Australia. "And I've come back to lay my bones in Sunwich Churchyard," he concluded, pathetically; "that is, when I've done with 'em."

"A lot of things'll happen before then," said Hardy.

"I hope so," rejoined Mr. Nugent, piously; "my desire is to be buried by my weeping great-grandchildren. In fact, I've left instructions to that effect in my will—all I have left, by the way."

"You're not going to keep on at this water-side work, I suppose?" said Hardy, making another effort to give the conversation a serious turn.

"The foreman doesn't think so," replied the other, as he helped himself to some whisky; "he has made several remarks to that effect lately."

He leaned back in his chair and smoked thoughtfully, by no means insensible to the comfort of his surroundings. He had not been in such comfortable quarters since he

left home seven years before. He thought of the untidy litter of the Kybirds' back parlour, with the forlorn view of the yard in the rear. Something of his reflections he confided to Hardy as he rose to leave.

"But my market value is about a pound a week," he concluded, ruefully, "so I must cut my coat to suit my cloth. Good-night."

He walked home somewhat soberly at first, but the air was cool and fresh and a glorious moon was riding in the sky. He whistled cheerfully, and his spirits rose as various chimerical plans of making money occurred to him. By the time he reached the High Street, the shops of which were all closed for the night, he was earning five hundred a year and spending a thousand. He turned the handle of the door and, walking in, discovered Miss Kybird entertaining company in the person of Mr. Edward Silk.

"Halloa," he said, airily, as he took a seat. "Don't mind me, young people. Go on just as you would if I were not here."

Mr. Edward Silk grumbled something under his breath; Miss Kybird, turning to the intruder with a smile of welcome, remarked that she had just thought of going to sleep.

"Going to sleep?" repeated Mr. Silk, thunderstruck.

"Yes," said Miss Kybird, yawning.

Mr. Silk gazed at her, open-mouthed. "What, with me 'ere?" he inquired, in trembling tones.

"You're not very lively company," said Miss Kybird, bending over her sewing. "I don't think you've spoken a word for the last quarter of an hour, and before that you were talking of death-warnings. Made my flesh creep, you did."

"Shame!" said Mr. Nugent.

"You didn't say anything to me about your flesh creeping," muttered Mr. Silk.

"You ought to have seen it creep," interposed Mr. Nugent, severely.

"I'm not talking to you," said Mr. Silk, turning on him; "when I want the favour of remarks from you I'll let you know."

"Don't you talk to my gentlemen friends like that, Teddy," said Miss Kybird, sharply, "because I won't have it. Why don't you try and be bright and cheerful like Mr. Nugent?"

Mr. Silk turned and regarded that gentleman steadfastly; Mr. Nugent meeting his gaze with a pleasant smile and a low-voiced offer to give him lessons at half a crown an hour.

"I wouldn't be like 'im for worlds," said Mr. Silk, with a scornful laugh. "I'd sooner be like anybody."

"What have you been saying to him?" inquired Nugent.

"Nothing," replied Miss Kybird; "he's often like that. He's got a nasty, miserable, jealous disposition. Not that I mind what he thinks."

Mr. Silk breathed hard and looked from one to the other.

"Perhaps he'll grow out of it," said Nugent, hopefully. "Cheer up, Teddy. You're young yet."

"Might I arsk," said the solemnly enraged Mr. Silk, "might I arsk you not to be so free with my Christian name?"

"He doesn't like his name now," said Nugent, drawing his chair closer to Miss Kybird's, "and I don't wonder at it. What shall we call him? Job? What's that work you're doing? Why don't you get on with that fancy waist-coat you are doing for me?"

Before Miss Kybird could deny all knowledge of the article in question her sorely-tried swain created a diversion by rising. To that simple act he imparted an emphasis which commanded the attention of both beholders, and, drawing over to Miss Kybird, he stood over her in an attitude at once terrifying and reproachful.

"Take your choice, Amelia," he said, in a thrilling voice. "Me or 'im— which is it to be?"

"Here, steady, old man," cried the startled Nugent. "Go easy."

"Me or 'im?" repeated Mr. Silk, in stern but broken accents.

Miss Kybird giggled and, avoiding his gaze, looked pensively at the faded hearthrug.

"You're making her blush," said Mr. Nugent, sternly. "Sit down, Teddy; I'm

ashamed of you. We're both ashamed of you. You're confusing us dreadfully proposing to us both in this way."

Mr. Silk regarded him with a scornful eye, but Miss Kybird, bidding him not to be foolish, punctuated her remarks with the needle, and a struggle, which Mr. Silk regarded as unseemly in the highest degree, took place between them for its possession. Mr. Nugent secured it at last, and brandishing it fiercely extorted feminine screams from Miss Kybird by threatening her with it. Nor was her mind relieved until Mr. Nugent, remarking that he would put it back in the pin-cushion, placed it in the leg of Mr. Edward Silk.

Mr. Kybird and his wife, entering through the shop, were just in time to witness a spirited performance on the part of Mr. Silk, the cherished purpose of which was to deprive them of a lodger. He drew back as they entered and, raising his voice above Miss Kybird's, began to explain his action.



"ME OR 'IM—WHICH IS IT TO BE?"

"Teddy, I'm ashamed of you," said Mr. Kybird, shaking his head. "A little joke like that; a little innocent joke."

"If it 'ad been a darnin'-needle now——" began Mrs. Kybird.

"All right," said the desperate Mr. Silk, "ave it your own way. Let 'Melia marry 'im—I don't care—I give 'er up."

"Teddy!" said Mr. Kybird, in a shocked voice. "Teddy!"

Mr. Silk thrust him fiercely to one side and passed raging through the shop. The sound of articles falling in all directions attested to his blind haste, and the force with which he slammed the shop-door was sufficient evidence of his state of mind.

"Well, upon my word," said the staring Mr. Kybird; "of all the outrageous——"

"Never mind 'im," said his wife, who was sitting in the easy chair, distributing affectionate smiles between her daughter and the startled Mr. Nugent. "Make 'er happy, Jack, that's all I arsk. She's been a good gal, and she'll make a good wife. I've seen how it was between you for some time."

"So 'ave I," said Mr. Kybird. He shook hands warmly with Mr. Nugent, and, patting that perturbed man on the back, surveyed him with eyes glistening with approval.

"It's a bit rough on Teddy, isn't it?" inquired Mr. Nugent, anxiously; "besides——"

"Don't you worry about 'im," said Mr. Kybird, affectionately. "He ain't worth it."

"I wasn't," said Mr. Nugent, truthfully. The situation had developed so rapidly that it had caught him at a disadvantage. He had a dim feeling that, having been the cause of Miss Kybird's losing one young man, the most elementary notions of chivalry demanded that he should furnish her with another. And this idea was clearly uppermost in the minds of her parents. He looked over at Amelia and with characteristic philosophy accepted the position.

"We shall be the handsomest couple in Sunwich," he said, simply.

"Bar none," said Mr. Kybird, emphatically.

The stout lady in the chair gazed at the couple fondly. "It reminds me of our wedding," she said, softly. "What was it Tom Fletcher said, father? Can you remember?"

"'Arry Smith, you mean," corrected Mr. Kybird.

"Tom Fletcher said something, I'm sure," persisted his wife.

"He *did*," said Mr. Kybird, grimly, "and I pretty near broke 'is 'ead for it. 'Arry Smith is the one you're thinking of."

Mrs. Kybird after a moment's reflection admitted that he was right, and, the chain of memory being touched, waxed discursive about her own wedding and the somewhat exciting details which accompanied it. After

which she produced a bottle labelled "Port wine" from the cupboard, and, filling four glasses, celebrated the occasion in a befitting but sober fashion.

"This," said Mr. Nugent, as he sat on his bed that night to take his boots off, "this is what comes of trying to make everybody happy and comfortable with a little fun. I wonder what the governor 'll say."

CHAPTER IX.

THE news of his only son's engagement took Captain Nugent's breath away, which, all things considered, was perhaps the best thing it could have done. He sat at home in silent rage, only exploding when the well-meaning Mrs. Kingdom sought to minimize his troubles by comparing them with those

of Job. Her reminder that to the best of her remembrance he had never had a boil in his life put the finishing touch to his patience, and, despairing of drawing-room synonyms for the words which trembled on his lips, he beat a precipitate retreat to the garden.

His son bore his new honours bravely. To an appealing and indignant letter from his sister he wrote gravely, reminding her of the difference in their years, and also that he had never interfered in her flirtations, however sorely his brotherly heart might have been wrung by them. He urged her to forsake



"I WONDER WHAT THE GOVERNOR 'LL SAY."

such diversions for the future, and to look for an alliance with some noble, open-handed man with a large banking account and a fondness for his wife's relatives.

To Jem Hardy, who ventured on a delicate remonstrance one evening, he was less patient, and displayed a newly-acquired dignity which was a source of considerable embarrassment to that well-meaning gentleman. He even got up to search for his hat, and was only induced to resume his seat by the physical exertions of his host.

"I didn't mean to be offensive," said the latter.

"But you were," said the aggrieved man.

Hardy apologized.

"Talk of that kind is a slight to my future wife," said Nugent, firmly. "Besides, what business is it of yours?"

Hardy regarded him thoughtfully. It was some time since he had seen Miss Nugent, and he felt that he was losing valuable time. He had hoped great things from the advent of her brother, and now his intimacy seemed worse than useless. He resolved to take him into his confidence.

"I spoke from selfish motives," he said, at last. "I wanted you to make friends with your father again."

"What for?" inquired the other, staring.

"To pave the way for me," said Hardy, raising his voice as he thought of his wrongs; "and now, owing to your confounded matrimonial business, that's all knocked on the head. I wouldn't care whom you married if it didn't interfere with my affairs so."

"Do you mean," inquired the astonished Mr. Nugent, "that you want to be on friendly terms with my father?"

"Yes."

Mr. Nugent gazed at him round-eyed. "You haven't had a blow on the head or anything of that sort at any time, have you?" he inquired.

Hardy shook his head impatiently. "You don't seem to suffer from an excess of intellect yourself," he retorted. "I don't want to be offensive again, still, I should think it is pretty plain there is only one reason why I should go out of my way to seek the society of your father."

"Say what you like about my intellect," replied the dutiful son, "but I can't think of even one—not even a small one. Not—Good gracious! You don't mean—you can't mean—"

Hardy looked at him.

"Not that," said Mr. Nugent, whose

intellect had suddenly become painfully acute—"not *her*?"

"Why not?" inquired the other.

Mr. Nugent leaned back in his chair and regarded him with an air of kindly interest. "Well, there's no need for you to worry about my father for that," he said; "he would raise no objection."

"*Eh?*" said Hardy, starting up from his chair.

"He would welcome it," said Mr. Nugent, positively. "There is nothing that he would like better; and I don't mind telling you a secret—she likes you."

Hardy reddened. "How do you know?" he stammered.

"I know it for a fact," said the other, impressively. "I have heard her say so. But you've been very plain-spoken about me, Jem, so that I shall say what I think."

"Do," said his bewildered friend.

"I think you'd be throwing yourself away," said Nugent; "to my mind it's a most unsuitable match in every way. She's got no money, no looks, no style. Nothing but a good kind heart rather the worse for wear. I suppose you know she's been married once?"

"*What!*" shouted the other. "*Married!*"

Mr. Nugent nodded. His face was perfectly grave, but the joke was beginning to prey upon his vitals in a manner which brooked no delay.

"I thought everybody knew it," he said. "We have never disguised the fact. Her husband died twenty years ago last—"

"Twenty——" said his suddenly enlightened listener. "Who?—What?"

Mr. Nugent, incapable of reply, put his head on the table and beat the air frantically with his hand, while gasping sobs rent his tortured frame.

"Dear—aunt," he choked, "how pleased she'd be if—she knew. Don't look like that, Hardy. You'll kill me."

"You seem amused," said Hardy, between his teeth.

"And you'll be Kate's uncle," said Mr. Nugent, sitting up and wiping his eyes. "Poor little Kate."

He put his head on the table again. "And mine," he wailed. "*Uncle Jemmy!*—will you tip us half-crowns, nunky?"

Mr. Hardy's expression of lofty scorn only served to retard his recovery, but he sat up at last and, giving his eyes a final wipe, beamed kindly upon his victim.

"Well, I'll do what I can for you," he observed, "but I suppose you know Kate's

off for a three months' visit to London to-morrow?"

The other observed that he didn't know it, and, taught by his recent experience, eyed him suspiciously.

"It's quite true," said Nugent; "she's going to stay with some relatives of ours. She used to be very fond of one of the boys—her cousin Herbert—so you mustn't be surprised if she comes back engaged. But I daresay you'll have forgotten all about her in three months. And, any way, I don't suppose she'd look at you if you were the last man in the world. If you'll walk part of the way home with me I'll regale you with anecdotes of her childhood which will probably cause you to change your views altogether."

In Fullalove Alley Mr. Edward Silk, his forebodings fulfilled, received the news of Amelia Kybird's faithlessness in a spirit of quiet despair, and turned a deaf ear to the voluble sympathy of his neighbours. Similar things had happened to young men living there before, but their behaviour had been widely different to Mr. Silk's. Bob Crump, for instance, had been jilted on the very morning he had arranged for his wedding, but instead of going about in a state of gentle melancholy he went round and fought his beloved's father—merely because it was her father—and wound up an exciting day by selling off his household gods to the highest

bidders. Henry Jones in similar circumstances relieved his great grief by walking up and down the alley smashing every window within reach of his stick.

But these were men of spirit; Mr. Silk was cast in a different mould, and his fair neighbours sympathized heartily with him in his bereavement, while utterly failing to understand any man breaking his heart over Amelia Kybird.

His mother, a widow of uncertain age, shook her head over him and hinted darkly at consumption, an idea which was very pleasing to her son, and gave him an increased interest in a slight cold from which he was suffering.

"He wants taking out of 'imself," said Mr. Wilks, who had stepped across the alley to discuss the subject with his neighbour; "cheerful society and 'obbies—that's what 'e wants."

"He's got a faithful 'eart," sighed Mrs. Silk. "It's in the family; 'e can't 'elp it."

"But 'e might be lifted out of it," urged Mr. Wilks. "I 'ad several disappointments in my young days. One time I 'ad a fresh gal every v'y'ge a'most."

Mrs. Silk sniffed and looked up the alley, whereat two neighbours who happened to be at their doors glanced up and down casually, and retreated inside to continue their vigil from the windows.

"Silk courted me for fifteen years before I would say 'yes,'" she said, severely.

"Fifteen years!" responded the other. He cast his eyes upwards and his lips twitched. The most casual observer could have seen that he was engaged in calculations of an abstruse and elusive nature.

"I was on'y seven when 'e started," said Mrs. Silk, sharply.

Mr. Wilks brought his eyes to a level again. "Oh, seven," he remarked.

"And we was married two days before my nineteenth birthday," added Mrs. Silk, whose own arithmetic had always been her weak point.

"Just so," said Mr. Wilks. He glanced at the sharp white face and shapeless figure before him.



"A SPIRIT OF QUIET DESPAIR."

"It's hard to believe you can 'ave a son Teddy's age," he added, gallantly.

"It makes you feel as if you're getting on," said the widow.

The ex-steward agreed, and after standing a minute or two in silence made a preliminary motion of withdrawal.

"Beautiful your plants are looking," said Mrs. Silk, glancing over at his window; "I can't think what you do to 'em."

The gratified Mr. Wilks began to explain. It appeared that plants wanted almost as much looking after as daughters.

"I should like to see 'em close," said Mrs. Silk.

"Come in and 'ave a look at 'em," responded her neighbour.

Mrs. Silk hesitated and displayed a maidenly coyness far in excess of the needs of the situation. Then she stepped across, and five seconds later the two matrons, with consternation writ large upon their faces, appeared at their doors again and, exchanging glances across the alley, met in the centre.

They were more surprised an evening or two later to see Mr. Wilks leave his house to pay a return visit, bearing in his hand a small bunch of his cherished blooms. That they were blooms which would have paid the debt of Nature in a few hours at most in no way detracted from the widow's expressions of pleasure at receiving them, and Mr. Wilks, who had been invited over to cheer up Mr. Silk, who was in a particularly black mood, sat and smiled like a detected philanthropist as she placed them in water.

"Good evenin', Teddy," he said, breezily, with a side-glance at his hostess. "What a lovely day we've 'ad."

"So bright," said Mrs. Silk, nodding with spirit.

Mr. Wilks sat down and gave vent to such a cheerful laugh that the ornaments on the mantelpiece shook with it. "It's good to be alive," he declared.

"Ah, you enjoy your life, Mr. Wilks," said the widow.

"Enjoy it!" roared Mr. Wilks; "enjoy it! Why shouldn't I? Why shouldn't everybody enjoy their lives? It was what they was given to us for."

"So they was," affirmed Mrs. Silk; "nobody can deny that; not if they try."

"Nobody wants to deny it, ma'am," retorted Mr. Wilks, in the high voice he kept for cheering-up purposes. "I enjoy every day o' my life."

He filled his pipe, chuckling serenely, and having lit it sat and enjoyed that. Mrs. Silk retired for a space, and returning with a jug of ale poured him out a glass and set it by his elbow.

"Here's your good 'ealth, ma'am," said Mr. Wilks, raising it. "Here's yours, Teddy—a long life and a 'appy one."

Mr. Silk turned listlessly. "I don't want a long life," he remarked.

His mother and her visitor exchanged glances. "That's 'ow 'e goes on," remarked the former, in an audible whisper. Mr. Wilks nodded, reassuringly.

"I 'ad them ideas once," he said, "but they go off. If you could, only live to see Teddy at the age o' ninety-

five, 'e wouldn't want to go then. 'E'd say it was crool hard, being cut off in the flower of 'is youth."

Mrs. Silk laughed gaily and Mr. Wilks bellowed a gruff accompaniment. Mr. Edward Silk eyed them pityingly.

"That's the 'ardship of it," he said, slowly, as he looked round from his seat by the fire-place; "that's where the 'ollowness of things comes in. That's where I envy Mr. Wilks."

"Envy me?" said the smiling visitor; "what for?"

"Because you're so near the grave," said Mr. Silk.

Mr. Wilks, who was taking another draught of beer, put the glass down and eyed him fixedly.

"That's why I envy you," continued the



"A RETURN VISIT."

other. "I don't want to live, and you do, and yet I dessay I shall be walking about forty and fifty years after you're dead and forgotten."

"Wot d'ye mean—near the grave?" inquired Mr. Wilks, somewhat shortly.

"I was referring to your age," replied the other; "it's strange to see 'ow the aged 'ang on to life. You can't 'ave much pleasure at your time o' life. And you're all alone; the last withered branch left."

"*Withered branch!*" began Mr. Wilks; "'ere, look 'ere, Teddy——"

"All the others 'ave gone," pursued Mr. Silk, "and they're beckoning to you."

"Let 'em beckon," said Mr. Wilks, coldly. "I'm not going yet."

"You're not young," said Mr. Silk, gazing meditatively at the grate, "and I envy you that. It can only be a matter of a year or two at most before you are sleeping your last long sleep."

"Teddy!" protested Mrs. Silk.

"It's true, mother," said the melancholy youth. "Mr. Wilks is old. Why should 'e mind being told of it? If 'e had 'ad the trouble I've 'ad 'e'd be glad to go. But he'll 'ave to go, whether 'e likes it or not. It might be to-night. Who can tell?"

Mr. Wilks, unasked, poured himself out another glass of ale, and drank it off with the air of a man who intended to make sure of that. It seemed a trifle more flat than the last.

"So many men o' your age and thereabouts," continued Mr. Silk, "think that they're going to live on to eighty or ninety, but there's very few of 'em do. It's only a short while, Mr. Wilks, and the little children'll be running about over your grave and picking daisies off of it."

"Ho, will they?" said the irritated Mr. Wilks; "they'd better not let me catch 'em at it, that's all."

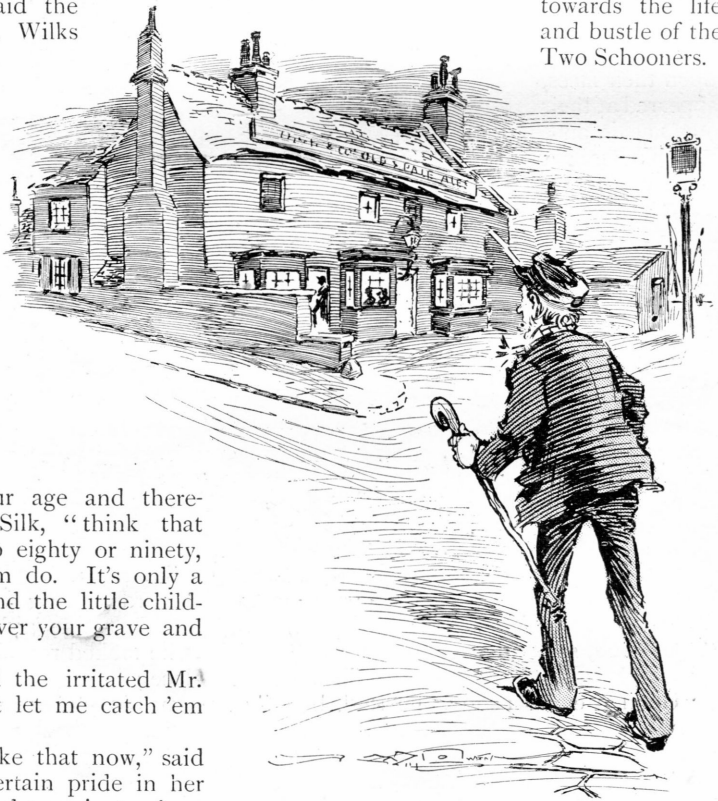
"He's always talking like that now," said Mrs. Silk, not without a certain pride in her tones; "that's why I asked you in to cheer 'im up."

"All your troubles'll be over then," continued the warning voice, "and in a month or two even your name'll be forgotten. That's the way of the world. Think 'ow soon the last five years of your life 'ave passed; the next five'll pass ten times as fast even if you live as long, which ain't likely."

"He talks like a clergyman," said Mrs. Silk, in a stage whisper.

Mr. Wilks nodded, and despite his hostess's protests rose to go. He shook hands with her and, after a short but sharp inward struggle, shook hands with her son. It was late in the evening as he left, but the houses had not yet been lit up. Dim figures sat in doorways or stood about the alley, and there was an air of peace and rest strangely and uncomfortably in keeping with the conversation to which he had just been listening. He looked in at his own door; the furniture seemed stiffer than usual and the tick of the clock more deliberate. He closed the door again and, taking a deep breath, set off

towards the life and bustle of the Two Schooners.



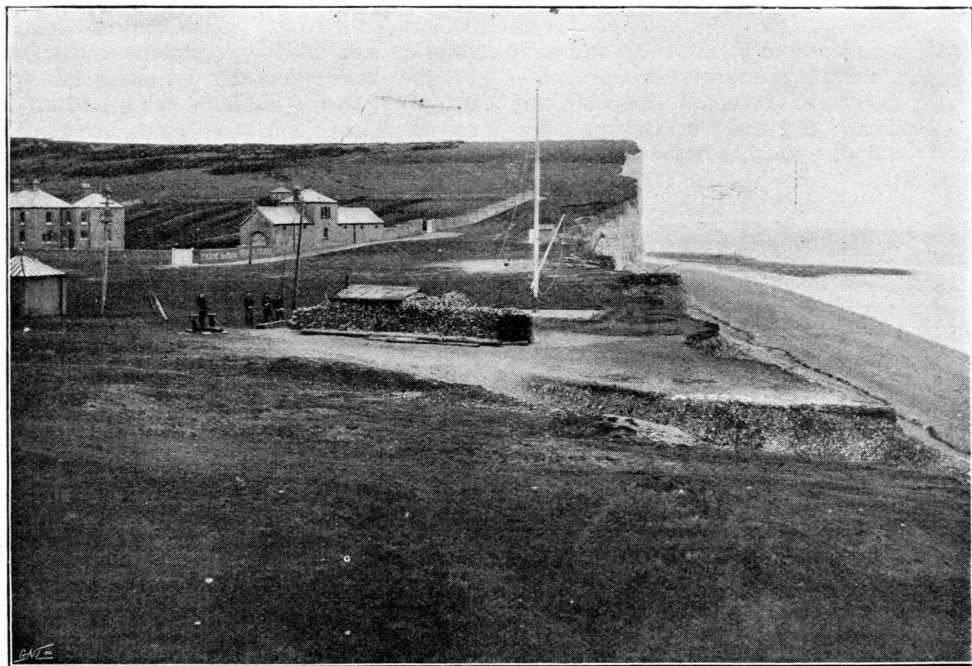
"HE SET OFF TOWARDS THE LIFE AND BUSTLE OF THE TWO SCHOONERS."

(To be continued.)

Hands Round the Coast.

BY ALFRED T. STORY.

Illustrations from Photographs by W. Gregory & Co.



A TYPICAL COASTGUARD STATION.



ANYONE who has been much about our coasts cannot but have noticed the coastguard stations dotting them here and there like sentinels. North or south, east or west, almost wherever we touch the sea, at no great distance away there will be seen a little cluster of houses, a watch-tower, maybe, or look-out, and a flagstaff denoting a station of the coastguard. Generally, too, there will be a boat-house, with a stout pinnacle or yawl, ready for any work that may be necessary, whether it be rescue or salvage. In some cases, as, for instance, when the station is on the top of a high cliff, as at Fairlight, near Hastings, boats would be of no use, for the simple reason that they could not be got down to the water. However, such stations may be signalling stations only. Fairlight itself is a war-signalling station, and used to belong to the War Department. Dungeness likewise is a war-signalling station. Both these are provided with the semaphore telegraph for signalling vessels at sea.

A coastguard station is usually composed

of from six to eight men, although smaller or sub-stations may number but three; while there are stations counting a dozen or more men. The new station which is being built on the famous Pett Level, near Winchelsea, will have to accommodate seventeen men, all told. The sub-stations are generally attached to the larger ones, and are in charge of the officer who has command of that post.

Stations are grouped into divisions, which are under the charge of inspecting officers, generally commanders or lieutenants, who visit them periodically to see that everything is in order and that discipline is duly attended to. For at these stations drill and other duties have to be carried on as regularly as on board ship. To each coastguard division a cruiser is attached. It is usually cruising with only half its full complement of men; the other half are distributed amongst the stations comprised in the division, and if the need should arise for extra men they are at once drafted from the stations.

The coastguard is, of course, recruited exclusively from the Navy and the Naval Reserve, and every man connected with the

force is liable to be called up at any moment.

During these critical times each member of the coastguard has his ship and his place on that ship, and at a word from the Admiralty—it might be “mobilize”—up would go his kit on to his shoulder, and away he would tramp to the nearest railway station and so *en route* to the *depôt* where his ship lay. It is said that every man in the coastguard—and they number between 4,000 and 5,000 in all—could be on board his ship within twenty-four hours, though his station were at John o’ Groat’s, while the majority could be at their posts within half that time.

Said one of these men recently: “I not only know my ship, but I know my post in the ship, the number of my mess, and everything; and if the word were to come for me to start *now*, I could be in my place within six hours.”

A coastguardsman is liable to be called upon for sea service at any time, and if of good character, and he has done nine years’ service, he is always eligible for the coastguard when not on active duty on board ship. When a vessel is paid off all those who are willing to join the coastguard are asked to set down their names. These are sent up to the proper quarters, and in the course of a month or two, possibly in as many weeks, he receives an appointment, it may be to a station a few miles away, it may be to one “at the top o’ the map,” as one man put it, meaning some place Orkney or Shetland way.

“But of all places under the sun,” said this individual, “save me from a station on the Thames. I spent two years at one not far from Gravesend, and the Lord preserve me from the like again. I’d rather be on a

torpedo-boat destroyer. Half the year you can’t lie still in your bed for the fog-horns. You perhaps just get your head on the pillow, when away one goes and you have to jump up and rush to the rescue. It’s two iron colliers, or maybe a collier and a barge, in collision, not unlikely something worse; and possibly before you can get on to the spot one of the two, if not both, has gone into the cellar. The cellar’s where you get your big drink—maybe your last one,” explained the man with an odd attempt at pathos. “I’ve known nights when I’ve had to turn out of

bed three times for one of them collisions. At other places,” he added, “you can’t get a collision for love or money.”

The business of the coastguard is, of course, the protection of our shores; but in these “piping times” for the Navy it resolves itself into the protection of life and property. Formerly the coastguard was called upon to do a good deal by way of preventing smuggling; but there is now little of that, and that little, on the whole, of small consequence, although occasionally one hears of an individual more daring than the rest, or it may be a knot of individuals, being dropped upon when

they thought they were doing a fairly safe business.

Not long since a shrewd coastguardsman stationed on the Thames overhauled the stewardess of a steamboat making trips to a Continental port, and found that her petticoats were lined with packets—known as blue-books—of tobacco. It was discovered that she had been engaged in this trade for years, and that her rendezvous in London was in a house in which, strangely enough, the captain of a revenue cutter lodged when in town.



A COASTGUARDSMAN ON DUTY.

That, however, was a very tame affair in comparison with a capture which took place on the Clyde some few years ago, and that caused not a little talk at the time, it read so much like a page from the exploits of Dirk Hatteraick.

The coastguard stationed at Gourrock on the Clyde had for some time suspected that extensive tobacco smuggling operations were being carried on in the neighbourhood. It was believed that the tobacco, after being manufactured abroad into "sticks," was carefully packed into tin cases which, when filled, weighed from 20lb. to 80lb. each. These cases were hermetically sealed and placed on board a steamer bound for the Clyde. Attached to each case was a lengthened cord, and at the farther end was affixed a small cork float. On the steamer's arrival in

coastguard's duty to watch all steamers, and see who comes and goes; and on this eventful night it was known that some suspected persons had arrived by an incoming steamer. Accordingly, an extra close watch was kept on the coast. Very late a boat was seen to put off to the "fishing-ground" near Cloch, when a patrol party was at once mustered and set to observe their movements. A little before midnight the boat's crew was noticed rowing cautiously towards the shore, where a cab was seen to be in waiting, and, as there was no sign of any coastguard officer being about, the cases were speedily transferred from the boat to the cab.

Two of the men got inside the vehicle, and a start was made to drive towards Greenock. Suddenly the coastguard officers came upon the scene and, in the Queen's name, demanded the surrender of the smuggling party. The driver, however, urged the horses forward. The officers hailed him again, and



—SIGNALLING TO PASSING SHIPS.

the Clyde, between Inverkip and Gourrock, the cases were thrown into the sea, the cork float denoting to the parties ashore who were in the secret where the "treasure" would be found. Towards nightfall boats would leave the beach, and those on board, after reaching the locality where the cases were supposed to be, would make believe to commence fishing with deep-sea lines. On the cases being brought to the surface they would, of course, be promptly got on board, and in the darkness the boat would be run ashore on a lonely part of the coast, where the cases could be silently beached.

Thus went the proceedings on the occasion in question. But it is part of the

said if he did not stop they would fire. This threat he paid no heed to, and so a blank cartridge was fired. Still the driver kept on, and, as he was speedily outdistancing his pursuers, it was necessary to act with decision. The commander of the party accordingly fired another shot, this time not blank. It was aimed at the horses, but took effect on the cab, and that so near the driver that he at once pulled up.

Immediately the cab stopped the two men inside jumped out and made off, and, as the coastguard were unable to pursue them and at the same time guard the booty, the smugglers escaped.

Meanwhile the driver, to save his skin,

gave the officers information which led them to pay a visit to the residence of a private gentleman not far away, whose coachman was the receiver of a great part of the smugglers' contraband goods. To the delight of the coastguard, 300lb. of foreign tobacco was discovered concealed in the coach-house,

a very short time. A gunboat may run near enough to shore to call the attention of a coastguard station, and so signal a telegram for transmission. Or it may ask them to send a boat off to receive some message or attend to other duty. One evening a small Channel Station was thus signalled.



RECEIVING A MESSAGE FROM A SHIP.

A boat put off; but as a dense fog came on its occupants rowed about for several hours trying in vain to find the cruiser. In the morning the latter again ran in-shore, signalled, and asked why a boat was not sent off as requested. Of course the answer was that such had been done, and that the men not only could not find the ship, but had great difficulty in getting back to shore.

Sometimes such method of communication is used for very odd purposes. On one occasion it is said

and another 450lb. in a dunghill. This "find," together with what was in the cab, proved the largest haul that had been made for many years, and the incriminated coachman was thereafter to be found at the one address for a long time to come.

This illustrates the work of the coastguard for one of its masters—the Customs. But the coastguard has to serve three masters, and to be equally attentive to each: the Customs, the Board of Trade, and the Admiralty. It is, as already noted, under the immediate jurisdiction of the Admiralty, and as a guard to the coast is a part of the naval service of the country. Many of the more important stations, especially those on the south coast, are connected with each other by telephone, as well as with the Admiralty offices at Whitehall by telegraph, so that a man-of-war, coming within sight of one of them, can signal a message through the coastguard station to head-quarters, and, of course, get a reply by the same means in

—and the reader must take the yarn for what it is worth—a vessel called *The Parrot* signalled the message for transmission to Whitehall: "Chief boat *Parrot* lost—please send another." Either by mistake or in jest the word "boat" was left out, and so the message ran that the chief parrot was lost, and that another was required in its place. The story goes that after the message had been lying at the Admiralty for several months someone got hold of it and ordered a parrot from Jamrach's, and had it sent on to the *Parrot* gunboat, or whatever she was. Polly arrived on board all right, greatly, of course, to the surprise of the crew and command; but their surprise was much heightened when the bird eyed the lot of them standing round her cage, and with a good imitation of a laugh exclaimed, "My Gawd, what a one-eyed rating!"

As servants of the Customs Department the coastguard have to see that Her Majesty's

revenues are not defrauded, and as servants of the Board of Trade they are called upon to protect life and property. The latter is, perhaps, the department of their duties that is the most arduous. All who are in the habit of reading the newspapers know what danger is run by ships and men when storms and fogs arise. Then it is that the coastguard have to be actively in evidence, helping to save life and to protect property. If a ship becomes a wreck she at once falls under their charge; or, more properly speaking, she comes under their charge directly the captain and crew leave her. Then they are responsible to the owners and to the Board of Trade for every spar and every pound of cargo that is salvable, or rather to the "Wreck" department of that Board.

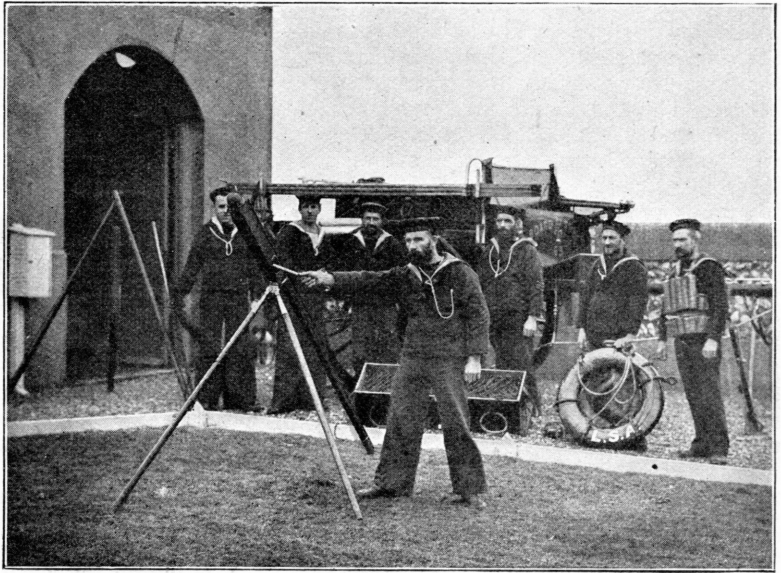
When once anything of the nature of wreckage has been reported to the Commission of Wrecks—it may be a boat with the name and address of the owner on it, a barrel of oil, or a fishing net from the next parish—it cannot be delivered to the owner or owners until the matter has gone through the required routine and the necessary number of clerks' hands.

Of course, when a large vessel is wrecked the salvaging of her cargo is no light matter, as anyone well knows who has been present when one has come ashore and there has been anything of a portable nature that could be got hold of. At such times it not infrequently happens that, if there hasn't been a soul in sight before, the spot soon swarms with people, "all intent on plunder," as a coastguard once put it. "They would eat you and the ship, too, if they could," he continued, "and you have to be nothing but eyes, or the whole ship and cargo would be carried off under your very nose. I have known men, when they have been helping to save a cargo, pass tins of preserved meat from the vessel to their friends who were on

the watch in sacks of coal. And, in fact, they are up to all sorts of dodges."

It is not many months since a woman was caught carrying off a bundle of valuable lace done up in the form of a baby, which she was hugging and talking to very fondly, when a coastguard, suspecting some ruse, asked to "have a look at the kid"; and when he found that it was no human bundle he out with some rich bluejacket slang about trying to "kid" the "pore sailor-man," adding, "but the pore sailor-man ain't agoing to stand your kid."

The coastguard's most dangerous and, perhaps, most important service is rendered in connection with the rescue of shipwrecked mariners. To enable them to give efficient aid in this respect they are provided with rocket apparatus by the Board of Trade; and one need only be acquainted with our coasts, especially the south coast, to be aware with what astonishing success the apparatus is often brought into requisition. It is not, of course, an easy matter in a heavy gale to send a line by means



FIRING A ROCKET.

of a rocket over a distressed or sinking ship in such a way that it can be used to drag a hawser on board. Sometimes attempt after attempt is made in vain. But, the rope once secured, it is a comparatively easy matter with the aid of a basket or a trousers-buoy to bring passengers and crew to land, although the process is rather a slow one. Not long ago a splendid rescue was thus

effected at Bopeep, St. Leonards, the first persons to be brought ashore being a woman and a baby, the latter apparently none the worse for its early morning sea-bath. The rescue took place between seven and eight o'clock, and the spray every now and again broke completely over the basket bringing the mother and child to land.

During the terrific storm that occurred towards the end of September, 1896, a still more exciting scene was witnessed at Folkestone. One morning about six o'clock, the wind blowing a hurricane at the time, a coastguardsman who was on duty there saw in the grey haze a barque rapidly drifting ashore. As nothing short of a miracle could save her from going on the rocks, he at once communicated with the officer in command at Sandgate, and in a few minutes the rocket apparatus was horsed and on its way to the scene of the wreck. For by this time the vessel—which proved to be the *Agdar*, of Frederikstadt, timber-laden—had gone broadside on the rocks, between the promenade pier, and the harbour, and was being swept every minute by drenching seas. Her crew were, of course, quite helpless, and could be seen in the dim, uncertain light, huddled together, expecting every moment to be washed overboard. The coastguard fired two rockets from the pier, but the wind was so terrific, and the rain so heavy, that they both missed the ship.

By this time the Folkestone lifeboat had been launched and was making for the wreck; and as in the meantime another barque, the *Baron Holberg*, was seen to be drifting to destruction at the same place as the *Agdar*, the coastguard moved the rocket apparatus down to the beach to render assistance to the new-comer, which in a very few minutes was crashing upon the rocks, dragging with her the wreckage of her main-mast, which had gone by the board a little while before she struck.

After several unsuccessful attempts communication was established with the *Baron Holberg*; a hawser was hauled on board and fastened to the vessel's windmill pump. One of the crew started to go ashore hand over fist; but when almost on land the rope broke, and he, of course, found himself struggling in the boiling waves. He was, however, speedily rescued by men joining hands and going to his aid. Another hawser was quickly made fast, and two more men were brought ashore. Then a heavier sea than usual carried away the windmill pump. Again the

hawser was secured, this time to the mizzen-mast, and the remainder of the crew were got safely to land.

Several of the crew of the *Agdar* were taken off the vessel by the lifeboat, but the remainder were hauled through the surf by means of a line cleverly heaved on board by a coastguardsman. Altogether it was a smart piece of work, and did credit to the coastguard, but for whose promptitude and wealth of resource many of the men would doubtless have been lost.

Sometimes, unfortunately, the coastguard are obliged to witness the utter futility of their efforts through no fault of their own. This was strikingly the case when, a couple of years ago, the steam trawler *Nellie* was driven ashore in a tempest at Ratray Head, ten miles north of Peterhead. Immediately after the vessel struck three men were washed overboard by the heavy seas dashing over the doomed craft. The remainder of the crew took refuge in the rigging, where the waves continually went over them. The coastguardsmen successfully fired two rockets with lines right over the ship; but the castaways made no effort to haul the hawser on board, being evidently benumbed with the cold and exposure, and one by one they were licked off their perch in the tops and carried away by the breakers.

Many are the sights of the kind which the coastguard are compelled from time to time to witness, though never without doing their utmost to help. They are thus compelled because they are always on the look-out, day and night; and there is practically no part of the coast which is not patrolled by them. Every night a man on patrol duty at one station has to touch hands, so to speak, with the patrol of the next station on either side. One ought perhaps to add "weather permitting," although it has to be very exceptional weather for the duty to be omitted.

Sometimes this duty, light as it may seem, proves one of no small danger. To walk miles in a heavy downpour of rain, in dense fog, or in a high wind, is not a light matter at the best of times; but when the walk has to be done along the edge of a beetling cliff it often becomes extremely perilous. An instance of the kind occurred not long ago. A coastguardsman was on his way back after meeting the man from the next station, when he suddenly came upon a soldier and a sailor, who asked to be shown the way to the station he had left. He turned to show them, and in so doing he so completely lost his direction in the dense fog which was

prevailing that, though he made several attempts to recover the path, he on each occasion presently found himself on the verge of a precipitous cliff 200ft. above the sea. Not caring to run the risk of such a fall he made his way inland and returned by the high road.

If a river or arm of the sea intervenes the patrol is done by boat. In some cases the mouths of rivers, as at Burnham on the Crouch, are protected by a floating coastguard station.

Besides the night patrols there is a day patrol also, and many are the rescues from positions of imminent peril that have been effected by coastguardsmen thus on the look-out. Some years ago the writer witnessed a splendid piece of work of the kind from the cliffs south of Whitby. Two lovers had sauntered down on to the rocks and were there amusing themselves as lovers will, utterly oblivious of danger, when they suddenly became aware of the fact that the rising tide had cut off their retreat. It was an exceedingly lonely part, and though they cried their loudest and waved their handkerchiefs no one seemed to see them, and they had almost given themselves up to despair when a coastguardsman, coming that way, heard their cries and, procuring speedy assistance, succeeded by means of ropes in hauling them up the cliff.

A similar rescue was effected not long ago on the North Kent coast near to Reculvers. A little girl whose home was close to the shore had been to take her father's breakfast, and returning by a path along the edge of the cliff inadvertently stepped upon a piece of loose earth, which at once slid from under her feet, precipitating her half-way down to the beach, where fortunately she lodged on a projecting portion of the cliff. It was impossible for her either to climb up or to

get down the cliff, and so she was kept a prisoner for hours. Sought everywhere in vain by the agonized mother, it was reserved for a coastguard officer to descry her asleep on her perilous perch, and to descend by means of a rope to her assistance, which he cleverly managed before she was aware of what was going on. Had her rescue been delayed much longer she must have been



TO THE RESCUE.

caught and drowned by the rising tide.

Whenever anything out of the ordinary takes place within sight of their look-outs the coastguard have to be on the alert to render help if it should be required. Such was the case when, early one morning in June, 1897, the men of the coastguard station at Walmer saw smoke proceeding from the forepart of a large, full-rigged ship, which was being towed up the Channel by a foreign-looking tug. As it was thought something must be wrong a boat was put off to see if any assistance was required. When the coastguardsmen came alongside they found that it had just been discovered on board that the ship was on fire, and, indeed, in a very short time it was only too patent what was the matter, the hull of the ship at the bow-end having become red-hot.

The vessel turned out to be the *Micronesia*, of Liverpool, bound from Iquique to Ostend with a cargo of nitrate, which is at all times liable to fire from overheating. She was

being towed to her destination by an Ostend tug when, just before the coastguard came off to warn them, some of the crew had perceived smoke coming up from the fore-hold. The fire had evidently got such a secure grip that it was deemed useless to battle with it, and therefore, with the aid of the coastguard, most of the crew were transferred to the tug. Later in the day another tug ran up from Dover to assist, and the burning ship, enveloped in smoke and with fore-mast toppled over the port side, was run aground near Sandown Castle.

A curious incident happened in connection with this disaster. A gentleman belonging to Liverpool named Croft had a son on board the *Micronesia*, and wishing to see him after his voyage he went over to Ostend to meet him on his arrival. As the vessel, however, was considerably behind her time he could not wait any longer, and was crossing to Dover in the Ostend boat when, as they passed the Goodwin Sands, all on board were greatly excited to see a ship on fire. When they came near to the burning vessel glasses were naturally directed to her stern to see the name she bore and her port of origin. Imagine, then, the surprise of the father, and his dismay likewise, when he learned that she was the one for whose arrival he had been so patiently waiting at Ostend. However, he was not long at Dover before intelligence came from the coastguard that the ship's company were all in safety.

Nothing could better show the pluck and energy with which the coastguard go about their work than the rescue of four men which a party of them effected from the wreck of the German brigantine *Ernst* a year or two ago. During a November night the *Ernst* was driven on a shingle bank, Isle of Wight, and became a total wreck. The captain, the mate, and a seaman were rescued by the Totland lifeboat, the secretary of which had been apprised of the wreck by the station-officer of the Totland coastguard, who had received the information by telephone.

This took place between nine and ten in the morning. Somewhat later the officer of the coastguard at Stanpit was informed that four men of the *Ernst* were drifting towards Christchurch Head on a raft. Coastguardsmen were accordingly sent to the beach at Mudeford with cork jackets and surf-lines. After a time wreckage was seen in the distance, and the raft was sighted two miles off the shore drifting towards Warren Head. Three coastguardsmen, named respectively Brice, Rolls, and Saunders, acting under

orders from Chief-boatman Exeter, proceeded to a point where it was deemed probable that the raft would come ashore. Upon the raft—which consisted of the cook-house roof—nearing the breakers it was feared that the poor fellows would be washed off and drowned. A man named Isaac Coakes made a gallant attempt to reach them, but, not wearing a cork jacket, he had no sooner gone into the water than he was hurled back on land. Coastguardsman William Henry Rolls thereupon stripped and, putting on a cork jacket, plunged into the surf and, being a fine swimmer, succeeded in reaching the raft. This was a distance of 200 yards away, and he did not reach it a moment too soon. For just as he came up to it two of the men were washed off and must inevitably have perished but for his holding them up, until his mate Saunders, who attended him with a surf-line, could relieve him of one of them. The other two men, despite their exhausted state, managed to keep afloat after being thrown off the raft until Isaac Coakes and his brother and W. Price brought them safely to land. Rolls and his charge also landed safely.

The men thus rescued had been without food for nearly two days, besides suffering many hours' exposure on a frail raft in a rough sea. They were taken to the coastguard station, and there received every possible kindness and attention.

The above incidents exemplify the various duties and dangers which the coastguard are called upon to perform. But there is still another way in which their services may be required, and that is when illicit trade is being carried on within the three-mile limit, over which British jurisdiction extends. An instance in point occurred a little while ago, when a Belgian steamer, illegally engaged in "coopering," as it is called—that is, selling spirits or tobacco to the English fishing fleet—was boarded by a body of coastguardsmen, and after a smart struggle was captured and carried into Yarmouth.

This kind of thing is not of infrequent occurrence, and not long ago a "cooper," as if conscious of her own illegal doings, went ashore on the Sussex coast, close to the Haddich coastguard station, and became a total wreck.

Not infrequently an amusing incident will occur in connection with these "coopers." They come alike from French, Belgian, and Dutch ports; but they are so closely watched that it is seldom they get away without their sailing being reported to the coastguard, who,

of course, are then all on the alert for their arrival. Information of two such was sent not long since to the coastguard on the west coast of Ireland. The report was that they were making for the Irish fishing fleet. Naturally a very active look-out was kept. Finally a message came by wire to one station from its nearest neighbour, "Look out for 'cooper,' coming your way. Send out boats to intercept her."

A boat was at once manned and put off to meet her. In due course the signalled vessel came in sight. There could be no mistake, the description was so exact. She was accordingly hailed and ordered to lay to. That she did without demur, and the captain called out, "I know what you have come for. You take us for a 'cooper,' and we have, in fact, a thousand pounds of tobacco on board; you can come and see it if you like. But we are no 'cooper.' We are a mission-ship, bound for the Irish fishing fleet. Come on board and have a bit of something to eat and a pray, and you can see for yourselves." Which they did, and were satisfied.

The real "cooper" never turned up. The telegraph and the telephone disconcert these gentry very much. They also make naval operations difficult—as exemplified

in the naval manœuvres. Here is an instance. When the opposing fleets were off the west coast of Ireland a coastguard on the look-out at a station some forty miles to the N.W. of Cork spied the enemy about twenty-eight miles away, north, proceeding in a southerly direction. He immediately notified Queenstown, where the opposing fleet was lying. The Admiral at once sailed out, and before the enemy had reached the coastguard station he was on her track, so that her contemplated operation was completely foiled.

On another occasion the enemy's fleet signalled the same station, asking for information. Before enlightening them in any way the coastguard asked for the counter-sign. This, of course, they could not give, and so they were parleyed with and held in hand until the station had communicated with the fleet at Queenstown, which was again out and upon them before they knew what they were about.

Every year the coastguard have to go up either for a fortnight's drill or to join the autumn manœuvres. This, because it brings them in contact with old comrades and with life, they account a holiday and enjoy accordingly.



NIGHT DUTY—ANSWERING DISTRESS SIGNALS BY BURNING A LIGHT.

The Making of a Speech.

THE ORATORICAL ART AS VIEWED BY MR. CHAMBERLAIN, SIR HENRY FOWLER, LORD KIMBERLEY, SIR CHARLES DILKE, MR. ASQUITH, LORD PEEL, THE EX-SPEAKER, MR. J. W. LOWTHER, THE DEPUTY-SPEAKER, EARL SPENCER, THE BISHOP OF RIPON, AND DR. CLIFFORD.

BY FREDERICK DOLMAN.

Illustrations from Photographs by Elliott & Fry.

THE orator is born, not made.” To the universality of belief in this familiar platitude is largely due, I believe, the vast amount of poor speaking with which public bodies, from the

House of Commons on an “off night” to the local cricket club at its annual dinner, are constantly afflicted. A few irrepressible speakers probably cherish the illusion that they are born orators, and most of the others, from the careless indifference with which they give utterance to their thoughts, seem to argue the hopelessness of any contest with the decree of Nature. But the experience of men who win distinction on the platform goes far to prove that, whilst the divine fire of a Gladstone or a Chatham is the gift of the gods, the art of eloquence is to be acquired, like other arts, by severe effort and strenuous labour. At least, that is the conclusion which has been forced upon my mind by inquiries I have been making among a number of representative men at the Senate and in the pulpit, my two leading questions being somewhat as follows:—

“What is your own method in the making of a speech?”

“Speaking from experience, what advice would you give to a novice who sought your aid in the art of public speaking?”

Mr. Chamberlain happens to have discussed the subject with some fulness in an address he gave to the Birmingham and Edgbaston Debating Society on the occasion of its jubilee a few years ago, and to this address he referred me when I put these questions to him. The Secretary of State for the Colonies mentioned that he joined the society in 1854, when eighteen years of age,

and continued a member till 1863, during which period he always took an active part in the debates. Mr. Chamberlain’s first speech was delivered on the night of his election to the society, in opposition to a resolution, “That the character and conduct of Oliver Cromwell do not entitle him to the admiration of posterity.”

“No good argument,” Mr. Chamberlain declared at the outset, “was ever perfectly rendered without serious labour, and if it be the fact, as I believe it is, as we have been told by a great French writer, that true eloquence consists in saying all that is proper and nothing more—it is the latter part of the condition which is most difficult, and more time will be taken in pruning away redundancies, in abandoning all that is not pertinent to the subject, than in preparing the language which is actually to be used. . . .

“I imagine that the experience of all of us will suggest instances in which even good speakers would have spoken better if they had adopted a little more compression. That means trouble, that means pain.”

In Mr. Chamberlain’s opinion John Bright was the greatest orator

of his generation, and, having regard to the personal association which existed between them for many years, there is much interest in the account which he gives of Bright’s method:—

“Bright took infinite pains in the preparation of his speeches, giving even as much as a week or more to the elaboration of his thoughts; and he told me in regard to his method that his object was in the first place to grasp himself clearly the central idea and main principle that he wished to impress upon his hearers, then to state it in the simplest terms he could find, and, while avoiding



THE RIGHT HON. J. CHAMBERLAIN, M.P.

every superfluous word, every unnecessary argument, to reinforce the text by such illustrations and arguments as suggested themselves to his mind, 'and so,' he said, 'I hope that when I sit down my listeners will have understood and will retain the main thing, the main idea, that has been the object of my discourse.'

"Well," continued Mr. Chamberlain, "it is not all of us who can draw the bow of Ulysses. We cannot hope to imitate Mr. Bright in his highest flights, but we may all follow his example in grudging no labour and no time in order to make clear to others the truth as it appears to us."

One or two of Mr. Chamberlain's fellow-members of the Birmingham and Edgbaston Debating Society have placed on record their impressions of the right honourable gentleman's early oratory. At first, it seems, Mr. Chamberlain "learned his speeches by heart and somewhat painfully; his delivery, though always clear, was at first laboured."

"It was impossible," writes Mr. C. N. Mathew, who was hon. secretary of the society during part of the time of Mr. Chamberlain's membership, "not to be interested, edified, and often amused by the intelligence, point, and smartness of his speech. At the same time there was, especially in the earlier days of his career, a certain setness and formality of style that suggested that his speeches were anything but the inspiration of the moment, but had been made beforehand, and were being read off—the result of painstaking study, care, and elaboration." On one occasion, it is stated, Mr. Chamberlain actually broke down in proposing a toast at a semi-public dinner, and resumed his seat without finishing his speech. On the whole, therefore, Mr. Chamberlain's own experience goes to support his view as to eloquence—in its less exacting sense—being the result of persevering effort rather than of inherent talent.

I had a brief conversation with Sir Charles

Dilke one night at the House of Commons, in the ranks of whose debaters he has for long held a foremost place.

"My earliest experience," said Sir Charles, "was obtained at the Cambridge Union. I spoke with some frequency and became President. The Cambridge Union at that time favoured a business-like style of speech as compared with the more oratorical manner of the Oxford Union, and this fact had its influence, I suppose, on my own training. A 'Freshman' who attempted anything like rhetorical flourish was apt to be laughed at.

A speech full of facts and 'points' rather than phrases was best listened to, and this naturally led one to prepare the subject more than the 'speech—by which I mean getting up the facts and arguments carefully and leaving the language to take care of itself."

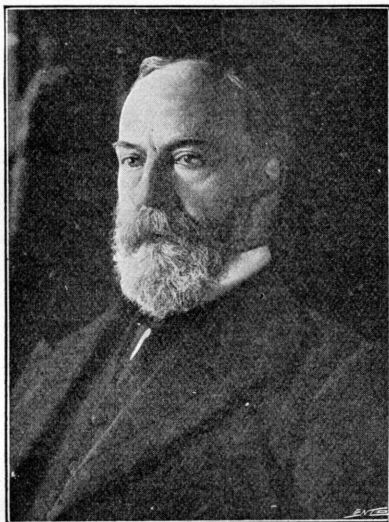
"And has your method always been the same?"

"Yes; after going round the world I went at once into Parliament. But although I had never felt nervous when speaking at Cambridge I was for some years very much afraid of the House of Commons, and never faced my

audience without mental distress. But I gradually overcame this feeling and persevered in my old Cambridge method, carefully getting up every subject and preparing fairly full notes, but notes which were entirely concerned with the matter and not the manner of my speech."

"But I suppose a telling phrase in a political speech—such a phrase as goes all over the country—is scarcely ever impromptu?"

"Ah, I wonder! Lord Beaconsfield, who was the greatest of phrase-makers in his time, used to quote Bolingbroke and Burke in the earlier part of his career, and later in life used to quote himself. Some of the best phrases one hears in the House of Commons don't go over the country. Major Rasch, for instance, often says remarkably good things, but they don't give him fame. When bimetallism was under discussion he



SIR CHARLES DILKE, M.P.

summed up the whole economic philosophy of the question in two or three words. 'Mr. Speaker,' said Major Rasch, 'what is bi-metallism? You take a shilling and call it eighteenpence.' The *bon mot* was excellent, but it did not catch on. As a rule, the famous phrase owes almost everything to the voice. Some of John Bright's most successful phrases would have sounded commonplace from a speaker with a less musical and expressive voice."

"But from your rule as to preparation, Sir Charles, would you not make an exception in favour of the peroration?"

"If you have got a very effective beginning and end, so much the better, of course. But nothing is more deplorable than to hear a man, towards the end of his speech, break off into a passage which he has obviously learned by heart—the transition from the spontaneous to the automatic is very painful. On the other hand, the difficulty in making an end is, as you say, a common trouble with inexperienced speakers, and to avoid these false finishes it is certainly well to have a concluding point fixed in your mind."

By way of commentary upon Sir Charles Dilke's conversation some interesting references to his career are to be found in Mr. H. W. Lucy's "Diary of Two Parliaments." For some time after he entered the House of Commons in 1868 Dilke, we are told, "was about as bad a speaker as one would find among an average score of members." In 1877, on the other hand, Mr. Lucy describes him as "one of the most effective speakers in the House."

The Right Hon. Sir Henry Fowler, M.P., who is a distinguished solicitor as well as an ex-Secretary of State, was kind enough to spare half an hour of his busy day to a discussion of this subject.

"Where did you graduate as a speaker?" I first asked Sir Henry, who has been described by a friendly opponent as a statesman who "never spoke without being master of his subject, and, though it was often complicated, he made it clear."

"At the Law Students' Debating Society, which I regularly attended during the years I was studying law in London. This society, which meets at the Law Institution in Chancery Lane, used to have debates—and still has, I believe—on general subjects as well as on questions of law. This was all the training

I had, but it was valuable training because of the friendly criticism the members gave each other."

"And you were frequently speaking from that time forward?"

"Well, on returning to Wolverhampton I took an active interest in local life. Then, until I was elected to the House of Commons in 1880, I was frequently taking part in public meetings on free education and other political questions that were not then so popular as they afterwards became."

"Would you qualify in any way your opinion of debating societies, Sir Henry, as training grounds?"

"Well, I suppose there is some danger, as you have just sug-

gested, of such societies encouraging speaking for speaking's sake. But this should not be much if the critical spirit on the part of the members furnishes healthy restraint. I am sure that since these societies became prevalent there has been a decided improvement in the general average of public speaking, although there is still, of course, a great deal of empty wordiness."

"Do you think this improvement corresponds to an improvement in the House of Commons?"

"Well, during the twenty years I have been a member there has been a considerable change in the House of Commons' style. The



THE RIGHT HON. SIR HENRY FOWLER, M.P.

business-like style is now most in favour; men care little for the rounded periods which pleased their fathers, and appreciate most the speeches which show most knowledge of the subject. The average of debating power is certainly higher, I should say. On the other hand, many more members read—or practically read—their speeches. At one time the House was much less lenient to this practice, and a story is told of a Lancashire member who, in using extremely full notes, was assailed with ironical cries of ‘Read, read.’ ‘I am reading,’ the poor man innocently replied.”

Speaking of his own method, Sir Henry gave me to understand that it varied with the occasion. He never spared trouble in preparation of a subject, but sometimes his notes for an hour’s speech would not occupy more than one sheet of letter-paper; at other times they would fill many.

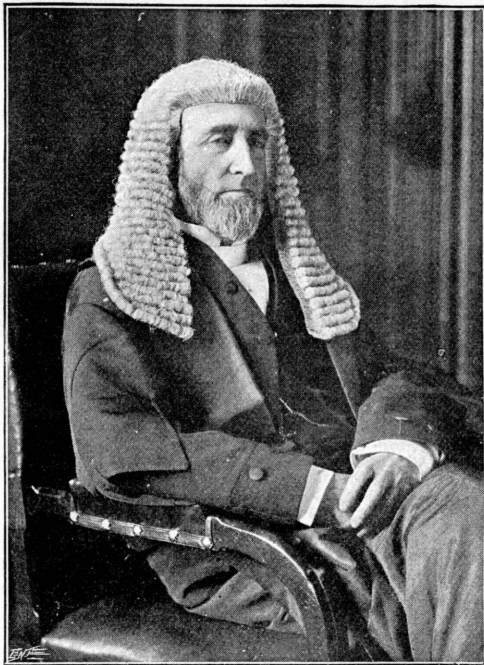
“I find it advisable to have full notes,” the right honourable gentleman added, “when dealing with figures, as in a Budget debate, or when speaking with a sense of exceptional responsibility, as in the debate which took place when I was at the India Office on the Indian Cotton Duties. Even with the best preparation and the most carefully prepared notes there is always some danger of saying something which you did not intend to say, or of omitting something which you did intend to say. I suppose there is no public speaker who has not sometimes used the wrong word because the right one was not forthcoming at the moment. This is one of the worst tribulations of the platform, particularly if a speaker is called over the coals for something which he really did not intend to say.”

To attempt to speak from memory was a

course to be recommended only to those who had an exceptional faculty in this respect. “Bright’s ‘purple patches,’ as they were called,” remarked Sir Henry, in reminiscent mood, “were committed to memory, but as a rule he spoke from notes on small square cards. Lord Randolph Churchill used to write some of his speeches, but I recollect his telling me that he was able to remember them by writing them out once. As a rule, the strain on a memorizer is too great; there is always the possibility of a disastrous breakdown. This nervous strain seriously injured Dr. Punshon, the great preacher, I believe. Mr. Gladstone, with extraordinarily ample flow of language, never spoke in this way; he would prepare a sheaf of notes for a big speech, but in point of fact little or no use would be made of them. But, of course, the genius of oratory stands by itself, independent of method or rule. The real debater also, it seems to me, is born, and not made; an instinct for debate,

such as Mr. Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Asquith possess, cannot be acquired. A statesman who has this instinct very strongly once told me that he could not enjoy a sermon; he was always thinking, ‘What is the reply to this fellow?’

“But for the average man I should say that the best advice as to public speaking was this: Prepare your points and arguments well, but leave to the inspiration of the moment the language in which they are to be clothed.”



LORD PEEL.

Lord Peel, the ex-Speaker, sent me a brief reply, but as will be seen from its terms gave an instructive clue as to the opinions which, with his exceptional experience of the House of Commons, he personally holds on the subject.

“I have no ‘method,’” writes Lord Peel,

"which I think it would be advantageous to send you. I recollect, however, a little book by—I think—the Bishop of Ripon which I cannot help saying would be useful in conveying advice and hints on the subject."

The book whose value Lord Peel thus endorses is entitled "Lectures on Preaching." As the name implies, Dr. Boyd Carpenter addresses himself through the work to pulpit aspirants, but, according to the high authority of the ex-Speaker, the Bishop's advice is equally applicable to platform aspirants, and I therefore give one or two illustrative extracts:—

"Clear language—language, that is, which carries its own meaning straight, and without starting side-puzzles in the minds of your hearers—is the first condition of fitness of language. From this it will follow that what is simple and natural is best. The ambition of grand, high-sounding words is a poor ambition, and, like most mean ambitions, it defeats itself. Let us avoid the example of the clergyman who counselled the boys to whom he was preaching on the subject of mirth or cheerfulness: 'Let your mirth be as the estival electricity, lambent but innocuous.'

"Talk English and not Johnsonese. Let your thought govern your language, and not your language your thought; and for this purpose give your thought its natural expression. Do not let your minnows talk like whales. Is your thought simple? Be content with simple words. Is your thought noble? Then simple language most nobly expresses it. If you use lofty and dignified language let it be because the thought itself insensibly lifts your style to a loftier range. The cultivation of word-worship is the decay of thought. The ambition of word-painting is a small one and must thwart true eloquence; for if

your thought be not eloquent your words will only mock them."

By his eloquence both on the platform and in the pulpit the Bishop of Ripon is pre-eminent in the Church of England, and I am very glad, therefore, that on reference to him his lordship was good enough to summarize, from the particular standpoint of this article, his philosophy of speech-making:—

"I would say to anyone who has to speak—think, think, think, and think again, till you have separated the essential from the accidental matter of your subject, and till you can clearly see what needs to be said. Think, think, think again of the people, that you may be able to say what needs to be said in the way which they can understand. And after all preparation think, think, think again till you are in the possession of the thing

you mean and wish to say. Words are but counters, and the power that can use them best is a clear perception of what you need to say, animated by an earnest wish to say it.

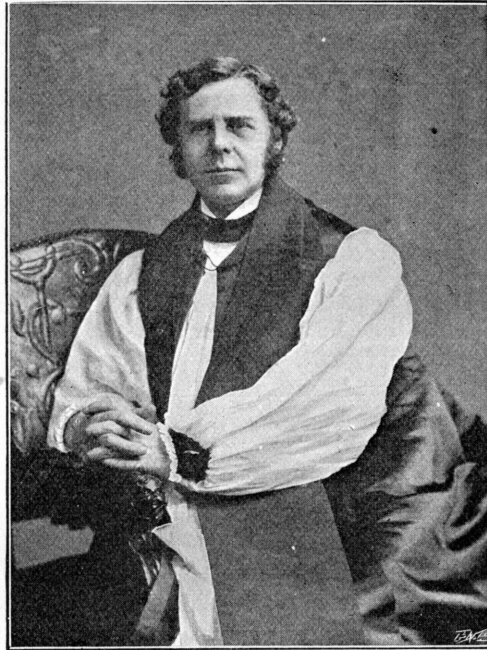
"I can add really little to this," continued the Bishop, "except this word—Reverence. No man will be a help to his brother man who does not reverence him as well as the message he seeks to pass on to him. For all speakers this is needful; for the religious teacher more than all."

Dr. Clifford, who is probably the most influential speaker among Nonconformist divines, was kind enough to give me a very careful account of his own methods:—

My method is (1) to master my facts and my line of reasoning as far as possible.

(2) Write out what I wish to say as fully as time permits.

(3) Rewrite or—as the Germans say—rework the subject.



THE LORD BISHOP OF RIPON.

(4) "Boil down" so as to get the briefest analysis of what is to be said.

(5) Resist the temptation to rely upon the written phrase and leave the mind to act with all possible freedom and spontaneity.

(6) Make clear to myself the precise character of the result I wish to achieve and then bend all my energies in that direction.

In the form of advice Dr. Clifford tabulated further information as to the way in which his platform powers had been gained:—

(1) Never forget distinctness of articulation. This is a primary consideration in effective utterance.

(2) To get a vocabulary read the best literature and mark all *elect* terms; terms that give distinction to a sentence and lift it out of the rut of a wearisome commonness.

(3) To secure self-command become self-oblivious by charging the entire mind—the emotional not less than the reflective part—with the subject and with the purpose of the speech.

(4) Incessant and undespairsing work is all in all.



DR. CLIFFORD.

From these statements it would seem that few public speakers can find their work more arduous and exacting than the well-known minister of Westbourne Park Chapel. Yet how little this is suspected probably by the large audience whom Dr. Clifford moves to indignation or laughter with apparently equal ease!

The Right Hon. H. H. Asquith replied to my interrogation with the remark: "I suspect that in the matter of public speaking every man is, and ought to be, a law to himself." Holding this somewhat exceptional opinion, Mr. Asquith, who had his

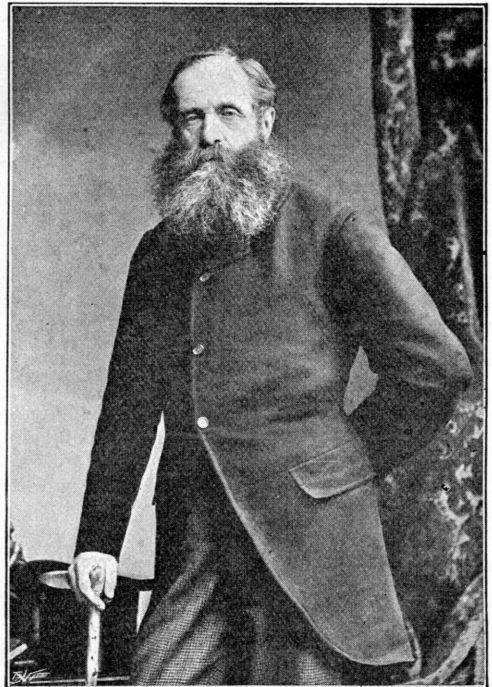


THE RIGHT HON. H. H. ASQUITH, M.P.

own training in oratory at the Oxford Union, had, of course, nothing to say in the way of advice or information as to method.

Earl Spencer was precluded from complying with my desire by a depreciative estimate of his own powers in the Senate or on the platform, with which few of those who have heard him would be found to agree.

"I have no pretensions as a speaker," his lordship writes to me, "to justify my giving



EARL SPENCER.

advice to those who want to learn how to speak.

"I can make my meaning and intention clear, but beyond that I cannot aspire to be a speaker to imitate."

In the same spirit the Right Hon. J. W. Lowther, who now occupies the position of Deputy-Speaker of the House of Commons, whom I next consulted, disclaimed the title of orator and the presumption of giving advice as to the method of becoming an orator, an orator being born and not made.

"Nevertheless," Mr. Lowther said, however, "one can become a fluent and agreeable speaker by dint of practice. He should begin young, never lose an opportunity of saying a few words in public, carefully prepare the matter and form of his speech, cultivate conciseness, keep a stock of good stories in hand from which to draw as occasion requires, give special attention to the head and tail of his speech, and arrange his subject in logical or chronological order.

"It is desirable at first to speak from pretty full notes; these should gradually be cut down to a few headings, until they can finally be dispensed

with. Brevity is, above all, the greatest desideratum. The audience should be left hungry with a desire for more, and not surfeited with a sense of repletion.

"Variety of style," concluded Mr. Lowther, "is an accomplishment to be added later. Voice production is also a matter which requires special attention. Action, in the sense of gesticulation, should be sparsely used, but when used it should be bold and sweeping."



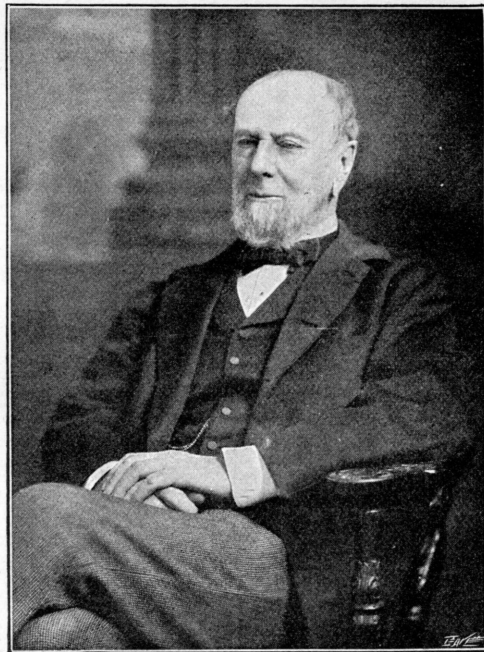
THE RIGHT HON. J. W. LOWTHER, M.P.

Lord Kimberley was kind enough to interest himself in the subject when convalescent at Falmouth after his long illness of last winter. The Leader of the Opposition in the House of Lords, however, confined himself to a statement of his own

method; he would not venture upon advice to others.

"I never write a speech," his lordship told me. "If it is a long and important one I make a few very brief notes.

"Otherwise I make no notes. I speak practically without any previous preparation, trusting to my general knowledge of the subject. My method is the one which a (now) long experience has shown me suits me best."



LORD KIMBERLEY.



to make the trip; but, slow as she was, she was not so slow as that. He had come on board pale and stooped with study, and already ocean and sea had proved the best of physicians. He had come on board friendless, and now was leaving the bluff, sea-



ALTHOUGH John Stebbens said nothing, standing there on the bridge beside the kind captain, yet he was much disappointed that the old tramp steamer should have thrashed her slow way into the Bay of Naples at night. All respectable guide-books warned all respectable travellers to select a steamer that arrived at Naples by day, but Stebbens was on board the ancient rusty *Gladiator* through favour of one of the owners, and the voyage was costing him nothing. Once the *Gladiator* carried passengers, and even now would have accommodated a dozen or so had that limited number applied for berths, but the big liners to the Mediterranean, keeping to a timetable like express trains, had absorbed the tourist traffic, and an old-fashioned single screw craft, doing barely nine knots an hour under the most propitious auspices, never certain of arriving at any particular place at any particular time, could not hope to hold her own in such a competition; yet she was in the habit of thumping out a steady 10 per cent. profit for her owners, carrying slow and heavy freight, and thus we may suppose they were satisfied.

Stebbens had come aboard at Liverpool in a snowstorm, and here he stood on the bridge apparently in a clear, mild midsummer night, just as if the boat had taken six months

seasoned, mahogany-coloured captain with infinite regret; cheered, however, by the prospect of returning to England with him five or six weeks later.

The engines had stopped, and now, at a gruff word from the captain, there was a sharp clank, a hurricane roar of descending chain, and the sudden plunge of the great anchor into the dark water: then the ship swung slowly round and all was silence.

"Well, we're here at last, John," cried the captain, with a sigh of relief. "Sorry I could not have fetched port in daylight, but you'll see it all in the morning, so take my advice and get to your bunk. No need of going ashore to-night, for if your room isn't as large or as comfortable as you'd get at an hotel, it's a mighty sight cheaper and quieter. So, good-night; see you in the morning." Whereupon John turned in.

His had been a case of breakdown: physical, educational, and financial. His object in life was to graduate from a cheap theological college in the north of England. He had managed to squeeze through three examinations, each time with a warning that he must do better in the essential Latin on the next occasion if he hoped to prosper. The result of the fourth trial, just finished before his voyage began, would not be known to him for some weeks yet, but he had the most gloomy forebodings regarding it. His body suffered from the consequences

of overstudy, without the compensating advantage of his mind being any more thoroughly equipped for the task it had undertaken. In spite of his efforts he had fallen behind his fellows in the educational race, and his college had ceased to regard him as a student likely to do it honour, or even to pass with credit to himself. The financial resources which appeared ample when he began his college life had melted more rapidly than he anticipated, and should his career as a theological student be prolonged, as was now inevitable, they threatened to become as exhausted as his physical vigour.

The outlook, therefore, was gloomy enough, and perhaps the ensuing languor had something to do with his failure in supreme exultation over a tender episode which, considering his youth, might have been expected to occupy the foremost place in his thoughts. This was his betrothal to Miss Olcott, the eldest daughter of six who called Simeon Olcott father, a sombrely religious man, who was one of the patrons of the theological school which young Stebbens attended. This man had certain interests in the shipping trade; hence his ability to send Stebbens fare-free on a tramp steamer—a deed of generosity that cost Olcott nothing and was not the less readily performed on that account, if what his employé said was true; for they held him generous only to the college that his deeds might shine before men. Olcott's five younger daughters were married, and the eldest busied herself much with various good works, the welfare of the college being the principal. Thus she became acquainted with, and ultimately engaged to, John Stebbens, for her ambition was to be a clergyman's wife, and experience seemed to have taught her they must be caught young. Miss Olcott was gifted with a talent for interfering in the affairs of other people, always for the benefit of other people, although human nature is so perverse that the beneficiaries often failed to appreciate this, and said unkind things; as, for instance, that the culmination of her latest idyll came about through her own courtship of the young man rather than through inordinate aspiration and ardour on his part. The arrangement, however, was an admirable one from whatever point of view it was examined. Miss Olcott was to obtain a husband much younger than herself, and a clergyman if he ever prospered with his Latin; she brought into the compact a ripe knowledge of the world and a quantity of that despised wealth which young men have found useful from

ancient times up to the present moment. She had a genius for management, and Stebbens was a most manageable young man. The father was not particularly enthusiastic over his daughter's choice, but the lady was quite old enough to know her own mind, and there seemed a danger that the quest of her life was like to remain unfulfilled if longer postponed, so the worthy man shrugged his shoulders and offered no opposition.

The young student, discouraged by repeated failure and ill through overstudy, would have abandoned his chosen profession and taken to something else that did not call for Latin, but Miss Olcott was not thus easily going to be bereft of her clergyman now that she had him, as one might say, in embryo, so she arranged the Italian trip to the satisfaction of everyone concerned. Among her many enviable qualities was that of a strong determination not readily thwarted, and, indeed, her plans were so invariably the best that a person must have been more than reckless even to criticise them—a truth of which no one was so alertly conscious as Miss Olcott herself. The Italian scheme is a case in point. First, the voyage would cost nothing to either her father or Stebbens. Second, the latter would be landed in a portion of Europe where living is cheap. Third, the mild climate would benefit his health. Fourth, he could study the living Italian, and this would aid him with the dead Latin. In fact, here were four birds felled with the one stone, thus doubly excelling the adage, and, at the same time, showing how resourceful a woman Miss Olcott was. Fortunately the man distinguished by her regard, and as that man must catch the Capri steamer which leaves at 9 a.m., and must have his breakfast before he goes aboard—for there is nothing to be had in the way of meals on the Capri boat—we will take the liberty of waking him early just as if he were Queen of the May.

The bluff, sympathetic captain, who had taken to the theological boy as if he were his own son (perhaps because the captain was in the habit of swearing so dreadfully when irritated, hence had a liking for his opposite), gave him final admonition at the hastened breakfast, the two being alone together, as had been the case during the voyage. The captain talked like a second Polonius, and the youth listened deferentially, as was his ingratiating habit—a habit appreciated by loquacious men.

"Now, John, the ship's boat will take you right-aboard the Capri steamer. Don't pay



"THE FATHER WAS NOT PARTICULARLY ENTHUSIASTIC."

any attention to those howling boatmen outside. I'm glad you've taken my advice to settle in Capri, instead of staying in Naples as you first intended. It's a delightful island inhabited by a delightful people. No wounds in the back as in Corsica, and no knife between the ribs as in Sicily. There hasn't been a killing in Capri for a hundred years, but one, and that was a love affair. No sneaking revenge there. Nobody ever thinks of locking a door in Capri. When you get to the landing hire a cab to take you up to the Piazza. Give the man a franc for the ride and threepence for himself. They call a franc a lire there, but it's the same thing. Then get a boy to guide you to old Marelli's; everybody on the island knows him, and give him my letter. Don't make any mistake about Marelli, if you don't happen to find him fashionably dressed. He's a good man and well off, who makes about the best wine on the island. And remember that if he takes you into his house and gives you a room there, it will be as a favour to me, for he is not in the habit of accepting even paying guests. We're a great people, of course, but we fall into the error of underestimating the foreigner. You're young, so don't you do that. I've called in at many a port in this world and never failed to find a good man at even the worst of 'em. Marelli's a good man. Now, you just live as the family lives, and talk to them all you can. You'll be a chattering Italian before you know it, because learning Italian is as easy as for an inquisitive passenger to fall down a hatchway. Don't go to no blooming professor of the language,

for he'll charge you a lot and learn you nothing. Of course, you see, the more ignorant he keeps you the more money he makes out of you, but you jabber to the natives every chance you get and avoid all those who speak English; that's the way to learn a foreign lingo. Terracotta and Co. are our agents in Naples, and I'll tell 'em to let you know in good time when the old *Gladiator* is due in the bay again. Marelli's youngest daughter was a bright little chick of five or six last time I was on the island, who would babble away from daylight till dark. If she hasn't lost the gift of the gab since then, which is not likely, I'd choose her for a teacher if I were you. If she takes to you you'll be the best Italian scholar on Capri before the boat sails away from Naples again. So be a good boy, don't study too hard, ramble over the rocks, learn to row a boat Mediterranean fashion, and get some colour into your cheeks and that stoop out of your back."

John Stebbens was genuinely sorry to bid good-bye to the captain and to quit the comfortable old ship, but new and strange scenes speedily mitigated the poignancy of the parting. He was received with quiet hospitality into the Marelli household, made welcome for the sake of the captain, who was still well remembered at many minor ports along the Mediterranean, where, in the old days, he had traded not only fairly but with courtesy, despite his bluntness.

The room allotted to Stebbens was large, and situated at the top of the great, rambling house. It was an ideal place for study, as quiet and secluded as if he were the only inhabitant of the island. The windows faced full south, and gave a wonderful view over an intricate garden dotted with yellow oranges; then across an olive orchard, whose pale-green foliage gave the impression that moonlight was continually shining upon it; after that the sloping vineyard, and last, the towering cliffs of reddish-brown rock, and

the widespread intense blue of the sea, the horizon line lost in a dreamy haze tinted from pearl to purple, varying with the time of the day or change in the weather. And vivifying all, the warm sun and the cloudless sky, as if such things as a fog or a drizzle never touched this radiant earth. No wonder the grateful islanders worshipped Mithras, the sun-god, in times gone by; the problem was, rather, why they did not do so still.

From this spacious room a door gave him egress to a flat, red-tiled roof, surrounded by a white parapet less than breast high; then a narrow stone stairway descended to a still lower roof, and from that some steps led down to a balcony, and so round the house, every elevated promenade with its own amazing view, each differing from the others, bewildering the stranger with the difficulty of choosing the most attractive. A final flight of steps conducted one to the garden and a pergola, two rows of white columns, supporting overhead a green framework, along which clambered and twined a wilderness of rose vines; and so stepping down and down from his lofty apartment he could reach pergola, garden, orchard, and vineyard, ultimately attaining the sea, if he were a cliff-climber and had a steady head.

It was on the morning of his second day at Capri that he saw for the first time his future teacher of the soft Italian tongue. He had come down from roof to roof and at last to the pergola, at the farther end of which, standing tiptoe on the balustrade, and reaching above her head, clipping roses from their stems, he saw the girl who had been five or six when the captain was last on the island. A rapid mental calculation assured the young man that this visit had taken place twelve or thirteen years before. Having secured the number of blossoms she required, the young woman sprang lightly down to the tiled court, turned round, and could hardly help noting that she was apparently an object of much interest to a youth standing awestruck at the other end of this avenue of white pillars. Simultaneously they advanced towards each other and met in the middle of the pergola, the warm sunlight filtering down through leaves and branches on their heads.

"Good morning, signor," she greeted him in Italian; he had learned that much at least of the language from the captain, so he understood her and returned the greeting with an accent that brought a smile to her ripe red lips. She handed him a rose, but seeing he did not know what to do with it, standing there awkwardly holding it, she took

it from him again with a little laugh and pinned it daintily to the lapel of his coat. Then, with an inimitable, airy gesture of the hands, and a "There now!" she stepped back, contemplating him as an artist who has put the last deft touch to a picture, and the result seemed to please her; for Stebbens was a good-looking young fellow, who had been somewhat suppressed all his life by adverse circumstances and by dominating people, so now blushed like a girl or like the rose that his downcast eyes regarded in its new position. She was as unconventionally friendly as if she had still numbered only the six years the captain remembered.

Suddenly, as if recollecting something urgent, she darted away from him and disappeared into the house, leaving him there with his mind in an unaccountable whirl as delicious as it was unusual. How pretty she was! How liquid her voice! How dazzling the swift glance of her laughing, dark eyes! The unrestrained ardour of a child with the superb, completed form of a woman produced a combination that might disturb the complacency of Saint Anthony himself, patron of all Capri fishermen, whose chapel stood on the southern edge of the island, convenient for preaching to the fishes, but distant from the haunts of the women, which showed some wisdom in the selection of a site on the part of the cautious Antonius. Could not the unimpressible saint now bestow a seasonable hint upon this youth that the paths of Capri are steep and dangerous, leading to unexpected precipices? All men are not adamant. It seemed, indeed, that this very warning was the watchful saint's intention, for the girl whisked again into the pergola and handed the young man a letter.

"It came last night," she explained, and then, perched on the parapet, swinging her small foot to and fro, arranging the flowers to her satisfaction, she hummed an air, that he might read his correspondence untrammelled by any thought that he was neglecting her. He turned the letter over and over in his hand, recognising at once its angular superscription. It had been sent in care of the steamship agents in Naples, and by them forwarded to Capri, doubtless through the thoughtfulness of the captain in giving them his address, and perhaps not by the intervention of Saint Anthony at all. Miss Olcott had said she would write to him every three days and send him a copy of the *Church Times* once a week, that he might not lack for wholesome reading. He slipped the letter unopened into his



"HE SAW FOR THE FIRST TIME HIS FUTURE TEACHER."

pocket with a sigh, at which the girl looked up with a smile and sprang from her perch to the floor. They wandered together through the garden, down under the olive trees, between the rows of vines, and finally came to a wall, over which they leaned looking far below them into the clear green water of the waveless sea, sparkling in the sunshine. He learned that her name was Lucia, and progressed so far with his Italian at any rate, but whether the knowledge gained that morning would assist him materially in his next scholarly examination was quite another matter.

This outdoor lesson was the first of many such, and let Saint Antonius scowl as he may, he is hereby assured that language learning makes more progress when taught by sweet lips that laugh when mistakes are uttered than by thin, professorial lips which say sarcastic things with a sneer. Perhaps our colleges would be more popular than they are if pretty girls were the preceptors. Of course a man does not become an adept in even so easy a language as the Italian in a month, be he much cleverer than was young Stebbens; but John could carry on a conversation haltingly in the tongue, sometimes making himself vaguely understood, sometimes not understood at all, until he appealed from the attractively arrayed living lexicon to

the more sombrely attired dictionary bound in boards.

Signorina Lucia Marelli was certainly a fascinating teacher, and the method of tuition was most alluring, instruction being imparted as professor and pupil walked together along one of the three hundred and sixty-five paths which Capri offers to her visitors, each by-way seemingly more picturesque than the other; each separate day of the year having a road for itself.

But at last, somewhat late in the day, the very sweetness of this intercourse began to trouble him, the most conscientious of men. His own growing desire to be constantly with the girl, and her no less evident pleasure in his companionship, caused him anxious searchings of heart. A more conceited person, or one with a greater knowledge of life, would have seen long before that Lucia was in love with him. But he had so little self-esteem that he could not understand why any woman should care for him, and, in truth, neither can I, for he was anything but clever, and not very much more than passably good-looking; but the ways of the feminine mind are past understanding, and the fact remains that a lady in England was engaged to him and a girl in Italy was quite ready to be, while talented people like you or me are, alas! often ignored by

the sex. Perhaps it was his sterling honesty that carried such havoc among them; his devotion to duty; his conscientious industry; his evidently excellent intentions probably overshadowed his equally obvious incompetence. Books tell us that perseverance is certain to succeed, which is not at all true; but it may be that faith is stronger than reason in woman, and at least two of them seemed to believe in John Stebbens, who had such limited belief in himself.

This conscientiousness, aroused too late, spurred him to action. He saw he was there under false pretences; he was not a free man, and must tell her so as diplomatically as he could. Her preference for him, if it really existed, of which he had still some doubts, would be modified by the announcement he felt it his duty to make, and thus a girlish fancy would not grow into anything more serious.

The spot selected for the necessary confidence was ominous. She had taken him along a rugged path to the lofty Fern Grotto, a Gothic cavern in the mountain-side, high above the sea, facing the east, and commanding a wonderful view of the castle, the Faraglioni rocks rising like cathedral spires from the waves, part of the old town and the villa of Tiberius in the distant sky. The name "Fern" applied to the Grotto is harmless and horticultural, and the place itself is warm and sunny, an excellent spot in which to while away an hour, learning Italian, viewing the scenery, or in any other occupation; nevertheless, the Grotto was the ancient dwelling-place of the Sirens, whose gentle voices lured men to their undoing, and of whom Homer sang:—

Unblest the man whom music wins to stay
Nigh the curst shore and listen to the lay.

Neither John nor Lucia thought of Homer, or, indeed, knew much about him, as they sat together in the elevated cave he celebrated, the first being occupied with thoughts of his coming announcement and the deftest form of disclosure; the second, seeming well satisfied to view a scene exceedingly familiar to her, with elbow resting on knee and chin in hand gazing dreamily at the prospect.

"I have not long to stay in Capri now," began John, haltingly, in the best Italian at his command; "but, if all goes well, I hope to return some day with my wife."

If he expected a start of surprise, an exclamation of dismay, he was disappointed, and glancing sidelong at her he saw she remained motionless, the eyes perhaps a trifle more dreamy, a slight roseate glow slowly

overspreading her face as if the warm rays of the setting sun, striking the ruddy rocks before her, had thrown the stain of their reflection upon her. It was going to be an easier task than he had anticipated, yet somehow the sigh which escaped him was not one of entire satisfaction.

Not to make an unnecessary mystery of the situation, it may be noted at this point that he mixed up his prepositions and used "for" instead of "with," a stupid mistake that had little to excuse it, as the two small words are as unlike in the Italian as they are in the English. "I will return to Capri *for* my wife," he actually said, when he thought he was proclaiming his intention to return with her. This misleading substitution of one seemingly unimportant little word for another gave a false key-note to the Siren song which was to follow. The girl naturally thought he was to return *for her*; she imagined she was on the threshold of her first proposal, and even if his confused statement that he owed much to a woman who had something to do with his education had been more clear than was actually the case, she might well have been excused, knowing nothing of any other, for thinking that she was the woman he referred to. She had taught him the Italian he was mangling, and there was no reason to suspect that she was not the person he hoped to marry in fulness of time. And besides all this, they were in the Grotto of the Sirens, where men's crushed bones have been found, and from which no man ever escaped unscathed.

When he had finished his further hesitating, groping oration he was surprised at the result of his eloquence. The blushing girl threw her arms about his neck, drew his head down to her, and kissed him full on the lips, an action which sent a thrill through his body such as had never followed the chaste salutes of the austere Miss Olcott. The swift, clinging contact opened to him a new heaven and a new earth, that filled him with sudden delight, and wafted his senses soaring aloft; but duty, stern and menacing, brought them down to the world again, and he realized with a spasm of pain the seductive danger of the situation, without in the least suspecting its cause. After that first lingering kiss she buried her warm face in his neck, and remained thus silent and quiescent.

And now ignorance, that bright guiding star of the Anglo-Saxon in his relation with foreigners, came to his rescue.

"These impulsive Italians are not as *we* are," he said to himself. "This agitating



"I HAVE NOT LONG TO STAY IN CAPRI NOW."

demonstration is merely the expression of a sisterly affection on hearing that the most important event in the life of a beloved brother is fixed and settled."

That seemed a most satisfactory inference, and it soothed the young man, without exactly consoling him. In fact, he was in an embarrassingly perturbed state of mind, sorry for himself that things were not as they seemed, knowing he must do his duty, certain he *would* do it, wishing the path of honour had not become so thorny to his feet.

When they left the fateful Grotto she took his hand, and they walked thus in silence until they approached the haunts of man, and then she released it, lingeringly loth to do so, and at last came to her father's house. She spoke rapidly to her parents, laughed nervously, and ran precipitately away, leaving him standing there alone with them, his face quite as red as hers. He could not follow what she had so glibly said, but gathered that it was something about his betrothal, and the additional publicity seemed somehow rather unnecessary. The old man, always

silent, merely rose and shook him by the hand, as was right and proper, but the girl's mother impulsively caught him by the shoulders and kissed him first on one cheek, then on the other. So John got at last to his room, dazed and bewildered.

But there was worse to follow, an ordeal very trying to a retiring, unassuming young fellow, who shrank from demonstration and undue fuss. Next evening in the large room downstairs there was a gathering of kinsfolk and personal friends of the Marelli family. Lucia came laughingly for him and insisted that he should go down with her and receive their congratulations.

"Good gracious, Lucia," he cried, "you haven't told everybody on the island about it, have you?"

"Why not?" exclaimed the astonished girl. "If you wanted it kept secret, why did you not tell me so?"

"But it has nothing to do with them. Still, I suppose it doesn't really matter, so I'll go with you."

Lucia, not knowing what to make of his unexpected reluctance, led him to the company, and felicitations were showered upon them, although some of the young men were not too cordial; for Lucia had plenty of suitors, and to see

her thus snatched from them by a "forester" was not the happy event to them that the girl seemed to regard it. The Italians call all foreigners "forestiere," that is, bushmen, savages from the woods, recognising no culture or civilization outside of Italy, a curious self-conceit which we are all more or less afflicted with, terming it patriotism and the like. They appeared somewhat sullenly to agree with me that there is no accounting for feminine taste.

One man, bearing the same name as the host and a nephew of his, watched the manner of the accepted lover narrowly and was not pleased with it. He was a man in business on the island, who had travelled and who spoke English well. He knew more of the world than any other present, and there was something secretive and sneakish about the attitude of Stebbens that displeased him. The youth had the bearing of one unexpectedly forced out into the light of a publicity he dreaded, and the conclusions drawn by his watcher were of a sombre and discreditable nature. He said nothing until

the ceremony was finished and the guests dispersed, then he asked Stebbens to walk up to the village with him. When they were well clear of the house and alone in the dark, narrow lane Marelli said, abruptly, to his companion:—

"When did this engagement take place?"

"About two years ago," answered the innocent Stebbens.

"Two years ago!" exclaimed his questioner, coming to a standstill. "Two years ago! I thought you were never on the island before this visit?"

"Neither was I."

"And you are here now for the first time about a month?"

"Yes."

"Then what are you talking about? How could you have become betrothed to Signorina Lucia two years ago?"

"I never said I was betrothed to the signorina," cried the young man, with natural indignation, his heart sinking with an unknown dread all the same. Even in the darkness he saw the sinister lowering of the Italian's brow.

"Then what is the meaning of all this fooling? How did my cousin come to suppose herself engaged to you?"

"She cannot suppose such a thing. I am to be married to a lady in England. I told the signorina so myself."

"You are either a scoundrel or a simpleton. You pretend, then, not to have understood that to-night's ceremony was your formal engagement to Signorina Lucia, a girl a thousand times too good for the like of you."

"You horrify me," cried the distressed young man. "I give you my word of honour it is all a most deplorable mistake."

"A mistake, is it? Well, it is a mistake you will have to rectify very quickly or it will be the worse for you."

"I will make every explanation and apology," cried Stebbens, almost on the verge of tears. "I see how it happened now. It is all the fault of my lack of skill with the language. I am very, very sorry."

"This is not a thing that can be settled by words. You cannot shame my cousin before the whole island and then get out of it by saying it was all a mistake. You must marry the girl."

"That is impossible, I tell you."

"Oh, I don't think so. You must not return there. Come with me and I'll give you a room in my house. I'll have your

handbag sent to you within half an hour. You will be my guest until you are married."

"It is useless. I cannot go with you. I must be in Naples to-morrow."

"Come along."

The nephew was a powerful man. He grasped young Stebbens by the wrist, and led him without difficulty. They passed through narrow lanes with high stone walls on either hand, meeting no one. The leader opened a door that looked ominously strong, and so into a dark, semi-subterranean hall, then up two flights of steps and into a room overlooking a flat roof and an orange garden.

"You will find this very comfortable, I think," said the self-imposed host, with decision.

Stebbens rubbed his aching wrist with rising indignation at this high-handed treatment.

"Do you expect to hold me a prisoner here against my will?" he cried.

"Not at all. We never lock our doors in Capri. You are perfectly free to go when and where you please. I thought I was doing you a favour, for I was told you hadn't much money. I cannot understand why my uncle should have consented to the absurd choice of Lucia, but he has done so, and that is enough for me. If you don't like this room you may go to any hotel you choose. There are plenty of them."

"I'm going to Naples in the morning."

The Italian shrugged his shoulders as if the young man's future movements were a matter of indifference to him, and left the room without further comment.

Stebbens sat down with his head in his hands, deeply grieved that his clumsiness had brought unmerited sorrow upon one whom he liked so well and who had been so sweetly kind to him. Still, there was nothing for him to do but to keep his word, although the path of duty had become increasingly unattractive to him for some time past. His valise was brought in, but he remained in his despondent attitude. He could not go to an hotel, for he had no money to spare, as the other had quite accurately hinted.

Courage returned with daylight. He would take the early boat, get to Naples, and from there write a long, explanatory letter to Lucia. She at least would understand, doubtless forgive, and perhaps pity. He felt himself rather more in need of pity than of forgiveness. As his host had said the evening before, no locked doors impeded him. The way was clear, and he walked to the Piazza valise in hand. Anxious to be on-board the

steamer as speedily as possible, even at the expenditure of a lire, he hailed a cab, but the coachmen, usually so eager for fares, showed no celerity at the prospect of his custom. One and all shook their heads. They were engaged. There was no time to waste, so he turned into the tunnel under the clock-tower and went rapidly down the steep stone steps. Already the steamer had whistled once. The path led between high walls, and at one of the numerous turns he came unexpectedly upon a man he had never seen before, but who was quite palpably waiting for him. The man had a long knife in his hand, and he was whiling away the time by twirling it in the air and catching it very deftly by the handle as it descended. He ceased this amusement as Stebbens descended upon him, and stood in the middle of the narrow pathway.

"Where are you going, signore?"

"To the Marina," answered Stebbens, coming to an enforced standstill.

"Oh, no. It is much pleasanter at the town in the winter. The signore will return."

"Do you mean to threaten me?" demanded Stebbens, angrily.

"The signore will return," repeated the Italian, with a smile. "I will carry the bag."

The signore *did* return. It was an absurd situation, of course, but there was no help for it. He had some wild notion of appealing to whosoever he met in the Piazza, but when he reached this little square he felt this would merely succeed in making him more ridiculous than he already was. Everybody was so beamingly pleasant. The cabmen, with laughter, offered him boisterously the use of their vehicles, but the steamer was already moving away from the

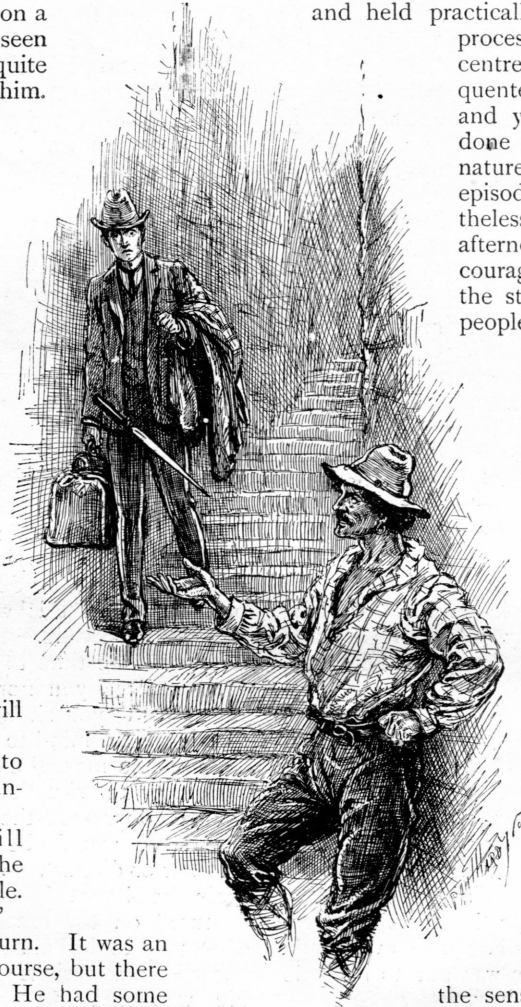
island, and there would not be another departing boat until three in the afternoon. The brigand who had stopped him in the lane was now merely an inoffensive porter who carried the valise with humble deference, his knife concealed. There was a touch of opera-bouffe about the whole situation that filled young Stebbens with dumb, hopeless resentment. It was an incredible thing that a free-born Briton should be interfered with, baffled, and held practically a prisoner without

process of law in a celebrated centre of civilization frequented by his countrymen, and yet here it was being done with the utmost good nature, if we except the episode of the knife. Nevertheless, the thought of the afternoon boat brought encouragement. By that time the streets would be full of people promenading. The

Marina would be thronged with English and Americans departing. No man would dare draw a knife in that crowd. He would go boldly to the Marina by the broad main road and not through the more direct narrow lane, frequented mostly by the islanders. At the first sign of molestation he would cry aloud and gather round him all within hearing who spoke his own tongue, then there would be an end to this illegal detention. He had unlimited faith in

the sense of justice and the courage of those who spoke English. His conjectures proved to be well-founded.

Starting boldly forth in ample time to walk slowly to the port, Stebbens found himself in a reassuring atmosphere of his own language. The natives he met scowled at him, but no one ventured to retard his progress. All the same, his heart beat rapidly and he clung to



"HE WAS WHILING AWAY THE TIME BY TWIRLING IT IN THE AIR."

the outskirts of a party speaking his own tongue and going his way.

The little pier and breakwater were crowded with a laughing, chattering, merry throng, as is always the case when the afternoon steamer sails away. Porters with luggage, loudly vociferating, rushed here and there. The steamer lay placidly in the offing, her funnel emulating the cone of distant Vesuvius. Small white boats with red cushions took on passengers at the stone steps and were rowed out to the steamer. Almost breathless with the dramatic tension of the moment, Stebbens walked along the jetty. The boatman grabbed his valise, flung it airily into the prow, and held out his hand to assist the young man into the heaving craft. But as Stebbens stepped too eagerly aboard the boat swung out a little from the pier, enough in itself to have caused a mischance, which was rendered complete by a clumsy hurrying porter staggering against the victim. There was a loud splash, a cry of "Man overboard," and a scream from some ladies in the boat and on the jetty. The water was clear as air, and deep enough to cover the head of a tall man standing in it. There could be no peril, for there was no lack of assistance; indeed, the only danger seemed to lie in the prompt multiplicity of help, for six islanders instantaneously plunged to the rescue, one alighting squarely on the shoulders of the struggling man and bearing him again to the bottom. At first the struggle was comical, too many cooks and all of them in the broth; but by-and-by the contest began to look serious. A stentorian Englishman on the pier shouted forth:—

"You will drown the man between you. Let all but two come out. Somebody put that in Italian, and quickly, or there will be a tragedy."

A cool-headed Italian took charge, and speedily brought order out of the hullabaloo. It was the younger Marelli, nephew of the old man. The excited islanders came dripping up the steps, supporting the limp form of the unfortunate youth. The ever-ready flask of the Englishman was put to his pale lips, and he revived slightly.

"He will be all right in an hour. I'll look after him," said the sympathetic Marelli as he took off his own overcoat and wrapped it round the shivering Stebbens, an act of kindness much appreciated by the foreign bystanders, who made eulogistic remarks about the good-heartedness of the Capri people. The young man was taken to a ready cab, every waiting coachman lending

wraps for his comfort. The English-speaking people who had witnessed this scene of unselfish heroism got up a subscription on the spot for the men who had submerged themselves, and as this was being distributed among them the rattling cab was conveying Stebbens back to the village again, accompanied by his host, who put him to bed and gave him something strong to drink when they reached the room he had so hopefully left a short time before. Next morning Stebbens was feverish, and threatened with an attack of illness, but they tended him assiduously, and there were no permanent bad effects from his attempt to open the bathing season in Capri too early in the year. The nephew was invariably kind, and gave the young man soothing advice.

"There is no use in trying to get away by the steamer again. It is bound to fail. You see, it is never the same people who leave by that boat, and the trick can be done as often as you care to be the chief performer. Of course, if done twice before the same people they might suspect that the ducking was not accidental, but they are all strangers, here for a day, unimaginative folks, who would not believe you if you told them the truth. This sort of thing is contrary to law, and therefore impossible from their point of view. If a countryman did listen to you he'd merely think you were engaged in a low intrigue and were trying to escape the consequences. He'd despise you for being played with in this way, and would likely refuse to involve himself in your quarrel, even if he had the time to stay and attend to it. I never liked you nor pretended to, but if Lucia wants you she's going to have you—make up your mind to that."

More and more the difficulty of adequately explaining the situation to some incredulous stranger oppressed the sensitive young man. The story would be received either with laughter or distrust. When able to be about again he haunted the Marina, but never ventured on the breakwater. He tried ineffectually to bribe boatmen to convey him aboard from various points of the island. He wandered unmolested along the shore, north and south, and once nearly eluded the unceasing but generally invisible vigilance. On the south side one evening he hailed a fishing-boat and found the crew belonged to the mainland. The captain offered to land him at Positano for ten francs. They had hardly left the shadow of the island when he saw with dismay an eight-oared boat rapidly overtaking the craft he was in. His own

rowers saw it too and stopped work. He urged them to proceed, offered all the money he possessed, but they shook their heads. The big boat came alongside, and after a few words from the man in command to the captain of the fishers the discomfited youth was transferred from one boat to the other, the captain of the Positano boat suddenly failing to understand Stebbens's language when he demanded at least the return of his ten francs. He was landed in deep despondency at the Grand Marina, and walked in the gloom again to the room that always awaited him. A copy of the *Church Times* had arrived by the evening mail, and lay on his table. He read its enlivening pages disconsolately, and his thoughts floated back to England and to her who had sent the paper to him every week. What must they think of him in England by this time? His unexplained

failure to keep his appointment with the friendly captain at Naples troubled him more than, perhaps, anything else. He hated people to be disappointed in him, yet he was always disappointing everyone with whom he came into contact. He tried to write a letter to Miss Olcott, but could not do it, for he felt her severe, uncompromising eye upon him. An attempted letter to the captain was also a failure, for the captain was a friend of old Marelli, and somehow all

explanations seemed even more unconvincing on paper than they did by word of mouth.

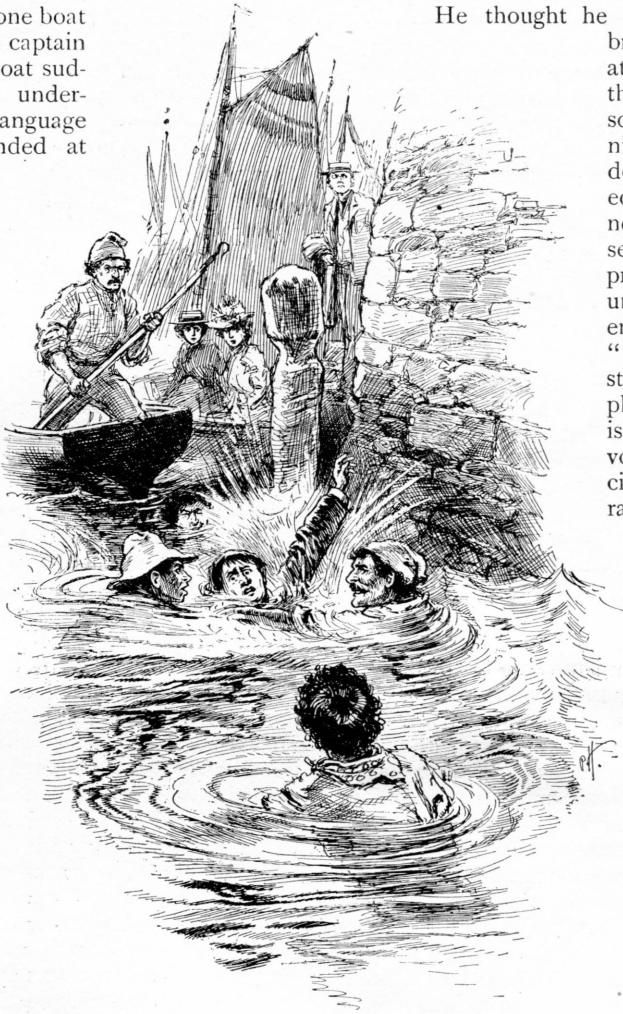
It would be futile to follow his unsuccessful efforts to reach the mainland. The "Giro" had elements of comedy in it that were entirely unappreciated by him, for he had little sense of humour. He thought he had succeeded in

bribing a boat's crew at last, but when they all got afloat, some time after midnight (he had got down to the water's edge with much unnecessary craft and secrecy), the men pretended that they understood him to engage them for the "Giro," which is a strip of water completely round the island, a delightful voyage in favourable circumstances, but rarely indulged in

during the small hours of the morning. So he was taken the circuit and landed in the grey dawn at the point from which he started. Even he began to suspect that the natives were having a good deal of amusement with him, and this last venture had the practical result

of relieving him of his final piece of money. His valise had gone long before, and now his purse was empty. Helpless indeed he knew himself to be as he walked listlessly from the port to the town.

But the "Giro" was his friend after all. It had been too good a joke to keep strictly within native circles, and it leaked out, more or less distorted, among the English residents, who described the forlorn circumnavigation as the "Jeer-O," following the pronunciation



"THERE WAS NO LACK OF ASSISTANCE."

of the word. Opinion was unanimously against him. "Served him right," was the universal verdict, given without hearing his side of the story, and thus the news came by a roundabout method to the ears of Signorina Lucia, who had fancied her supposed lover long since in his native land. Curiously enough, it had never occurred to Stebbens to make an appeal to the girl herself. He was ashamed to meet her, and so avoided all chance of doing so by keeping to his room, except when prowling about the coast. Lucia was a sensible girl, and took no chances of any expostulation from her relatives. "God helps those who help themselves," and she acted on the proverb.

The doddering old clock on the Piazza had just struck two in the morning when Stebbens was awakened by a tapping at the window which gave access to the flat roof. He had a dreamy impression that the tapping had been long continued; he seemed to have heard it for hours. Wondering sleepily what new trick was meditated against him, he opened the window, and a dark figure on the roof shrank farther into the blackness of the night.

"Get ready, quickly and very quietly," she said, in a breathless whisper, "and come out to me. Don't speak. It is I—Lucia."

He was speedily by her side, and she led him down on to the garden, then to a lane, finally to the comparatively open country. There was no opportunity for conversation, even if she had not peremptorily forbidden it. They were soon on a steep, uncertain, and somewhat dangerous path that led to the sea. She hurried him with caution, and finally took his hand to steady him, which action made his heart beat faster than either the exertion or the danger. In a cove a small boat lay on the waveless water. She directed him, still in a hushed voice, to seat himself in the stern, then, standing up in the boat facing the direction it was to go, began to row, not skirting the shore, but striking right out to sea, working the blades noiselessly, without a sound of splashing or any rattle at the rope-looped thole-pins. For a while Stebbens sat there dazed, not sure but he was still dreaming. Once well clear of the island, the fair and silent mariner turned her skiff toward the east. The revolving light on the mainland winked incessantly at them, as well it might, for many curious things had happened in Capri since the time Tiberius held high jinks there.

"Lucia, let me row," cried Stebbens at last.

"Hush, hush! You must not talk. Sound travels far on the water at night. The rowing is easy. You will believe me when I say I had no idea you were still on the island until yesterday. They told me you had gone when they took away your valise from our house that night—that night——" there came a catch in her voice and she could get no farther.

"And you, Lucia—you knew I never meant to—to cheat you—to tell what was not true—to——"

"Yes, yes, I know. It was all my folly. I alone was to blame."

"No, it was my stupidity. I hope it is not wrong to wish that I were free, but I *do* wish it, Lucia."

"You will be free in a few hours, if you keep quiet now."

"I don't mean that kind of freedom, Lucia."

"Oh, I knew very well what you meant. I was just joking with you to show that the case is not at all serious. You will forget all about it in a little while. I have forgotten about it already."

"Have you really, Lucia?"

"Certainly. Would I be rowing you to the mainland if I hadn't?"

"That's true," said the dejected young man, with a sigh.

For a time she would not permit him to row, but at last, when they were well clear of the island, she resigned the oars to him, protesting that he did not know how to use them. However, he did very well, muscle-power being stronger than brain-power with him perhaps. He sat on the thwart and rowed thus, facing her, although she made sarcastic remarks about the position, and averred that the method of Capri was better, allowing the weight of the body to supplement the strength of the arms. He protested that his attitude would give him the advantage of seeing her face when daylight came, and she with a little laugh said he would be tired by that time, begging her to take the oars. The laugh reminded him poignantly of former days and was bitterly sweet to him, but the first flush of dawn showed traces of tears on her cheeks, as if she had been crying silently during the night. He stopped rowing and looked at her.

"Lucia," he said, "this is pretty hard on me too."

She smiled waveringly and replied, with some attempt at jauntiness:—

"Oh, I'm quite willing to take the oars, then."

He ignored her bantering.

"This going away. Duty or no duty, I believe if I were half a man I'd tell those folks in England to go to—thunder!"

"Giovanni, you have improved wonderfully in your Italian. Who has been teaching you since I stopped?"

"A lady named Solitude, not nearly so nice a teacher as you were. They took everything away from me but my Italian book, and I have been studying that."

"Giovanni, you must row, or let me row. Time is passing."

"Let it pass. I wish they would hurry up with their pursuit. I see no signs of them yet."

"Giovanni," she said, earnestly, leaning forward, "a man's word is the man. You must keep your word, and I am helping you to do that. Let me take the oars. Oh, you must; you must. Do not be cruel to me."

She was standing trying to control her countenance, but her lips quivered nervously at the corners, and she hurried him back to the seat she had left, throwing herself into the work, forging the boat ahead through the iridescent water. Now and then she glanced

back over her shoulder, but Capri floated in a cloud of purple haze, only the peaks painted a living red by the rising sun. The sea between was empty. The freedom of the Englishman was at hand.

They landed on the rugged mainland and secured the boat.

"Is it to be good-bye then, after all?" he stammered, weakly.

"Not yet, not yet. I must set you on the path to Sorrento. Come."

They climbed the steep hill together, her large eyes momentarily questioning the far-spreading sea. Suddenly the glance became an intent gaze, and she stopped. He, looking backward, could discern nothing but the blue and the dream island swimming in it.

"They are coming, they are coming," she cried. "Three boats, one following us, one making for Solerno, the other for Sorrento. We shall beat them yet, but you must hurry. There will perhaps be ten oars in each boat." The excitement dried the moisture in her eyes; her whole body was animated with the tense anxiety of the pursued; she led the way rapidly up the hill, he following laboriously, too breathless to protest.

Once on the rugged pathway she paused with a deep sigh of relief. He could now see the glitter of the sun on the oars that rose and fell with a quick rhythmic movement. The rowers were consuming the distance with stalwart celerity.

"Giovanni, this path will take you to Sorrento. Hurry, hurry, you will not be safe until you are in the train at Castellamare. Get the best carriage you can at Sorrento to take you there. And—oh, I was near forgetting the most important thing. Here is money. Don't spare it. They did not intend to keep your money, but this will cancel their debt. You may send me back from England the difference."

As she eagerly brought forth the notes two letters and a paper fell from the leathern receptacle which hung at her side, and into which she had placed everything she was to give him at the last.

"How stupid I am. It is my fear lest you be overtaken. These letters came last night and the journal. Don't stop to open them now."

In spite of her prohibition he opened the one which bore the crest of his college on the envelope, glanced at it, and gave a cry of dismay.

"Is it bad news, Giovanni?"

"Yes. I have failed completely this time, and am dismissed from the college



"THROWING HERSELF INTO THE WORK, FORGING THE BOAT AHEAD."

as a hopeless incompetent, which is exactly what I am. I can never be a clergyman now."

"I am sorry. Perhaps the other letter will give better news."

He read that also, and let sheet and envelope flutter to the ground.

"Is it worse than the first?"

"No."

"Not good news, though?"

"Very good news. Completely wipes out the other. I am just trying to realize it."

"That is well, then. I am happy that you go with pleasant tidings. Here is your paper, Giovanni, and good-bye. You must hasten, for the boats are coming very fast."

"Deuce take the paper!" he cried, flinging it far down the hill, where any searcher for antiquities may still find it. The girl looked at him in amazement.

"Lucia, Miss Olcott writes, giving also the news of my failure. I will not be a clergyman, therefore she cannot marry me. Lucia, Lucia, our betrothal was the true betrothal, after all. Let us celebrate it."

"Giovanni," she beseeched, with more of agony in her voice than he had ever before heard; "oh, Giovanni," holding him off, "I cannot, cannot bear a second mistake."

"There is no mistake at all, either first or second. We are going back to Capri. The only mistake was in my failing to recognise I was intended for a vinedresser and not a clergyman. Lucia, I am yours if you will have me, though, as your polite cousin truly says, you are a thousand times too good for such as I. And now we will have the joke

on those hurrying boatmen. We will go down to meet them. I will say to them, smiting my breast, that a beautiful Capri girl and a freeborn Englishman are not to be coerced into marrying each other. We have come to the mainland to show that we could escape if we wanted to. Those lads have had a lot of fun with me, now I'm going to say 'April Fool' to them. I'll make them wonder what they were in such a hurry for. Let us go back to our boat."

The girl clapped her hands in glee, but she was quicker-witted than her *fiancé*.

"If we go down there," she said, "they may think we gave up the flight. Let us go on to Sorrento. They cannot possibly overtake us. We will be in time for the morning steamer to Capri. When that steamer arrives at the Grand Marina we will land together in the sight of all Capri, and before the three boats can have returned. By this time everyone knows of the pursuit, and once you are on the steamer, of course, everyone knows you could have gone anywhere in the world you wanted to. They can never say you were forced to marry me."

"A splendid idea!" shouted John, enthusiastically.

"Ah, Giovanni, we are neither of us fit for the church, for first you swear and now I'm plotting deceit, but let us on to Sorrento. I'll run you a race."

They joined hands and sped along the path to Sorrento, which proved to be their entering upon the path of life together.



"I CANNOT, CANNOT BEAR A SECOND MISTAKE."

Pulpit Devices.

BY E. LESLIE GILLÉAINS.



HE watchword of the twentieth century seems to be "originality." This extends not only to the business man, the politician, the day labourer, and the private citizen, but it reaches even to the pulpit. The divine of to-day is radically different from his predecessor of a hundred years ago. He has adapted himself to the times, and in order to secure practical results from his ministry is ready if necessary to defy conventionalities and instigate hitherto unheard-of customs.

Clergymen of other days held a superstitious fear of innovations, and hedged themselves about with a wall of long-approved theories, methods, and doctrines, not daring to venture a step along the path of originality for fear of losing the respect of their followers and lessening their influence for good.

Now all this is changed, and ministers of religion, even in this country, are changing their tactics. One preaches to a congregation attired in faultless evening dress. Another engages a popular actress to deliver a recitation in his church. Whether the end justifies these means is a matter open to much difference of opinion. But it is certain that as yet this country is but a beginner in such things in comparison with America. There the minister of religion is at least as up-to-date as any other public man. He has developed with the times, and, instead of putting forth every effort to tread the narrow path which those who went before him marked out, he courageously steps aside and maps out a course for himself. Results shown by the recent religious census prove that in no period of time since the settling of America have the numerous churches of the United States had such large and ever-increasing congregations.

The original and even startling pulpit devices inaugurated by the ministers to attract and hold congregations are numerous and interesting, and show a comprehensive understanding of human nature.

The minister who announced that he would

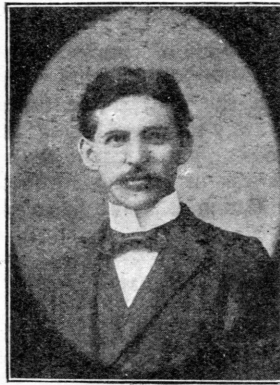
deliver his sermons in a "red robe" succeeded in arousing the curiosity of all within his vicinity and in drawing large crowds to his church. Still more daring and original is the man who illustrates his sermons with oil-paintings shown, and even executed, in the pulpit. The clergyman whose church is non-sectarian, and who says that he lays claim to no church or particular congregation, has gained many converts and is doing good work. The Rev. C. H. Tyndall announces that he illustrates Bible truths by electricity, and has proved himself a leader in the ranks on the great march of progress by introducing wireless telegraphy into his church.

The church with a roof-garden is well attended and has an original man at its head, one who realizes that the hot days of summer frequently destroy the good done during the balmy, soul-inspiring days of spring, and who has braved criticism and established codes by building a cool retreat on the roof of his church where open-air services are held.

A California church which has its choral services conducted by a Chinese choir understands that the people of the twentieth century clamour

for novelty, something to capture the attention and hold the interest. In this class might also be mentioned a church in the city settled by William Penn, where lady ushers show strangers to a pew.

The latest pulpit device of this kind, and one more original, perhaps, than any of the rest, is that inaugurated by the Rev. Mr. Karns, of Jersey Shore, Pennsylvania. He is pastor of the Epworth Methodist Episcopal Church, and has by his hard work and originality raised his charge from the mission state to that of a large and ever-increasing congregation. He created quite a sensation recently by publishing a newspaper announcement that he would pay each person who attended his Sunday morning services. The success of his plan was fully demonstrated by the crowded church. Mr. Karns does not pay his congregation without an end to gain, but



THE REV. A. KARNS, WHO PAID
HIS CONGREGATION.
From a Photo.

not a particle of light was shed on the pastor's scheme until he read from Matthew the parable of the man who, travelling in a far country, delivered to his servants his goods, giving to one a single talent, to another five, and to a third ten. Following the sermon, which merely suggested the pastor's purpose, Mr. Karns explained under what conditions the money would be given away. His object was to cancel a long-standing debt, and already the success of his original method of achieving this end is assured. From a member of his congregation he received a sum of money a short time ago with the injunction that it should be given away in a manner best calculated to do the most good. As the sum was small Mr. Karns was in a quandary as to the best way of investing it.

While pondering upon the subject the idea of using it to pay the church debt came to him like an inspiration. He secured a number of envelopes, upon which he had printed, "This is your talent. Don't wrap it up in a napkin but use it. Your love for the success of the cause will determine your efforts. Harness up this talent and make it pull in others." Into each of these envelopes was slipped one cent. The ten mills of this copper coin represented ten talents, and after the envelopes were distributed the recipients were instructed to invest the money found therein, adding to it first, if they saw fit, or utilizing just the original one cent in such a

manner that in a given time the amount would have multiplied a hundredfold. The idea was a lucky one. The congregation of Mr. Karns's church is not wealthy, and very likely each member would hesitate long before donating a useful sum towards wiping out the debt, but each immediately was captivated by the novel scheme for raising money, and all set to work with a will to make the pastor's idea a success.

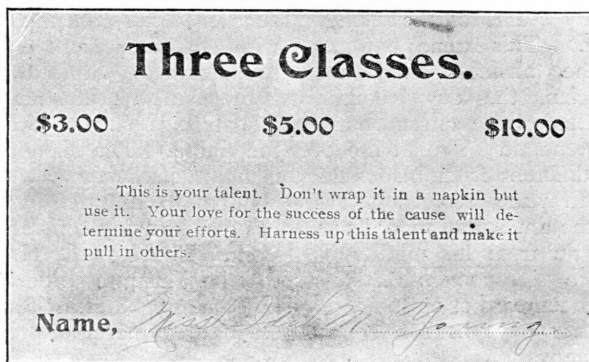
After service the congregation met in the vestry to devise ways

and means of first increasing, then properly investing, their capital. They formed themselves into classes, members of the first section pledging themselves to increase their one talent to a hundred; Class 2 consisted of those who promised to devise a way of returning \$2 in place of the present sum in hand,

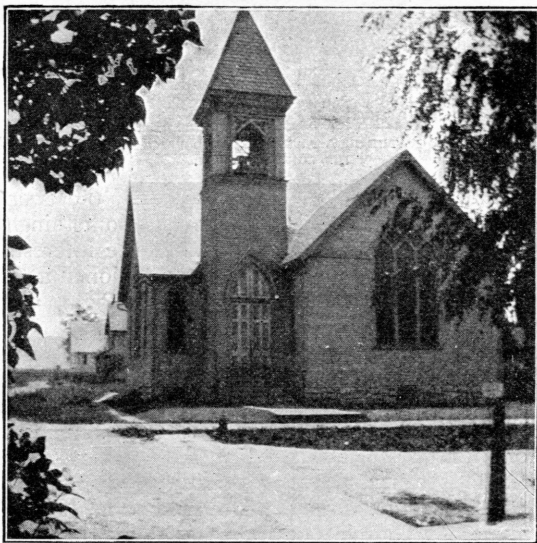
one cent; the third class saw their way clear to invest their money so as to make it yield \$3, and members of the \$5 and \$10 divisions pledged themselves each one to return the amount signified by the name of their section at the general meeting, which will be held about the middle of September.

The plans for making money which the congregation conceived were amusing, and almost equalled in originality their pastor's innovation.

Five dollars capital seemed at first a very small amount with which to raise enough money to cancel a church debt of some hundreds of dollars; but if each of the five hundred persons receiving an envelope



ONE OF MR. KARNS'S "TALENT" ENVELOPES.



MR. KARNS'S CHURCH, THE DEBT ON WHICH WAS WIPED OFF BY HIS
From a [Photo.]
INGENIOUS SCHEME.

containing the one cent returns it with its contents doubled two hundredfold, that would make a total of \$1,000, and as many have pledged themselves to earn twice that sum it can be readily seen that the debt will not only be wiped out but that a substantial surplus will also remain in the church treasury. This merely proves what a little originality and courage to set aside conventionalities will accomplish—how it will solve that all-trying problem of money-raising. What matters it whether the methods to secure success, so long as they be honest, are put forth in the market or the pulpit?

"I'll wager \$1,000 that I can gain fifteen converts within two weeks in any church lent to me," was the startling proposition made by Mr. Duke M. Farson, the banker-minister, a short time ago. A bet made by a man of the cloth! The idea was alarming at first, but upon giving it careful consideration the pastor of the First Methodist Church of Chicago took up the challenge and turned over his church to Mr. Farson.

This banker-preacher is a revivalist of great renown, and although he has a church of his own he believes that the ministers of to-day need stirring up. He thinks they are too much hampered by conventionalities, and in order to arouse them to enthusiasm and to gather the people he laid this strange wager.

Mr. Farson does not confine the proposition to one church: he is willing to extend the offer indefinitely. He feels pretty safe in venturing this, for his powers as a revivalist have been frequently tested and proved irresistible. If the church which accepts the challenge loses, so to speak, it will be

richer by fifteen members; if Mr. Farson fails to win the converts the church will have \$1,000 added to its treasury.

The banker-revivalist is a very interesting and original character, and although a busy man in the world of money-making, with several big enterprises demanding his constant attention, he still finds time for religious duties and has been a prominent factor in some of the greatest revivals that have ever swept the United States.

About two years ago he built a church, a beautiful structure with a seating capacity of about two hundred persons, and it is the proud boast of the creator that the church is the scene of a permanent revival, and that its prosperous condition is due to the fact that it is run on strictly up-to-date principles. Certain is it that no preacher ever drew larger crowds than has Mr. Farson been collecting since his bet. There is something exciting in a contest of any kind which always draws a crowd, and Mr. Farson realized that when he made

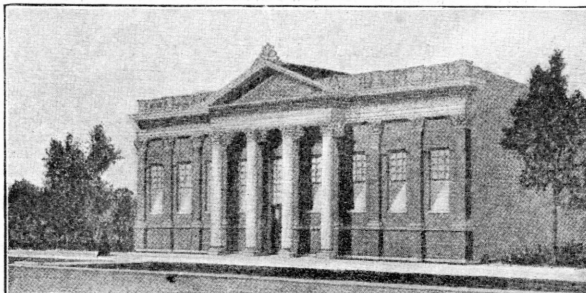
his startling announcement.

At Cincinnati, in the United States, Dr. Robbins, of Lincoln Park Baptist Church in that town, determined to provide a nursery in connection with his church in order that babies might be taken care of whilst the mothers attended the services. He had for this purpose one of the galleries of the church fitted up with cots, in which the babies can sleep peacefully and leave the mothers to take part in the public worship. Should any of

the babies awake, a trained nurse is immediately at hand to soothe and quiet it off to sleep again. There is also a nursery in connection with a church at Brooklyn. It is situated in the basement, and along the walls are cribs



THE REV. D. M. FARSON, WHO MADE THE EXTRA-
[From a] ORDINARY WAGER. [Photo.]



THE CHURCH IN WHICH THE REV. D. M. FARSON WAS TO GAIN FIFTEEN
CONVERTS IN TWO WEEKS OR FORFEIT ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

From a Photo.

and baby carriages for the infants, while for older children toys of all sorts are provided, and the little ones are under the care of voluntary nurses. Even the question of food has been provided for.

This, as can be readily seen, will prove a great inducement to the mothers, and many who could not leave their little ones alone long enough to attend church will now be able to enjoy a morning service with a free mind, knowing that the children are being well cared for.

The Rev. M. L. Sornbörger, of the Carondelet Christian Church, St. Louis, Missouri, is the only preacher known who gives his congregation pictorial sermons from oil-paintings and drawings which he himself executes. He discovered that his congregation was diminishing in numbers, and conceived this method of bringing back the delinquent ones and of gaining new members. He draws maps or sketches Biblical scenes while delivering a sermon, and brings vividly before the people the life of Christ by showing them huge oil-paintings, his own work, descriptive of the text from which he preaches.

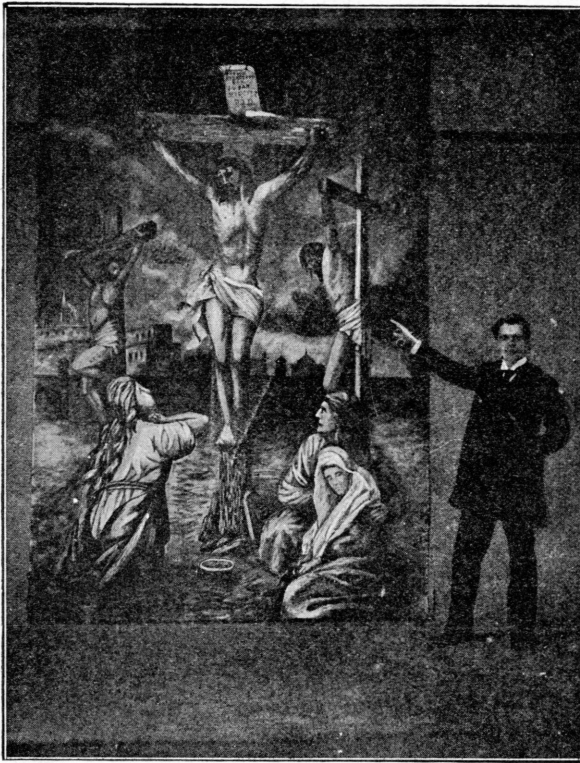
This new departure from the beaten and long-trodden paths of the regulation methods of preaching in a dry, prosaic manner, merely presenting the Scriptures to the people in the language of the present with a few thoughts and theories of the speaker added, caused quite a stir among the ministry and people of the town, and Mr. Sornbörger was severely censured for "trying to turn a church service into a week-day entertainment." But having

the courage of his convictions, and feeling sure that he was working in the right direction, he continued to illustrate his sermons and make the Sunday services as attractive as possible.

At first the congregation was small and composed chiefly of those who came from curiosity, but in a short time the curious ones became interested and brought their friends, and in a few months the members had more than doubled in number. The sermons were plain, simple, straightforward talks, illustrated in a most beautiful manner. All the terrifying scenes were omitted in

Mr. Sornbörger's sermons, and he told the story of Christ's life on earth in such a manner as to bring forward the purity of the Saviour, the nobility of His character, and the loving-kindness shown by His deeds.

This method of congregation-luring worked like a charm. Attracted first by the novelty of the thing, the people flocked to criticise, but they remained to enjoy. Mr. Sornbörger reasons that to hold a congregation a minister must make his discourses interesting and entertaining as well as



THE REV. M. L. SORNBÖRGER, WITH ONE OF HIS LARGEST PICTURES, REPRESENTING THE CRUCIFIXION. [Photo.]

instructive. He is very democratic, both in theory and practice, believing that all men are created equal. His sermons are not known by that name, but are styled talks or lectures. This up-to-date disciple of Christ maintains that kindred emotions govern all mankind. He therefore selects passages from the Bible best calculated to appeal to the highest feelings of every member of his congregation. He claims that many of the word-pictures found in the Bible are vague and beyond the power of the mind to grasp on the instant,

unless assisted in some material way. Consequently he gives long and earnest thought to these passages, and then reproduces with pencil or brush upon the canvas the picture therein given before presenting the theme to the congregation. Thus the eye as well as the mind is appealed to, and the two working together form an adequate conception of scenes which mere words alone would fail to convey.

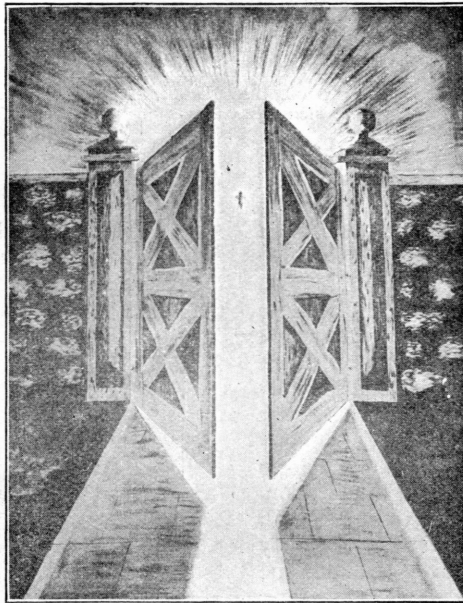
The first painting presented by Mr. Sornborger was a huge canvas 10ft. by 14ft., illustrating "Jesus' Triumphal Entry into Jerusalem." He endeavoured to give the atmosphere of the times and the character of the people. The innovation proved so successful that Mr. Sornborger continued to paint pictures to illustrate his sermons, and he frequently constructs maps and charts during the course of his talks, making clear any point which seems at all obscure. These sermons, illustrated in the pulpit, leave a lasting impression upon the minds of the congregation. Undoubtedly an audience remembers scenes shown in colour and form, as well as by words, long after those depicted by mere verbal eloquence are forgotten. The memory seldom loses a picture once shown to the eye.

After the sense of sight next in importance is that of hearing. Music is the magic which attracts a crowd when everything else fails, and a church with a good choir is nearly always sure of a large congregation. When novelty is added to quality the result is bound to be gratifying, if the end in view is that of attracting numbers. A church choir composed exclusively of Chinese vocalists and accompanied on the organ by a young Chinese matron is one of the unique practical results of Christian efforts in San Francisco. At the Presbyterian Chinese Church, in Stockton Street, a Chinese congregation composed of men, women, children, and

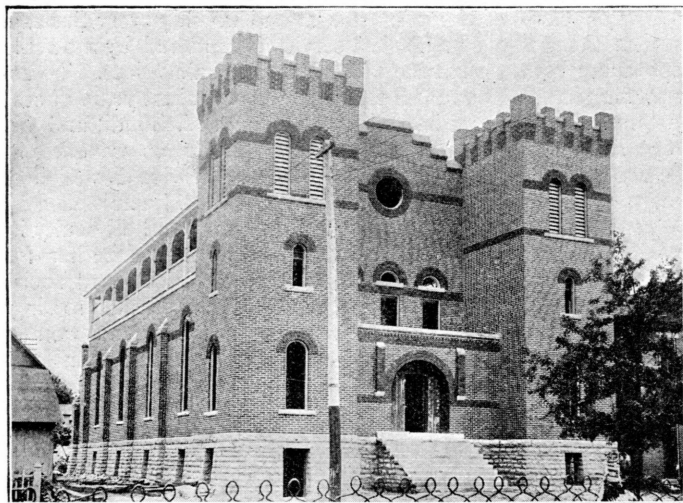
infants in arms attend worship every Sunday. The musical service is rendered by a double quartette of male and female voices. To accomplish this result has required years of zeal and hope, but the Rev. S. M. Condit and his missionary wife have known no wavering in their efforts. At every service Dr. Condit presides. In 1866, when Dr. Loomis effected a church organization, he found difficulty in bringing the men and women together for worship. There was a religious and social chasm that the men shrank from crossing. Concessions were made, and the women were allowed to worship behind screens and

curtains. When, in 1870, Dr. Condit came to work as a Chinese missionary, curtains and screens finally disappeared. Then the converts became more confident. But it was not until a choir was organized that they really took hold of the work with enthusiasm. They now have a flourishing church, which is attended not only by the Chinese converts, but which enrolls upon its membership list many Americans.

The new Central Christian Church of Indiana is the first religious edifice in America to have a roof-garden. The popularity of open-air services has for many years been growing, and the Rev. E. B. Widger, pastor of the Central Christian Church, conceived the idea of adding to the new church a place where services could be held in the open air. The suggestion gained favour among the congregation, and when the new building was erected it was adorned by a roof-garden where Divine service could be held in the summer, especially on Sunday evenings, and church entertainments given when it is too hot to sit comfortably indoors. The garden is covered by a slate roof for protection in case of a sudden storm. The sides are open except for a screen wiring, which is stretched entirely around the garden as a discouragement to insects and a preventive against possible accidents.



"GATES AJAR"—ONE OF MR. SORNBORGER'S PULPIT-PICTURES.
From a Photo.



THE CENTRAL CHRISTIAN CHURCH OF INDIANA, WHICH HAS A ROOF-GARDEN FOR SERVICES.
From a *[Photo.]*

The idea of a roof-garden connected with the church, or rather as a part of the church, was adopted by Mr. Widger as a means of drawing and holding a congregation during the hot summer months. The innovation met with little or no opposition. When the garden was first opened the days were warm and everyone was eager for a place where open-air services could be held, and the idea of the roof-garden has so far met with every expectation. The church proper is beautifully situated, being located in a thinly-built-up portion of the city and on a slight elevation, so that the breezes sweep over it from all four points. The roof-garden is 53ft. by 75ft., and has a seating capacity of about one thousand. The floor resembles a steamer deck and is highly polished. The roof is one-fourth pitched and is of heavy and substantial slate. It is supported by seven posts, 8in. by 8in. and 9½ft. apart. The plate which finishes the top of these posts for the support of the rafters at the wall-edge is 9ft. in depth.

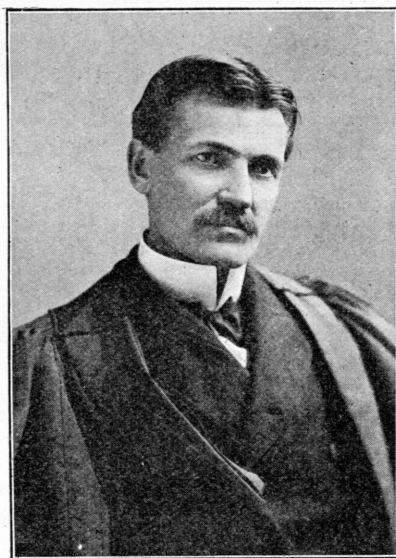
The garden is surrounded by a balustrade 3½ft. high, finished with elaborately carved brackets at all four sides. Inside shutters, which can be removed at will, are provided for use in severe storms or unexpected cold spells. The auditorium contains a movable platform, which extends across the room nearest the highest tower of the church. There are three stairways leading to the garden, one from each turret. The little inclosures which are formed by these towers are used as cloak-rooms. The ladies of the parish have taken quite an interest in the garden, and have made it beautiful

with potted plants and vines.

The Rev. A. W. Hobson, "the Man in Red," is attracting a great deal of comment just now. He preached his first sermon at Lyons, Nebraska, twenty years ago, but four years of his ministerial life were spent in Pueblo, Colorado. He appears in the pulpit clad in a red robe. Not long ago he purchased the church building in which he conducts services. He performs the necessary janitor service, is his own sexton, and makes whatever repairs there may be needed. He also provides

light and heat. It is Mr. Hobson's boast that he never takes a collection. His church is supported by free-will offerings.

Until he entered the pulpit clad in a red robe, and announced his intention of wearing the same while conducting Sunday services,



THE REV. C. H. TYNDALL, WHO USES WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY
From a *[Photo.]*
 IN HIS CHURCH.

his church was a small one. The originality of Mr. Hobson's departure from the beaten path caught the eye of the people in that vicinity, and through his courageous efforts he has succeeded in making his charge a large and prosperous one.

With breathless interest a large and fashionable congregation watched the practical illustration by wireless messages given by the Rev. Dr. C. H. Tyndall, who preached a powerful and interesting sermon on "Wireless Telegraphy and its Spiritual Similitudes" in the Dutch Reform Church of New York. The demonstrating in the church of this newly-discovered science proved Dr. Tyndall to be a thoroughly progressive man. Surrounded by batteries and other electrical appliances, comprising a complete set of apparatus similar to that used by Marconi, the preacher stood in his pulpit and delivered his unique discourse. Dr. Tyndall sent and received from different parts of the church messages by wireless telegraphy, explaining the system to his congregation and pointing his Bible truths. The experiment was a complete success, and besides proving the value of the science it accomplished the thing which Mr. Tyndall has most at heart, that of interesting his people.

The First Baptist Church of Columbus, Ohio, has a pastor who utilizes the telephone in his Sunday services. As many members of his parish were ill and could not attend the services Mr. Barbour consulted the officers of the Telephone Company of that city and made arrangements that enabled him to reach every absent member of his congregation while preaching to those present in the church. An ordinary transmitter is placed on a small table beside which Mr. Barbour stands while preaching

or reading. The organ and choir are behind the pulpit in a direct line with the transmitter, and the music as well as the rest of the service is distinctly heard by all connected with the church by telephone. Hours before the service begins requests to be connected with the church commence to come to the central office, for as yet only a limited number can use the line, although switch-boards have been made which enable one listener to hang up the receiver without cutting off the rest. Besides those who use the telephone because illness prevents them from actually attending a service there are a vast number who are barred from attending the church by business duties, who eagerly listen to the service over the wires. The novelty of the thing has interested many who for years have not listened to a sermon, and who now

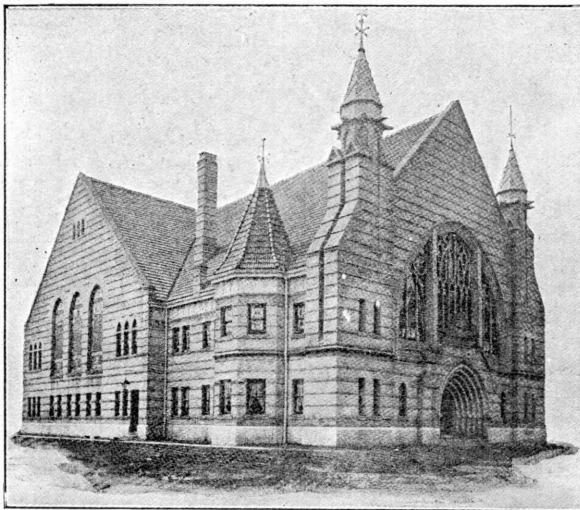
regularly set aside half an hour, at least, every Sunday in which to enjoy this remarkable telephone service. It is not a church. It is a movement to supplement church work by an approach on broad moral planes to intelligent men and women who hold aloof from Established Church lines. It is intended to affect public sentiment and to make a religious atmosphere. Not being a church, it has no

regular church membership, nor a church organization other than that of an incorporation to insure public confidence.

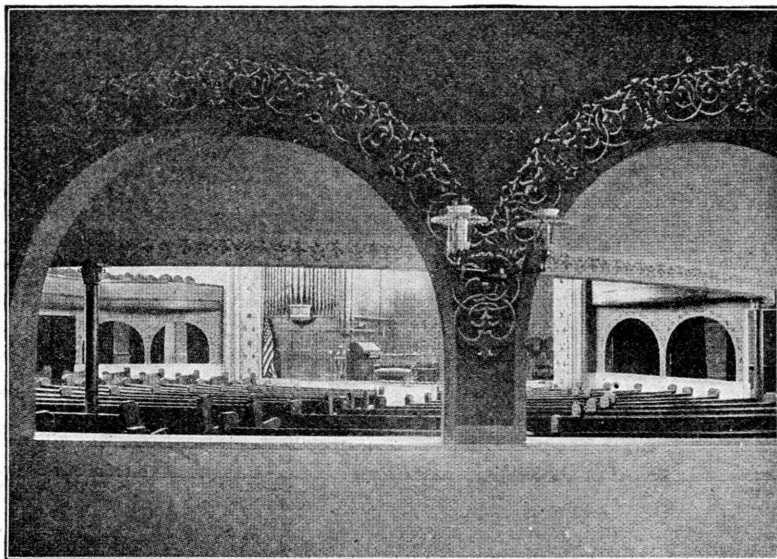
This is the way in which the Rev. Thomas Edward Barr characterizes the work of the "People's Pulpit," which now, after several months in the experimental stage, is estab-



THE REV. MR. BARBOUR, WHO USES A TELEPHONE
[From a] IN HIS CHURCH. [Photo.]



[From a] EXTERIOR OF THE TELEPHONE CHURCH, [Photo.]



From a

INTERIOR OF THE TELEPHONE CHURCH, SHOWING POSITION OF THE INSTRUMENT.

[Photo.]

lished on a permanent basis, with many of Milwaukee's leading men lending their names and support to further the movement so successfully begun. Mr. Barr has no especial creed, neither has he one particular congregation to whom he preaches Sunday after Sunday. His services are purely non-sectarian, and are at present held in a large theatre. The attendance at Mr. Barr's services is representative of every form of religious faith and non-faith, and it is peculiar in two respects. In the first place, there has been a preponderance of men—a condition hard to find in any church in the city. In the second place, there has been a surprisingly large number of persons having no regular church who have been regular attendants; though it is equally true that few congregations in the city present a higher average of culture and intelligence. By this daring procedure Mr. Barr has brought more persons in touch with the Word of God than any other one minister in America. He draws those who would, if it were not for the "People's Pulpit," spend Sunday in a round of gaiety, for many

members of his congregation belong to that class of people which the orthodox Church repels rather than attracts.

Reading, Pennsylvania, is noted for its up-to-date ministers who have devised original schemes for holding their congregations.



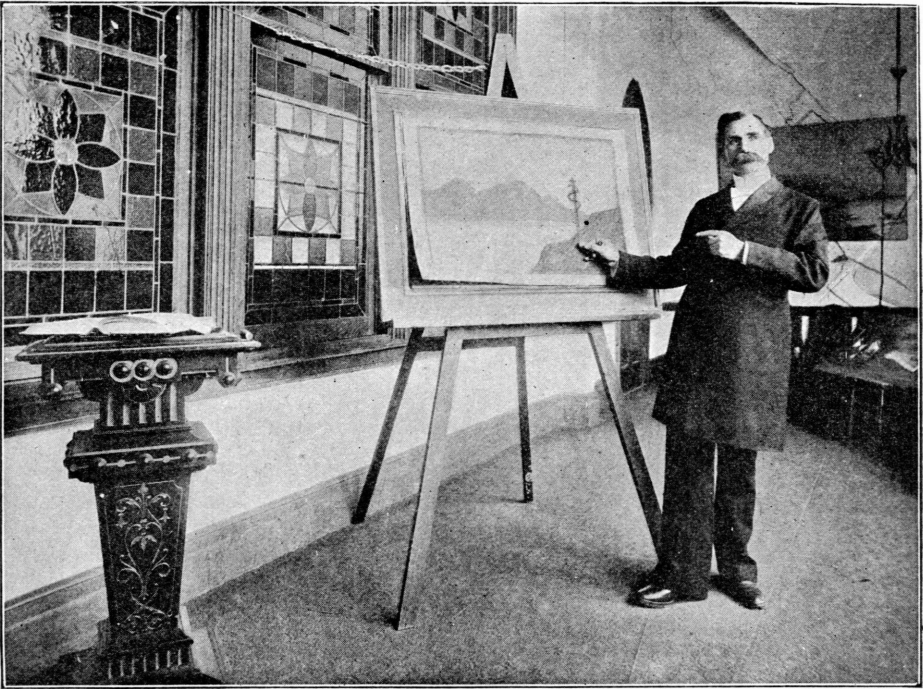
THE REV. T. E. BARR, WHOSE PRESENT CHURCH IS
From a A THEATRE. *[Photo.]*

Chief among the progressive pastors of this city is the Rev. Dr. Richard Harcourt, head of the People's Methodist Church, who has become famous for advancing novel ideas. His last innovation is that of offering an inducement of one gold dollar to mothers to have their children baptized. This dollar will be deposited in one of the local trust companies, at compound interest, in the name of the child christened, and is not to be drawn until the child is twenty-one years of age. This offer extends beyond Dr. Harcourt's own parish, to any person who may care to present

their child for baptismal privileges. Dr. Harcourt bases this remarkable plan on a passage of Scripture, which states that Wise Men of the East presented the infant Jesus with gold, incense, and myrrh.

The Rev. W. E. Needham, of New York, stands high among the divines who have originated remarkable devices for attracting a congregation. Mr. Needham is known as "the chalk-talk preacher." He is

is a sigh of regret when they are erased to make room for others. It is no unusual thing for Mr. Needham to execute as many as ten of these huge drawings during a morning sermon. He has a true hand and an



From a

THE REV. W. E. NEEDHAM EXECUTING ONE OF HIS "CHALK-TALKS."

[Photo.

pastor of the fashionable Calvary Baptist Church in Brooklyn and has done good work in this parish, which consists of men and women who are so satiated with both social and religious novelties that it is a most difficult thing for a pastor to interest them. Having a gift for drawing and a fertile imagination, as well as being liberal in his views, Mr. Needham gained favour in the eyes of his congregation by his latest innovation, which is proving very successful. He illustrates his sermons by drawings upon a black-board, which he executes during his discourse. The black-board is a huge one, placed in the pulpit itself, and with coloured chalks the pastor sketches the scenes he describes. Some are so beautiful that there

artist's eye for the blending of colours, so the effects produced are frequently beautiful. In order to vary the programme as much as possible, and thus prevent the novelty from wearing off too soon, Mr. Needham frequently gives his entire evening sermon by means of these drawings, not uttering a word, but allowing the pictures to tell the story. Both morning and evening services are largely attended, and this work proves most successful in the Sunday-school. The young folks and children enjoy the pictured lessons, and it stands to reason that the attention of the Sunday-school classes will be held much more closely by these "chalk-talks" than would be possible by mere word-sermons.

BEAUTIFUL MAMMA



BY WINIFRED GRAHAM.



TALL, handsome woman, elaborately gowned, swept down a marble staircase with stately tread.

"We shall be late," she said, glancing at the clock.

Her husband helped her into an opera-cloak of crushed strawberry velvet and ermine. She threw him a little smile of thanks. He was the good-looking, useful accessory to her household, an establishment made luxurious by her wealth. The husband, by no means an idle man, worked hard that he might not be entirely dependent on his wife's fortune.

"Have you been upstairs to kiss Tiny?" he asked, ready to excuse Isobel's unpunctuality as he thought of the very kissable little person in a blue and white bed on the top floor.

"No, I hadn't a moment to spare; she won't expect me."

Mrs. Alfred Guest preceded her husband into the carriage. She was so busy gathering up her trailing draperies she did not look at the nursery window above.

There a wistful little face—pressed like a rosebud against the glass—watched the brougham, with its pair of dashing horses, whirl away into the darkness.

"Good-night, my beautiful mamma," said an unheard voice, while unseen lips and fingers blew the neglected kiss through iron bars.

"Poor mamma, how busy she is!" said Tiny to herself; "it must be hard work for her living in London and going out so much."

The small person crept back to bed, with a sigh.

"I needn't have kept awake, but I thought perhaps she would come."

The words had no bitterness in them for "beautiful mamma."

The usual pile of letters awaited Mr. and Mrs. Guest on their return.

Isobel sank yawning into a seat and scanned the handwritings.

"One from father," she announced. "I wonder if it's anything disagreeable! He has been very cantankerous lately. Don't you think it is rather awful—to feel I am entirely

at his mercy, that the £3,000 a year he allows me is only a gift, which he could withdraw at any moment? I've a nasty presentiment about this letter—see, my hand trembles—guilty conscience, perhaps. I hate being scolded. Open it for me, Alfred," handing him the envelope. "Father is the only person in the world I am afraid of."

Her husband broke the seal. She leant back and closed her eyes. He read in silence, then he came behind her and stroked the soft brown hair gently.

"You were right," he said, "it is bad news. How did you know?"

She started up.

"I didn't know; give me the letter," snatching it from his hand.

Only the sound of her heavy breathing and the quick turning of the sheets broke the intense silence.

"Cruel!" she exclaimed, crushing the paper upon which her passionate tears fell.

Alfred took her in his arms.

"Don't mind, dearest," he whispered; "I'll work for you; I'm making £500 a year—we can live on that. Let us show a brave face; money isn't everything, you know."

"But what have I done to be punished like this?" she asked. "He calls me 'an extravagant worldling,' he accuses me of living an idle, selfish, godless life—he—he wants me to taste poverty, my own father—think of it, Alfred, and tell me, is it not cruel?"

"Yes," he said, "I think it is cruel. He should have brought you up differently: you must explain this to him. You will go to-morrow, of course?"

She shook her head, making a sudden resolve.

"No, I am too proud to beg. If he likes to treat me so unjustly, I must bear it. In time he may relent, stung by my silent reproach. He thinks I shall be on my knees. All these years, and he does not really know me! I have made

up my mind, we must live on your £500 a year, and try the other side of life. We can but do our best to be plucky! Here's my hand on it, Alfred; I feel quite brave now—I won't cry any more."

She looked her husband straight in the eyes with a flickering smile which brought a lump to his throat.

"You're a brick, Isobel!" he said.

Tiny was talking over the garden-wall—a small, narrow garden, built on exactly the same pattern as many others in the row, just four brick walls, with a summer-house of inexpensive make, a lawn, a path, and one flower-bed.

Tiny had scrambled on the top of the summer-house to inspect more closely a florid girl, with red arms, who was hanging out some fluttering garments on a clothes-line.

"I wish we hung our washing out," said



"‘I WISH WE HUNG OUR WASHING OUT,’ SAID TINY.”

Tiny, her eyes kindling with appreciation; "it's such fun when the wind makes the things all fat. I just love living here and being able to talk over the wall. The last place we were at was very slow."

"It does one good to see your happy face," answered the florid girl, as she pegged up a striped petticoat.

"I wasn't nearly so happy in Berkeley Square; you see, poor mamma had such a lot to do, she couldn't find time to be with me."

"Was she housekeeper to some of them swells?" asked the voice in the next garden.

Tiny looked puzzled at the question, then continued her innocent information.

"She looked after our own house. I had to put on my white silk dress every afternoon at five, and keep ever so clean—it was such a nuisance! It doesn't matter here, because visitors don't come. Mamma is taking me to London to-day for my birthday treat; last year I had a big party, but this time we are going to the Zoo instead."

The florid girl watched the childish figure slide nimbly back to the grass.

"Seems they've come down in the world," she said to herself, "and the little 'un's awful pleased."

Tiny, with flushed face wreathed in smiles, started with "beautiful mamma" on her first pleasure excursion since migrating to the suburbs. It was a day of wild joy and untold delights.

"We may go in the lovely open part of the train?" said Tiny, watching with satisfaction the procuring of pink tickets. She felt sure the pink tickets were far superior to white, because the compartment was so airy and the passengers could be seen in the next two or three carriages. A gentleman with a banjo favoured them by playing "Home, Sweet Home," and collected coppers at the finish. The novelty charmed Tiny—she kept telling mamma how charming it all was.

"You know," she said, as they drove gaily along on the top of an omnibus, "our brougham always seemed just like a prison to me."

"Did it?" queried Mrs. Guest. "I wonder why!"

There was a strange note in her voice. She wiped the corner of her eye, declaring a tiresome fly made it water.

"Well, one felt so shut in and lonely. I daresay you noticed it yourself. I've been wondering why everything is so much nicer now—why you stay at home with me in that dear little house, and don't bother to put on grand dresses. Do tell me, mamma."

"It is grandpapa's doing," replied Mrs. Guest, and her fingers tightened over the little hand she held in her own.

"Dear grandpapa! He was always so kind," murmured Tiny.

"Yes—he—he used to be kind to you. He liked you because you were not frightened of him."

Mrs. Guest spoke quickly, and, fearing further questioning, changed the subject. Why spoil Tiny's happiness by souring her trustful, childish mind? Why let her suspect the heartache, the soreness, that rankled under every smile?

The long day proved one of weariness to Mrs. Guest; she came home thoroughly tired. Tiny looked as fresh as when they started, and wished they could go again to-morrow.

"I've been thinking over these jolly times being all grandpapa's doing," she said. "I should like to write him a letter, mamma, to thank him very, very much."

Mrs. Guest caught the child to her heart. The strain of the long day, and the fatigue of struggling to appear cheerful before Tiny, proved too much for the nerve-weary woman. These simple words, spoken so earnestly, broke down her fortitude, opening the flood-gate of her tears.

"Don't, Tiny; don't say such things, darling. I can't bear it; I can't, indeed! Thank him when I am so miserable? Oh! child, if you only knew!" Tiny gazed at her, astonished and bewildered.

"Mamma," she pleaded, "please, please don't cry!" putting her handkerchief to Mrs. Guest's eyes, the same little handkerchief crumby from cake which had been lavishly bestowed upon the elephant and bear. "Mummy, darling, I want to comfort you; what *can* I do? I thought you loved this place too. Grandpapa can't know you don't like it; poor grandpapa, to think of his making such a mistake, and it hasn't pleased you, after all. He would be so sorry if he knew. Dearest, let us go back to Berkeley Square, I really won't mind very much."

"We can't go back, not without grandpapa's consent, so don't think of it any more. I was a little tired, that's all. My head aches. You must go to bed, and not worry about it. I shall be all right in the morning."

The child went sadly and silently upstairs. The joy of the past day vanished. The mystery of sorrow was working for the first time in her young life. It came as a great shock, the knowledge that "beautiful mamma" was not happy.

"If I told grandpapa," she said to herself, "he would alter it all."

The thought brought a selfish little pang. Here, in this small red house, she was never lonely. Mamma stayed so much at home, it seemed hard to have to go back to the nursery on the top floor and the little prison on wheels. But the selfish thought only stayed a moment, for Tiny remembered mamma's tears, and felt she could never expect grandpapa to forgive her if she did not speak.

"I must certainly go and see him, but I'll write a letter first," she said.

Tiny fetched a sheet of paper and wrote in her big round hand:—

"DEAR GRANDPUPA,—Please. I want to come and see you. Please send a servant for me, we have only to, and they are always busy.

"Your loving grandchild,

"TINY."

She borrowed a stamp from cook, and posted the letter without telling "beautiful mamma."

"It's to be a surprise!" she said.

The following day, when Mrs. Guest was out marketing, a landau with a maid in it arrived for Miss Tiny.

The little girl nodded confidentially to cook, and told her in an undertone that the big carriage had come in answer to her letter; it would be all right about the stamp. As Tiny drove away she saw the florid girl in the garden next door watching her open-mouthed. Tiny turned back and waved violently. The florid girl appeared too astonished to return the civility, and a moment later the dashing grey horses were out of sight.

A beetle-browed old man sat alone by his study fire. His square jaw told of obstinacy; the one soft spot in his nature was for children. He had spoilt his only daughter Isobel, and then resented her conse-

quent frivolity. He considered as a wife and mother she neglected her duties, and saw in the bread of poverty a remedy against worldliness. There was a ring of confidence in Tiny's little letter which he could not resist; now he awaited her somewhat uneasily. It was possible Isobel had poisoned the child's mind against him. What if he missed the old loving assurance? What if she treated him with a show of baby scorn and infantile disdain? The mere idea seemed to wither the old man as he watched the door and nervously stirred the fire, which crackled and hissed cheerfully. At last a step outside warned him his visitor had arrived.

"I wish to see no one but Miss Tiny," he told the footman, and the little pattering feet along the passage were unmistakable.

As she ran towards him with outstretched arms all doubts vanished. The same warm kiss met his lips, the fervent hug, the glowing smile, told their own story.



"THE BEETLE-BROWED OLD GENTLEMAN WRESTLED WITH THE SHOE-LACE."

"It was such a long drive—all the way to London," she said, as she scrambled on his knee. "I thought it would never end; and then I got the fidgets. Do please unfasten my shoe for me, the pins and needles are playing with my toes!"

The beetle-browed old gentleman with the fierce moustache and determined jaw wrestled with the shoe-lace, which became so hopelessly knotted that Tiny grew impatient, declaring it did not matter, as the pins and needles had run away.

"How do you like your new house?" asked her grandfather, casually. "I suppose it's rather small?"

He longed to hear the details of their life, but feared to manifest a deep concern.

"Yes," said Tiny, "a dear little place; you would like it, I know, and I *love* it!"

"That's lucky."

"I thought mamma was just as happy until yesterday. She laughed and smiled and played games with me, for there is room to run about in the garden at the back. She said it was grandpapa's doing, and I wanted to come and thank you, but all in a moment I found out about your mistake. She could not keep it secret any longer, because she got a headache with mending my stockings and making the beds before we started for the Zoo. We get up so much earlier than we used to in London."

"My mistake! How do you mean?"

"Why, she does not like being there at all, that's the trouble of it! You wanted to be so kind to her, to give us all a great treat, and really mamma wasn't enjoying herself a bit. She just pretended because I was so happy, but now I know, you see, I sha'n't enjoy it any more, so I want to take 'beautiful mamma' back to Berkeley Square. It was lovely of you to plan it, and I'm afraid you'll be ever so dis-

appointed, but please try not to mind very much."

Tiny stroked his cheek consolingly with her soft little fingers. The thought of leaving the red villa made her very sad, but she stifled her own wishes with an effort. It was a sacrifice made gladly for one she loved.

The old man sat staring at the flickering flames with eyes dilated and lips slightly apart.

"Did you only find this out yesterday?" he asked, at last.

Tiny nodded.

"You never heard a word of complaint before or saw your mother crying? You thought she was happy like yourself?"

"Of course I did."

"And you loved me just the same?"

Tiny hesitated, her cheeks grew pink. "I



"'I THINK,' SHE CONFESSED, 'I LOVED YOU A LITTLE MORE.'"

think," she confessed, "I loved you a little more—that was because I felt so much obliged to you."

"Your father—did he seem happy too?"

"I think so, but he stayed working late at the office; I was always in bed when he came

home. I only saw him in the mornings, then he was eating his breakfast so fast to catch a train we hadn't any time to talk."

"I see, it must be very bad for his digestion."

"No, I don't think so. The food we eat now is very plain; we sent our old cook away. The new cook is much nicer, she allows me to go in the kitchen and help her make puddings. She lent me the stamp on that letter I sent you. I did not want mamma to see it, because I knew she would not like you to be disappointed after meaning to be so kind. Shall you mind arranging for us to go back to the big house very much?"

Tiny spoke with deep concern. Her clear blue eyes, fixed on the sphinx-like features of the old man, seemed looking him through and through. He reddened to the roots of his grey hair, and then his head bent low over Tiny's curls, so that she could no longer see his face.

"Grandpapa, are you asleep?" she asked.

He started.

"No, no; I was only thinking. Will you be my postman and take a letter back safely to mamma? Mind, it will be a very important letter to trust to such a little girl as you."

"I'll hold it tight in my hand all the way," she replied, as he put her gently down and drew his chair to a big oak desk. Tiny leant against his knee as he wrote. The feeling of the little form resting so securely against him sent a wave of emotion over the stern old man. His letter consisted of but one sentence:—

"Tiny tells me I have made a mistake!"

"Is that all?" she asked. "It looks such

a very little letter; and where's the beginning and the ending?"

"Don't be in a hurry, Puss—there is something more to come." He opened a narrow blue book and tore out a sheet, upon which he wrote Isobel's name and some figures which Tiny could not read.

"Why are you crossing it out?" asked the small voice at his elbow.

"That is in case you lose my letter—a cheque has to be made safe. I daresay you are the first little girl of your age who has ever been intrusted with £3,000."

"It sounds a lot of money," said Tiny.

"Yes. Money is a great power; it makes and mars lives. You are too young yet to understand, but tell mamma that is her allowance to the end of this short year. On New Year's Day she shall hear from me again. But I will come and see her at the little house to-morrow and sample a dinner by the new cook who lets you help with the puddings. Pray don't forget to pay her that stamp, for I'm very pleased you wrote. It was so clever of you to find out my mistake."

He patted Tiny on the head.

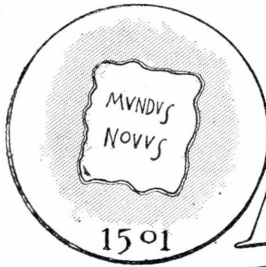
"Are you satisfied, little woman?" he asked, as he handed her the letter.

"Oh, yes, because mamma will like it, and I'm glad, of course, for her."

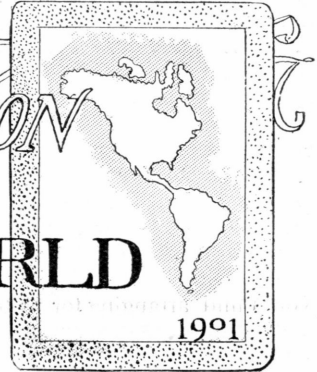
But as Tiny spoke she thought of the happy days now gone for ever, of the pink railway tickets and the bounding omnibus, of a small garden overlooking quaint, inflated garments swinging in the breeze, of the countless joys she would taste no more.

As if to convince herself she repeated again, in a quavering undertone:—

"I am glad, so glad, for my beautiful mamma."



The EVOLUTION of a NEW WORLD



BY BECKLES WILLSON.



SO much has been said and written lately on the subject of "American expansion" that it is a relief to turn to an altogether different and fanciful process of expansion which took place some centuries ago without attracting then, or attracting yet, all the attention it deserves.

When an enterprising mediæval philosopher beheld an elephant or a comet for the first time, we naturally infer that his nerves were shaken a little, so that when he came to describe his phenomenon to a race of people unfamiliar with elephants or comets the idea was not conveyed in so faithful a manner as would satisfy the requirements of a modern zoologist or astronomer. And this, we imagine, must have been the case with most of the ancient cosmographers who actually saw the New World and straightway set down their impressions upon parchment.

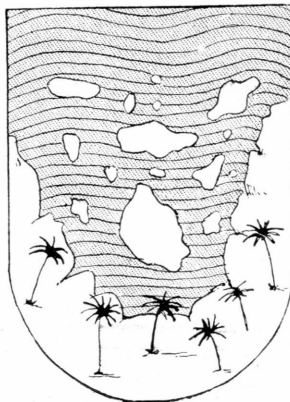
If this hypothesis be not correct, then the volcanic and glacial ages are, so far as the Western hemisphere is concerned, much nearer our time than science would have us believe. North America and its fellow-continent, South America, were by no means yesterday what they now appear to sailors, travellers, geographers, and even stay-at-home folk, who are familiar with their configuration as it appears in their favourite atlas to-day.

No; the fact seems to be (always assuming that these learned European cartographers were correct in their representations) the New World only began to settle down peace-

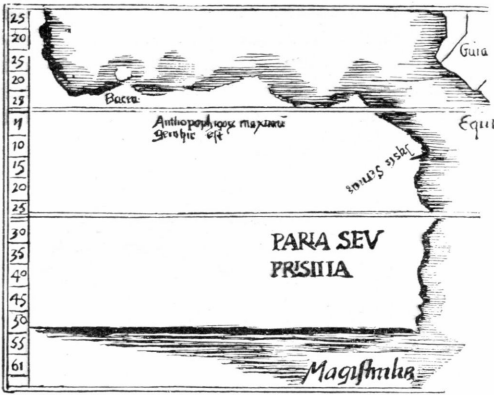
fully to its present familiar outlines about the time that its people began to be stirred up politically, and the long process of change—sometimes violent (as the reader may see by a glance at the accompanying maps), and always peculiar—only came to an end about the period of the Declaration of Independence.

On the other hand, the reader must leave to himself a loophole of escape from the logical consequence of these deductions: there is always the possibility that these ancient draughtsmen were careless handlers of the truth, and the possessors of very vivid imaginations. It may be that the New World has never altered a jot in its coast-lines from Columbus's day to our own; and that if we really wish on the present occasion to attempt to describe its geographical evolution—apart from the slight consequences of marine erosion—we must go back several millions of years to the Eozoic and Palæozoic ages.

One thing is certain—it must have been very puzzling to a sixteenth century schoolboy to be asked by his master to draw a map of the wonderful New World the Genoan had recently discovered. He could never be quite sure of that world. He never knew where to have it. Was it round or oblong? Was it an island? Was it a peninsula stretching out from India? How big was it? As large as England or twice the size of Africa? If he pinned his young faith to the great geographers of the time in which he lived and studied he might go to bed firmly convinced that the



COLUMBUS'S COAT-OF-ARMS, CONTAINING THE EARLIEST MAP OF AMERICA, 1493.



GREGOR RUYSC'S MAP, ABOUT 1515.

Terra Nova was a square and wake up to find it of the elongated dimensions of an eel. There was no depending upon that quarter of the globe; it was changeable, capricious, and volatile. And if it had taken it into its head (or headlands) to scuttle off altogether, that school urchin of Erasmus's time would probably not have been greatly surprised, and perhaps not a little relieved.

In point of fact, his bewilderment was shared by his elders. It is recorded of Henry VIII. that he could make nothing of the *mappemundes* which his courtiers exhibited to him, and even went so far upon one occasion as seriously to doubt whether there was any New World at all, so contradictory were the accounts of its geographical existence. The earliest map possessed by Europe of those lands is contained in the very last place one would expect to find such a record—in the coat-of-arms of Columbus, reproduced on the preceding page. The discovery was made in the present century by the great Humboldt, for the significance of the quartering in the shield drawn by Columbus's own hand appears to have been missed for generations. The Admiral's own map, from which he probably copied that in the coat-of-arms, is supposed to have perished.

From 1493 to 1509 we have several maps exhibiting meagre coast-lines of the so-called "America"; but the lines are as incomplete a portrait as the draw-

ing of the back of a man's head would be of the man himself. The oldest of these now in existence is the celebrated map of the pilot Juan de la Cosa, drawn in 1500. After a career of vicissitudes and neglect, this interesting record was purchased by a geographer named Walckenaer from an ignorant dealer in second-hand articles for a mere trifle. On Walckenaer's death, in 1852, it was sold at public auction in Paris to the Spanish Government, and is now in the Naval Museum at Madrid. After this came the Cantina map, in 1502, and the map of Peter the Martyr several years later.

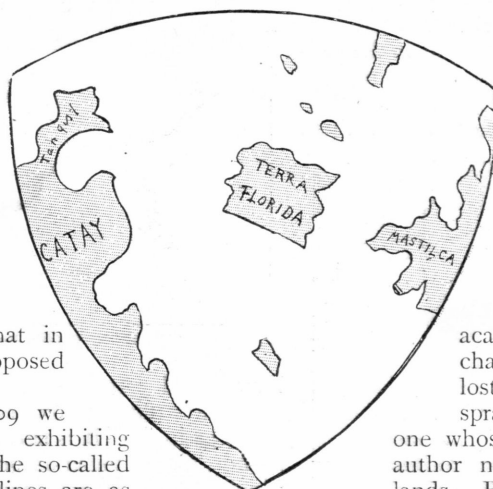
But these unilateral outlines only whetted the public curiosity. People in Europe began to demand of the map-makers what the shape was of the new continent which had been discovered. For a few years the map-makers resisted this demand; but at length one, more fertile or less scrupulous than the rest, set his wits to work and evolved, as the German of fable evolved his camel, a likeness of *Novus Mundus*.

His name was Gregor Ruysch, and one can easily picture the sensation which his presentation must have created. It reminds one of the tale of the Duke of Newcastle in George II.'s day, who was informed that Cape Breton was an island.

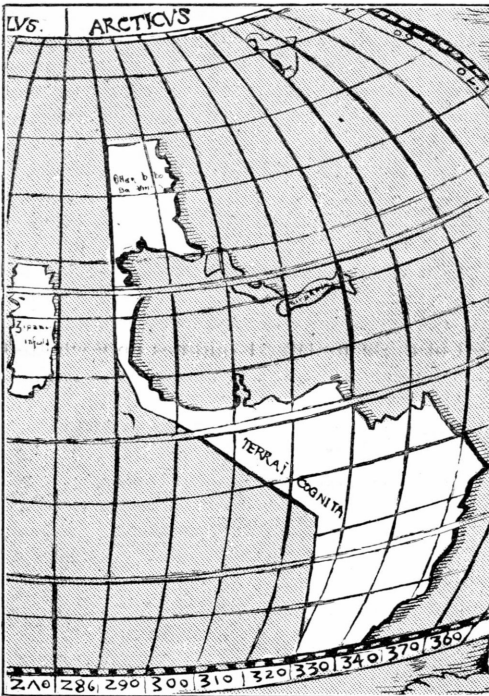
"Cape Breton an island!" exclaimed the Minister. "Dear me, how surprising! I must run and tell His Majesty that Cape Breton is an island."

In the same way his courtiers must have gone running to tell Henry VIII. that America was oblong with a southern surface as smooth as a plane. But even Ruysch, or Reisch, hesitated about the western boundaries of his New World. He probably felt that there should be a limit to his audacity or his genius. He had shown Europe the north, east, and south; the west he ingeniously abutted upon a scale, and left another to set it forth to the expectant Courts, camps, and

academies of Europe. The chance was not one to be lost; the cartographer, who sprang into the breach, was one whose fame as painter and author now extends over many lands. But it cannot conscientiously be said by the great



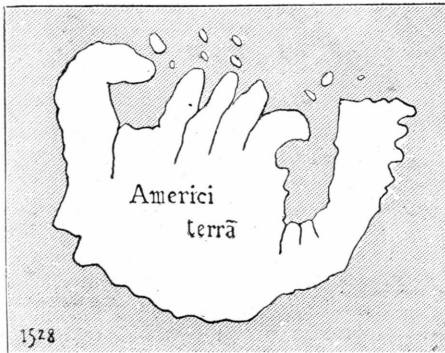
LEONARDO DA VINCI'S MAP, ABOUT 1515.



STOBNICZA'S MAP, EARLY 16TH CENTURY.

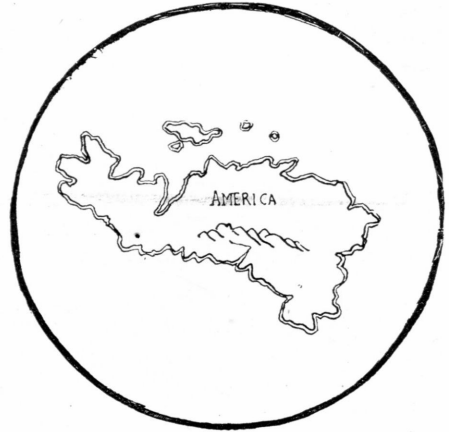
Leonardo Da Vinci's admirers that he surpassed himself in his representation either of the northern or southern half of the hemisphere. As will be seen by the subjoined map, that of the former lacks force and fancy: it has neither grace nor opulence of contour. It doubtless came in for severe criticism, as the work of a poet and scholar, and Da Vinci probably made an effort to retrieve himself by his map of South America; but whether he succeeded ever in firmly re-establishing himself in the confidence of the purchasers of his map of North America may well be doubted.

Of the other map-makers, few of them



COPPI'S MAP, PUBLISHED 1528.

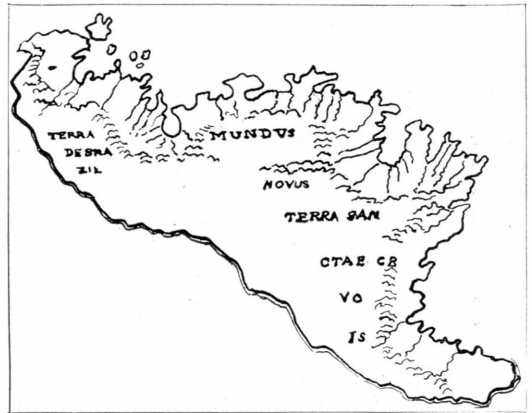
seem to have entertained any doubt whatever that the Ganges and the great rivers of Cathay or China were close at hand to the westward of the island which bears Amerigo Vespucci's name. The earliest cartographer to attempt



LEONARDO DA VINCI'S SECOND MAP, ABOUT 1520.

to represent on a plane a sphere truncated at the poles is that of Stobnicza, in 1512. In the accompanying illustration the island drawn to the westward of the Isthmus of Panama is Zipangu, or Japan.

It was, perhaps, a natural reaction against Da Vinci's conception of the New World that caused Pierro Coppi, a Venetian, to design what is to-day one of the most fascinating of the cartographical wonders of the



THE LENOX GLOBE, EARLY 16TH CENTURY.

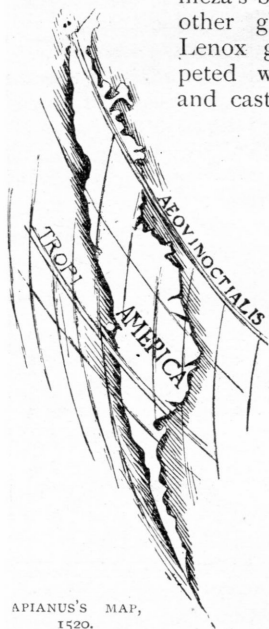
New World. It bears some resemblance to an elephant struggling on its back, with trunk and four legs in air. It is surmounted by a number of islands, Coppi being among the last of the school which believed North America to be an archipelago. The date of this map is 1528, because it was not



SCHÖNER'S SECOND MAP, 1520.

until that year that it was published, but it was probably drawn ten or a dozen years before.

Mariners and explorers now continued to arrive at every capital in Europe, and each, being closeted with the learned, contributed something to the general knowledge of the other half of the globe. Some lucky guesses were made from time to time, but many of the wisest and luckiest mappists proved backsliders. They did not stick to their theories. Each nation, Spanish, Portuguese, French, Italian, German, English, and Dutch, had its own rival cartographers, and each tried to be loyal to its own private conception of the New World. Schöner of Nuremberg, whose globe exists to-day in the museum at Weimar, drew a map which enjoyed great vogue in 1515, considerably improving upon Stobnicza's bald west coasts. Another globe, known as the Lenox globe, instantly competed with Schöner's idea, and cast a doubt upon the

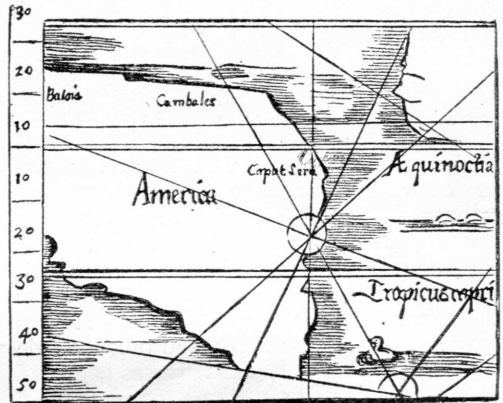
APIANUS'S MAP,
1520.
Vol. xxii.—41.

existence of any northern continent whatever. Schöner responded by setting forth another map, correcting "from the latest advices" the outlines of North America, but which, unfortunately, bears about as much resemblance to the actual configuration of that section of the world's surface as a banana does to a bicycle.

In 1520 a Swiss

named Bienewitz, otherwise known as Apianus, believed he had settled for ever the question of the shape of the Western world. This was for a long time considered the earliest engraved map to show the name of "America," as appears on the annexed facsimile. This shows the continent suffering from an almost painful attenuation, and presenting a striking contrast to the form given it a few years before by most of the map-makers of Europe, especially

Da Vinci and Coppi. But Europe was not satisfied with the result; it sought still for an impossible ideal. Knowledge percolated slowly, often one country was far in advance of another in respect of cartographical infor-



LAURENTIUS FRISIUS'S MAP, 1522.

mation; but it is not astonishing that it soon became a matter of national honour to contend that its own current maps were the most accurate. As an example of a map much in vogue in England at this period we may cite that prepared by Laurentius Frisius for the standard edition of Ptolemy, published in 1522. It is distinguished by great reticence, as though en-



BOULENGER'S MAP, EARLY 16TH CENTURY.

deavouring to steer impartially between the two schools, and was admirably suited to the temper of the youth of this realm in those days. It is an in-offensive, if somewhat non-committal, design, and left a great deal to the imagination. It is not like the one which puzzled Shakespeare in his day, "the new map of the augmentation of the Indies," which, we are told in "Twelfth Night," was scarred and lined, as the countenance of Malvolio.

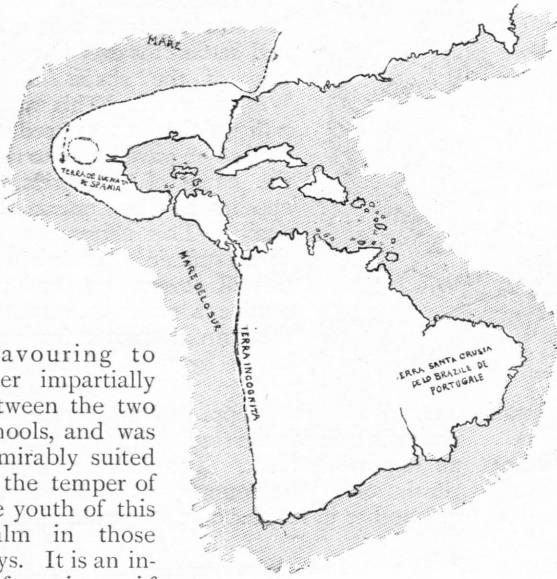
A map of a totally different sort, though contemporary, is that probably studied by the French youth of that time. It was drawn by Louis Boulenger, and only a single copy is now known to exist. It was engraved in a catalogue of Tross, the Paris bookseller, in 1881, and consists of twelve gores intended for a globe.

In shape the map drawn in Portugal by Maillo is very peculiar, although it cannot be denied that the long, narrow peninsula, terminating in Cape Horn, is somewhat picturesque.

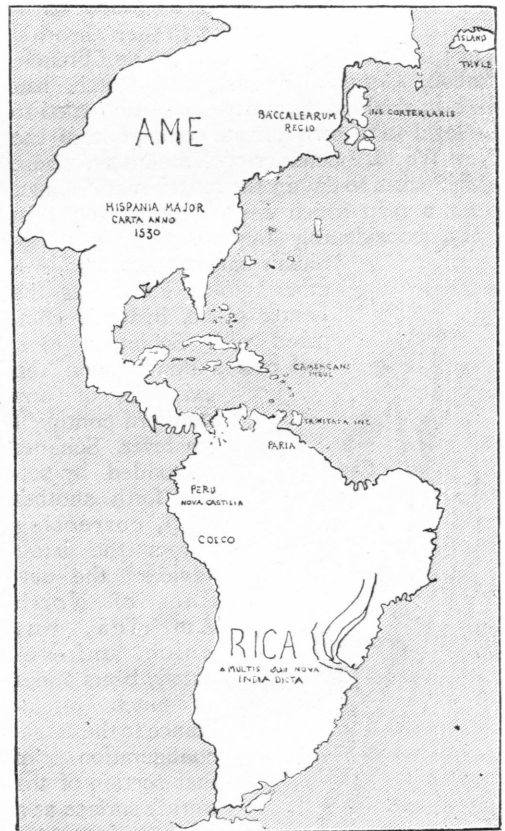
But the geographical drama was fast progressing towards a dénouement. A great stride forward was made by the celebrated Mercator, who in 1541 produced a large map, which he solemnly affirmed was a correct and exact representation of the New World, which had given the geographers and learned men of Europe so much trouble for fifty years. Of course, Mercator was laughed to scorn, and many excellent persons in England and France would have nothing to do with him or his map or his spherical representation of the earth into a plane on the

cylindrical principle, since known to fame as Mercator's Projection. But other cartographers borrowed Mercator's idea of the New World's outline; and so, little by little, the mystery became revealed.

The western coast-line of the northern continent, however, was long destined to remain shadowy, especially in the higher latitudes. Buriel, in his edition of Venegas's "California," in 1757, confesses that nothing was known. But with Vancouver's voyage in 1788 and his subsequent map the last remaining doubts were removed concerning the configuration of North America. In the little churchyard at Petersham, in Surrey, his grave unkept and neglected, lie the remains of the man who completed the cartographical evolution of a New World.



MAILLO'S MAP, 1527.



MERCATOR'S MAP, 1541, THE FIRST FAIRLY ACCURATE MAP OF AMERICA.

Bulls and Bears on Skor Vhean.

BY JOHN OXENHAM.

Author of "God's Prisoner," "Rising Fortunes," "A Princess of Vascovy," "Our Lady of Deliverance," etc., etc.

THE only fault I have to find with you men on this side," said Julius Vandenbyl, as he tipped his stool back and laid hold of the brass rail of the skylight and swung gently to the motion of the yacht, "is that you don't make the most of your opportunities. It's a small country, I know, and chances are limited, of course. But you don't make much even of what you have," and he rolled his big cigar disputatiously into the corner of his mouth, and cocked it up, to the endangerment of his left eye, after the manner of a knight of old shaking his lance at all comers.

"Oh, come! Give us a chance, old man. We do our little best," said Dansie, with a rolling laugh.

"That's where I differ," said Vandenbyl.

"And we really don't do so badly, sometimes," said Ravenor, and tilted his camp-stool in emulation of Vandenbyl till it balanced on one leg, and added, pensively, as an afterthought, "unless it's American rails."

"They're a bit wiry at times, I admit," said Vandenbyl. "But you don't need touch 'em unless you want to. There's heaps and heaps of things here waiting to be properly handled. Just look what we're doing on the other side."

"I doubt if our people would stand it," said Dansie. "I'm surprised yours do."

"Thev don't. They take

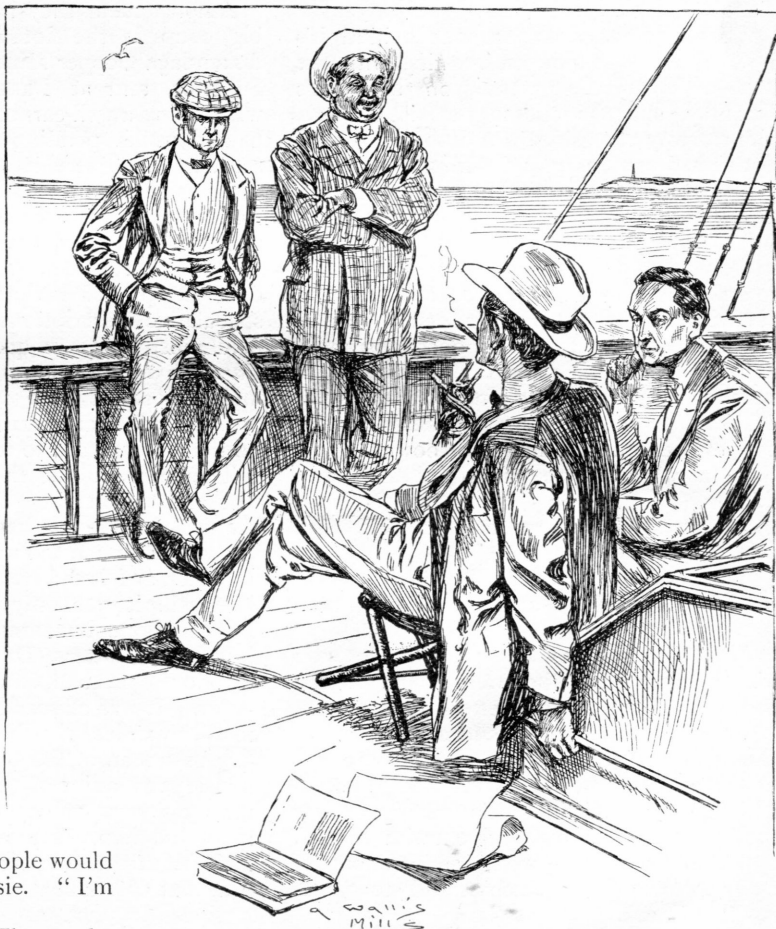
it sitting and don't worry. It don't hurt 'em."

"Oh, come!" said Dansie. "A man doesn't make two hundred millions without somebody suffering."

"That's just where you're wrong, my boy. Since Old Rock got control of oil he's never put prices up one cent. He got up a bit earlier and saw a bit farther than other folks, that's all."

"And are prices as low now as they would have been if he hadn't got up quite so early, Mr. Vandenbyl?—say, if there'd been a free market all along?" asked Chase, quietly, from his seat on the bulwarks.

"That, of course, is not easy to say," said Vandenbyl. "But I don't know how you're going to prove that they're not."



"WE REALLY DON'T DO SO BADLY, SOMETIMES," SAID RAVENOR."

"All the same, there's something unnatural about two hundred millions in one man's pocket," said Chase, with quiet insistence.

"That's so, and I don't know that I'd care to have it myself," said Vandenbyl. "There must be considerable worry about having two hundred millions to take care of, but it must have been a lot of fun making it. Now all the fun's gone. It makes itself, and he can't possibly spend it. Boys, it's a mistake to be too rich. It palls. What's your opinion, skipper?"

"Weel, sir!" said old Macirone, who was hovering about with his pipe in his mouth, "I wouldna mind trying it juist for a month or two. There'd be some fine pickens, I'm thenken?"

"Now, that's sensible," said Vandenbyl. "A couple of months would give you a taste of it, and leave you enough to live on comfortably for the rest of your life. A year of it would probably kill you. What island's that, skipper?"

"Yon's Pabbay, and the one behind it's Shillay," said the skipper, pointing with the stem of his pipe. "And yon big one's Taransay, and the one to port is Bernera, with Boreray alongside. And the two we've just passed are Ensay and Killigray, and the two before them were Gillisay and Harmetray, and——"

"Ey, ey, ey! Give that brain of yours a rest, skipper," drawled Vandenbyl, "or you'll go stale and run us on a rock." At which the skipper grinned. For Vandenbyl was in the habit of asking endless questions, more in hopes of stumping his informant than of extracting useful information, and the skipper delighted to answer him in kind, and had not yet been either stumped or bowled.

"And where do we put in for the night, skipper?"

"Callarnish, if we can make it. There's a guid inn there."

"As good as last night's?"

"It's a guid inn," said the skipper, non-committally.

From which, if you know the district, you will understand that they were sailing up the Sound of Harris in the Western Isles.

The *Cormorant*, 40-ton cutter, belonged to Charles Dansie, capitalist and company promoter, of Throgmorton Street and Wimbledon, the big man in flannels leaning against the bulwarks, jovial contentment with himself and the rest of the world smiling out of every crease of his triple chins and stout, sun-reddened neck.

The dark, thin-faced man on the camp-

stool alongside Vandenbyl was Jim Ravenor, stockbroker and underwriter, of Throgmorton Street and Richmond, a fellow-worker with Dansie and one of his greatest friends.

The quiet-spoken man, sitting on the bulwarks alongside Dansie, was Geoffrey Chase, solicitor, of Old Broad Street. His name on a prospectus carried weight and went far towards disarming criticism. He was known in the City as a cautious, straightforward man and a trustworthy legal adviser. Dansie's commercial conscience was in his keeping, and Dansie's appearance was the highest possible testimonial to Chase's carefulness.

Julius Vandenbyl, tall, thin, immaculately dressed, was an American financier, bent on the exploitation of British and Colonial industries, and on showing the easy-going inhabitants of the little island how things could be made to hum in the hands of a live man.

Among them they had just pulled off a big coup in the flotation of "The Great Askandaga Copper Mines," situated on Lake Superior, and at Dansie's invitation they were taking a well-earned rest on his suitably-named yacht, pending the Stock Exchange settlement. There had been some excited dealings in Askandagas before they left town, for the company was thoroughly sound and not over-capitalized considering the value of the property. The shares were jumping up daily in spite of envious bears. And as the speculative descriptions of the stock were held mostly by the quartette on board the *Cormorant* they were quite cheerful, and looked forward to a rather agreeable and profitable quarter of an hour with the opposition on their return to town.

They were all on the very best of terms with one another and the world in general. Vandenbyl, indeed, had a slight grievance, but he was much too wise to let any signs of it appear, and it did not disturb his digestion. After all, it was only a matter of degree. He had done uncommonly well out of the Askandaga matter. Dansie, to whom he had introduced it, had, however, done slightly better. It was all perfectly open and above-board. Vandenbyl believed Dansie to be the very best man in the City for a big flotation. Dansie was quite of the same opinion, and knew his own value better than any man could tell him. He had shown himself a hard bargainer and had got rather better terms out of Vandenbyl than he had intended to give. In fact, so shrewdly had Dansie pulled his own ropes that he had come out

top of the tree. Vandenbyl could, of course, have taken the business elsewhere, but he knew no one who would do it as well, and after all he was really doing better than he had expected to do. The fact remained, however, that Dansie was doing still better, and Vandenbyl could not quite forget it.

The *Cormorant* was a big, roomy boat, with no pretensions beyond comfort. They had had a most enjoyable jaunt round the east and north coasts, stopping here and there as the spirit moved them, had doddered about Skye, finding much bodily and spiritual comfort in the cosy hostelries which nestle up the lochs of that hospitable island. And now, having a clear week to spare before the settlement came on, were off to investigate the beauties of the Western Isles.

"How's the Dook?" asked Vandenbyl, suddenly, as they ran past Tor Head.

"He's got a bad head," said Dansie, with his jovial smile.

"Ah, I thought that Dunvegan whisky would be too much for him. It's not a very big head nor a very strong one, and that whisky was both."

"Capital figure-head," said Ravenor. "So long as you don't see him."

Which was about the state of the case. "His Grace the Duke of Chiswick and Gunnersbury" looked well on a prospectus, and Dansie knew enough of human nature to turn anything to account. Reginald Augustus, tenth Duke of Chiswick, had lately come into his title and very little else, and Dansie had forthwith swooped down on him, and captured him, and bound him willing captive to his chariot wheels, and since the chains were golden ones Reginald Augustus was willing.

He was very young and very round. Little round head, little round body, little round arms and legs, little round eyes. In fact, a "good little all-round man so long as he wasn't

called upon to do anything," as Vandenbyl said.

His name always headed Dansie's lists of directors and was generally printed in capitals, and now and again at meetings he was dragged into blushing publicity by being made to bob up in his seat and say, "I have pleasure in seconding that, Mr. Chairman." Then he would sink back covered with confusion from which nothing but a cigarette and a whisky-and-soda could recover him.

The Duke was not a very good sailor. The Minch is lumpy at times, and it was no unusual thing for him not to show face till the anchor dropped, off the inn where they were going to spend the night.

There was a strong breeze off the land which enabled them to make a long slant towards the north-west. They ran on that tack for over four hours without touching a rope. Then, the wind freshening suddenly and the motion of the yacht becoming distinctly unpleasant, the skipper deemed it advisable to take a couple of reefs in his main and foresails, and they sped on with no diminution of speed. But as they opened the sheltering land north of Uig Bay a whole

north-east gale came roaring down on them and caught them before they could strip the ship.

The yacht heeled till the water came leaping in over the lee bulwarks. Every man clutched the nearest stable thing and held it and his breath together, in the certain knowledge that all their lives hung by a thread.

"Good-bye, Askan-daga!" thought Vandenbyl.

"Good-bye, *Cormorant*!" thought Dansie.

"Good-bye, wife and youngsters!" thought Chase.

"Good-bye, everything!" thought Ravenor.

"Come, I say, you know!" said the Duke, as he picked himself up from the floor of his cabin and clung to the side of the bunk which he had just quitted with quite unnecessary haste.



"COME, I SAY, YOU KNOW!" SAID THE DUKE.

Then there was a crack and a crash and the tall mast went over the side. The ship righted and swung to the impromptu storm-anchor, with the mainyard ramming heavily against her side. The crew sprang to the rescue and chopped and cut till she swung free and ran with the roaring green seas.

Old Macirone at the helm had a very anxious face, for big seas behind and no sail in front is about as bad a state of affairs as any man wants.

"Bolt that door!" he shouted, as a white cap came boiling in over the stern and raced up the deck and down the companion. And Dansie, who was nearest, and was besides the best sailorman of the lot, wriggled along the sloppy deck and got the door to and bolted it.

There was a feeble hammering inside and a voice crying, "Let me out! Let me out! Curse it, I say, don't ye know!"

"Can't," yelled Dansie, and crawled back to the others.

It was six o'clock when they saw an island looming in front, and half an hour later they struck with a sound none of them is likely to forget. They were sodden with salt by that time, and so utterly miserable that any prospective change from the ceaseless overwash of the seas was welcome.

The pounding of the waves increased now that they were no longer moving. Away beyond the tumult in front they could see dark figures clambering about on the rocks ashore. They watched them with dull interest, as tired spectators watch a slow turn at a music-hall. Then a fiery comet shot out from the rock where the automatons had gathered, and a line dropped lightly across the deck. In an hour they were all safely ashore, crouching in blankets round a peat fire in the shelter of whitewashed walls and a thatched roof, and the *Cormorant* was breaking up rapidly on the rocks outside.

When Vandenbyl came out of the cottage next morning the sea was laughing in the sunshine like a mischievous child. But for the sight of some stray planks of the *Cormorant* lying among the black rocks, and the sight and feel of his own roughly-dried clothes, and the near recollection of the discomforts of the night, he might have found it difficult to realize that they had actually been shipwrecked and had had a somewhat narrow escape from drowning. His realization of their altered circumstances was emphasized by the white shaft of the lighthouse towering up above the white cottage out of which he

had just issued, by the rugged bit of moorland on which these stood, by the complete circle of unbroken horizon all round him except just where the cottage and lighthouse intercepted it.

He was still trying to place himself, when a voice broke in upon his musings.

"I say, where the dooce are we, Mr. Vandenbyl, and how the dooce are we goin' to get home?"

"Well, Dook, I'm darned if I know," said Vandenbyl. "This scrag-end of a reef is called Skor Vhean, as far as I could catch the twang of it. It's about fifty miles from nowhere, and the lighthouse steamer comes once a fortnight, D.V. and weather permitting, and it was here three days ago."

"Seems dooced like bein' stuck here for a bit then," said his Grace, sitting down on an outcropping rock, and from sheer force of habit hitching up the knees of his flannels, which looked as if he had slept in them for a week, after forgetting to iron them the last time they were washed. He had come ashore in a state of extreme discomfort and disconsolation the night before, and had had to be revived with such heroic doses of whisky that he remembered nothing till he woke in the morning, and then only obscurely.

"I've got a dooce of a headache," said the Duke. "S'pose it was the knockin' about. Beastly bally rot bein' shipwrecked, don't you know. Got any cigarettes?"

"Nary one," said Vandenbyl, rocking gently to and fro from heel to toe and surveying him thoughtfully.

"Dooched awkward," said the Duke, feeling his little round chin and gazing round despondently as though he hoped to catch sight of a tobacconist's sign and a barber's shop.

"And what the dooce are we goin' to get to eat here?" asked his Grace, presently.

"Ah! Now you're coming right down to the joint, Dook. Scotch porridge is very wholesome and sustaining, I believe. If the young ladies who helped us ashore last night are anything to go by——"

"Young ladies?" said the Duke, looking down at his limp garments, and giving an involuntary wriggle expressive of discomfort. "Not really?"

"You wait till you see 'em. Fine strapping girls. Guess you slept in one of their beds. They turned out and went to sleep in the lighthouse. Here's one of them coming along now."

"Ged!" said his Grace. "I feel like a workhouse tramp."

"Well, I'm bound to say you look it," said Vandenbyl. "I feel pretty much the same myself. But it's better to feel like a live tramp than a dead dook," at which piece of philosophy his Grace shook his head doubtfully.

"Goot morning!" said Miss Katie McNeill, as she came past from the lighthouse towards the cottage. "It iss a fine morning after the storm. I hope you slept well and are none the worse."

"Not a bit, thank you," said Vandenbyl, "and we slept like tops. I'm afraid we put you to a great deal of inconvenience."

"Oh, no, not much, and it coul't not be helped," said Miss Katie, with a smile. "My sister and I we often sleep up in the Light in the winter."

"Do you live here all the time?" asked Vandenbyl.

"Oh, yes, all the time. We hef neffer lived anywhere else except the time we were at school at Styornoway."

"And don't you get tired of it?"

"Tired? No, why woul't we get tired of it? It iss our home. Are the other gentlemen asleep yet? I wass going to see after your breakfast."

"I'll go and rouse 'em out," said the Duke.

"What a funny little man!" said Miss Katie, looking after him.

"Yes. He's a Dook," said Vandenbyl.

"Neffar!"

"His Grace the Dook of Chiswick and Gunnersbury, 'pon my honour."

"He does not look it," said Miss Katie.

"No, I don't know that he does. But he is, all the same. Where is your father this morning?"

"He iss taking some fish for your breakfast, over there," and she nodded towards the far end of the island.

"I'll go and have a chat with him," and he strode away over the heather. Half-a-dozen sheep scuttled from behind a rock as he passed, and stood at a safe distance and eyed him with much curiosity. He regarded

them thoughtfully, and presently found old McNeill sitting on a boulder with two lines in his hands and a pile of fish by his side. He was a grizzled old fellow clad in thick blue trousers rolled up over sea-boots, a blue jersey, and a big blue tam. His face was seamed like a western cliff from which wind and weather have removed all superfluous matter. But he had a very cheerful expression, and his blue eyes were keen and intelligent, and almost merry.

"Coot morning, sir. It iss a pity you didn't choosse to-tay to come ashore instet of yesstertay."

"Yes," said Vandenbyl, "you're quite right," and he sat down on an adjacent boulder and had quite a long chat with him.



"WHAT A FUNNY LITTLE MAN!" SAID MISS KATIE.

And at times the old fellow chuckled and grinned, and more than once he slapped his leg and laughed outright, and it was not on account of the fish he had just hauled in.

The rest of the party were standing outside the cottage when Vandenbyl and Old McNeill came up, and there was a twinkle in the old man's eye as he surveyed them. Their toilets had necessarily been superficial. Their appearance was as far removed from

Throgmorton Street notions of propriety as the east is from the west. They were crumpled almost out of recognition.

"Mornin', sirs," he said, jovially. "Ye'll be wanting your breakfast, I'm thenken'. I hope you slep' well?"

"Fair to middling, thanks," replied Dansie, for the rest. "I'm afraid we're putting you to a great deal of inconvenience."

"Not at all, not at all. Pleased tae see ye. We hef not too many visitors. I'll tek the fish to the lassies."

They had an excellent breakfast. The porridge appealed to the Duke as a delightful novelty. He had never tasted anything half so good in his life before. He inquired minutely into its composition and preparation, and vowed he would never be a day without it as long as he lived. He also requested permission to be present at the making of it next morning, to which Miss Katie laughingly agreed and promised to let him stir the pot till his arm ached. The fish were also excellent and cooked to a turn, and the coffee was well made.

The five men were, therefore, on much better terms with themselves and the world when they sat in the sun against the wall of the cottage after breakfast to discuss their prospects.

"Anybody got any tobacco?" asked Dansie, twirling an empty pipe forlornly between his fingers.

"I've got some," said Vandenbyl, and produced a couple of inches of what looked like tarred rope, and in reply to a questioning look from the Duke, "I got it from the old boy just now. It's the only kind he's got, and a little bit of it goes a long way."

"It's not exactly Arcadia," said Dansie, as he cut a piece off and rolled it into life between his palms. "Shade better than oakum, that's about as much as can be said for it."

"Well, it's all there is and the supply's limited," said Vandenbyl.

They sat smoking twist for a time and chatting lazily.

"We won't starve, anyway," said Dansie. "Duke, if four mutton-chops will support one man for one day, how far will six sheep"—with a friendly nod at the sheep which had come up to have a look at the new-comers, and were now standing in a semicircle and watching them suspiciously—"go among ten men, two women, and an old sailor-man for eleven days?"

"Ged, don't ask me," said his Grace. "Never was any good at that kind of thing,

don't you know. But there's fish and porridge, too."

"Porridge alone will support life perfectly," said Chase, quietly. "All you Stock Exchange men think a great deal too much about what you shall eat and what you shall drink and what you shall put on. If you lived on porridge alternate days you'd enjoy your food twice as much as you do now."

"Oh, come, Chase, you enjoy a good dinner as much as any man I know," said Ravenor. "If you breathed Throgmorton Street all day long you'd be ready for your dinner, too."

"I'm always ready for my dinner," said Chase, "because I don't nibble bananas and biscuits, and cigarettes, and whiskies-and-soda all day long between times."

"Not much chance of whiskies-and-soda here, anyway," said Ravenor, regretfully. "The old boy has whisky, but he doesn't look as if he'd ever tasted a soda in his life."

"I should say ten days on strict T.T. principles will be highly beneficial to all you boys," said Vandenbyl. "You'll have a thirst on you worth a small fortune by the time you get back. Well, captain, how's her head?" as old Macirone came out of the lighthouse towards them, with a face like a coroner's jury.

The old seaman shook his head mournfully. A stranded captain is about the forlornest object this earth affords.

"Don't take it to heart, Mac," said Dansie. "It wasn't your fault, and she was insured, anyhow. We'll have the next one built so that I can get up from table without knocking in the roof of my skull. Are they doing you all right up there?"

"Aye, we're all right, sir, thank 'ee," and he went on towards the farther side of the island in company with his thoughts.

They did not do much that first day beyond resting and eating. The strain of the previous night was still upon them. Vandenbyl was the only one who mustered determination enough to climb up into the lighthouse for a chat with old McNeill.

Next morning, when Miss Katie and her sister turned the others out, the first thing they saw was a large sheet of white paper covered with hieroglyphics fastened to the cottage door by pins. They gathered round it and began to laugh as they read.

This was what was on the paper:—

NOTICE.

Having acquired by right of purchase all available supplies of the following articles, viz.: sheep, tinned

goods, biscuits, sugar, coffee, tea, cocoa, whisky, tobacco, flour, fish-hooks and lines, the following tariff of charges is hereby instituted:—

One Square Breakfast	30	Askandagas
One Square Dinner	50	"
One Square Supper	30	"
One Whisky of the ordinary size	4	"
One Cup Tea, Coffee, or Cocoa	4	"
Tobacco—one inch of twist ...	4	"
Porridge, free. Frillings, extra, sugar or condensed milk	2	"

A discount of 50 per cent. will be allowed to His Grace the Duke of Chiswick and Gunnersbury, Geoffrey Chase, Esq., and James Ravenor, Esq.

The above rates are subject to alteration and revision.

Tickets are not transferable and are good for day of issue only.

All meals are to be consumed on the premises.

All amounts payable in advance. No credit given.

Shares are accepted at par only.

Special terms for school treats and wedding-parties.

By Order of

THE GENERAL COMMISSARIAT TRUST,
Julius Vandenbyl, President.

They took this announcement as a great joke, and Dansie's jovial laugh rang out above the others at the nice discrimination against himself, which he understood perfectly.

"Well, I'm hanged!" he cried. "Oh, he's a great man is Julius. Where is he?"

"At your service, gentlemen," said Vandenbyl, strolling round from the farther end of the cottage, with a company bow. "Nice morning. At five o'clock it was, if anything, still more delightful."

"Ah—ha!" cried Dansie, with his big laugh. "The early bird!"

"Ex-actly!" said Vandenbyl, and pointed a long finger at each of them in turn, and softly murmured, "Worms!"

"You've been busy," said Chase.

"'Tis my nature to," said Vandenbyl, with a bland smile, and presently they turned into the cottage for breakfast.

The porridge was as good as before, and his

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Grace prepared to attack it with gusto. He eyed it with new appreciation. He had stirred the pot for Miss Katie till his arm ached.

"Er—would you oblige us with the sugar, Miss Katie?" he asked.

Miss Katie turned a smiling face and said, "There iss none, sir. That gentleman"—nodding at Vandenbyl—"hass bought it all."

"Not really!" and they all looked up blankly, as it began to dawn upon them that Vandenbyl's joke might have a solid business foundation.

Dansie voiced the general feeling, "Oh, come, Van, old man, a joke's a joke, but——"

"My dear boy, I never joke in business—at least, not often," said Vandenbyl, solemnly. "This is business all the way through."

"And you mean to say you intend to carry out that rigamarole on the door?"

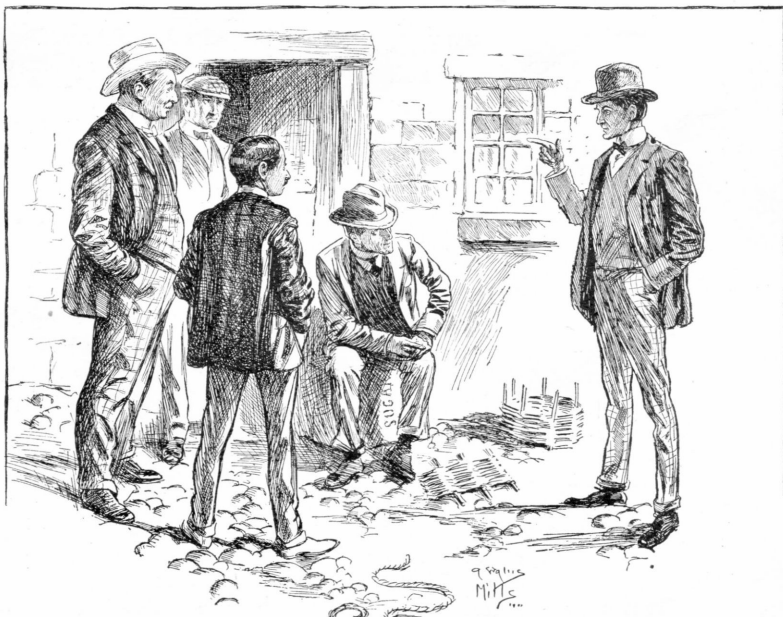
"The tariff stands," said Vandenbyl. "I made it as clear as I could and put the rates as low as circumstances would permit. I really don't see any reason why you should call it a rigamarole, Dansie."

"Well, I'm——!"

"I don't take sugar with porridge myself," said Vandenbyl. "It's not the thing, I believe."

"Tastes like boiled sawdust alone," said the Duke.

"Ah, you didn't stir it enough, I expect. It needs a lot of stirring. And as to boiled sawdust, I remember once——"



"EX-ACTLY!" SAID VANDENBYL, AND POINTED A LONG FINGER AT EACH OF THEM IN TURN.

But the others hastily stowed away their porridge and went outside to discuss the matter, while Vandenbyl opened a small tin of corned beef and proceeded to make his breakfast off that and some biscuits and a cup of cocoa. When he had finished he filled a pipe from a plug of twist and went outside. The others had disappeared, all except the Duke, who was sitting on the bottom rung of the lighthouse ladder as though he had not cared to risk his life in the ascent. Vandenbyl sat down with his back against the sunny wall of the cottage and smoked meditatively with a wrinkle in his brow. Presently he saw the others descend the iron ladder, and they all came towards him.

"Say, Van, old man," said Dansie, showing no trace whatever of ill-humour. "It's a mighty smart trick you've played on us, but you'll be getting shot, you know, if you go on this way."

"Shooting's illegal. Trusts aren't. They haven't got to shooting over 'em even in the States."

"They will in time, I guess," said Ravenor. "And I'm bound to say I feel as if I should sympathize with them."

"My dear boy, business is business, and shooting is bad business as a rule. Here we are stranded for at least eleven days on the fog end of nowhere. Just as well to keep our hands in or we'll get rusty."

"That's so," said Dansie. "What time's that square dinner on, Van? We'll try it anyhow, and see how the system works. I stand treat for the crowd."

"Right!" said Vandenbyl. "That will be fifty and three fifties less discount, equals seventy-five—one-twenty-five in all. I'll take your I.O.U., and make you out an order for the meals. What would you like?"

"Best you can do as a sample," laughed Dansie, "else maybe we won't come again."

"I'll see to it. Better make it the round one hundred and thirty and I'll throw in whiskies and a smoke by way of dessert."

"All right. And, say, old man, we wouldn't mind dining early to-day if it's all the same to you."

"You pay the piper, you call the tune and the time."

"Say twelve then. We'll maybe hold out till then."

"Right! Twelve o'clock prompt."

Vandenbyl sat and smoked, and then turned to the business of the General Commissariat Trust, while the rest played about on a strip of sandy beach, bowled at a mark,

threw stones into the water, and behaved generally like a party of schoolboys on the first day of the holidays. The only one whose spirits seemed in any way below par was the Duke. He was not a wealthy man, he had not very many Askandaga shares. If he had to pay from fifteen to twenty-five each time he had a meal he would very soon be stripped bare. Poverty or starvation confronted him. In the end, possibly both. Of course, if Dansie undertook to provide meals for the party out of his own pocket it would be all right. On the whole his Grace thought he was bound to do so. After all he was their host, and it was through accepting his invitation that they found themselves in this hole. Yes, he thought Dansie was bound to see them adequately fed. If necessary he would hint as much to him as delicately as he could, but he did not think that would be necessary. He sorely missed his cigarettes. He had tried a pipe of twist and it had made him squeamish. He had tried to make a cigarette of twist and ordinary paper. It was worse than the pipe. On the whole he was not happy, and his little round face showed it.

"Why, Duke, what's wrong?" said Dansie, as he strode past him after a wide bowl. "Keep your pecker up, old man. I'll see you through all right. We're not going to be beaten by any Yankee that ever was born."

He seemed on the point of saying more, but checked himself. What he had said, however, had the effect of cheering the ducal spirits, and his Grace consented to beguile the aching void between that and dinner-time with bowls and stones.

Ravenor, wandering among the pools, found a crab two inches broad and brought it carefully up to the rest, with a hopeful face.

"How do you cook 'em?" he asked. "If we could catch enough we might live on 'em and give Julius the cold shake."

They examined the crab critically, with faint recollections of their youthful years, and poked it with their fingers till it bubbled with anger.

"Don't seem much meat in it," said Dansie. "It would take a hundred to make a meal and then it would only taste like toothpicks."

"Seaweed is said to be nourishing," said Chase, "if you know the right kind and how to prepare it."

They looked round at the seaweed.

"Clammy," said Dansie. "Don't you trouble, boys. We'll come through this corner like a four-in-hand or I'll eat my hat. It'll maybe do us good to live thin for a bit. I've got an appetite as big as the whole of Throgmorton Street rolled into one already."

"I feel like a drum," said the Duke. "I wonder what he'll give us for dinner."

"If it's not up to the mark we'll tell him plainly we won't patronize his establishment again, and hint at personal violence," said Dansie, with a big laugh.

But they had no fault to find with he dinner. They had tinned soup, at which they would probably have turned up their noses at home, but which tasted delicious on Skor Vhean, and ran through their limbs like new life. Then they had roast mutton from a sheep killed the day before they arrived; roly-poly pudding with jam in it; a small cup of coffee; a tot of whisky; and a pipeful of twist per man. The Duke sold his portion back to Vandenbyl for an extra tot of whisky.

They expressed unqualified approval of everything they had, and Vandenbyl was quite pleased.

"Any orders for tea or supper?" he asked.

"I think we'll manage on porridge till tomorrow morning," said Dansie. "Then we'll try a breakfast—an early breakfast. Shall we say six o'clock?"

"If my cooks'll stand it," said Vandenbyl. "We don't generally open till eight. It'll mean you all getting up at five, you know."

They rambled all over the island that day, and felt as if they had known it all their lives by the time they got back. They discovered two mops from the *Cormorant* jammed in among some boulders and carried them home with them. There was not a tree or a shrub 3ft. high on the whole place. The vast

circles of sea and sky, rugged cliffs with their feet hidden in boulders, and tangles of seaweed, a twenty minutes' stretch of rough turf, through which the sharp bones of the island protruded in spite of a scanty clothing of whin-bushes—that was Skor Vhean.

They supped on porridge without frillings and retired early to dream of breakfast.

Vandenbyl routed them out at five, and his Grace of Chiswick bent his energies to the porridge spoon once more under the yoke of Miss Katie's bright eyes, while she prepared the rest of the meal according to Vandenbyl's instructions. Her sister attended to the wants of the men in the lighthouse. She was young and shy of the aristocracy in the cottage, and they saw very little of her.

"It iss ferry harrrd worrk," said Miss Katie, with a merry twinkle in her eye, and so soft and sympathetic an intonation that his Grace thought he had never

heard anything like it.

"Oh, not at all, 'sure you," replied the little man, putting on a momentary spurt with his other hand. "'Lighted be of any service to you, Miss Katie, 'sure you."

"You'll not be used to working so harrrd?"

"Well, not just this kind of work, you know. Brain work mostly, don't you know—company meetings, resolutions, and that kind of thing, don't you know?"

"Aye, it's the brain worrk that pays nowa-days. Why did you let the American chentleman buy up all the things?"

"Ah, he got ahead of us there. Bad form, I call it, don't you know!"

Vandenbyl came striding in just then to superintend matters. He had collected Dansie's I.O.U. for seventy-five Askandagas, and, to use his own expression, was feeling good. He reckoned that before they left the island he would be pretty nearly level with



"RAVENOR, WANDERING AMONG THE POOLS, FOUND A CRAB."

Dansie in Askandagas, and that was all he wanted.

He gave them a first-rate breakfast, running through porridge with sugar and condensed milk, coffee, fried bacon, corned beef, and biscuits. They expressed their approval again.

"Any orders for lunch, dinner, anything else?" he asked.

"No," said Dansie. "We'll lunch on porridge, if Miss Katie will oblige. And we'll have supper at five o'clock. A good, square supper, mind, as per contract."

"Right," said Vandenbyl. "Any smokes?"

Yes, they would all have a smoke, except the Duke, who sniffed theirs at second-hand, and looked miserable for want of a good fat Turkish cigarette.

"Dook," said Vandenbyl, commiseratingly, "if I could make it into anything better'n what it is I'd do it, but I kain't, and there it is."

By the afternoon the time began to hang somewhat heavily on their hands. They had lunched on porridge, with whisky and sugar frillings, which toned its natural crudity somewhat, but still their stomachs growled at the Lenten fare, and their watches were in constant requisition to see what time had still to elapse before supper was due.

Dansie went up to the lighthouse with determination in his eye to have a chat with old McNeill. Chase and Ravenor wandered over the island and gazed hungrily at the suspicious sheep. They waited anxiously for Dansie's return, and finally strolled up to the Light and climbed the ladder. The Duke looked so miserable that Vandenbyl offered him a tot of whisky free, and then, catching sight of the *Cormorant* mops, and knowing the little man's proclivities, he suggested that if they stripped the mops bare and found a couple of suitable round stones they might construct a golf links and play the royal game—in a way.

His Grace revived and they set to work and planned out a set of holes, and made flags out of sticks from the wreck and strips of linen which Miss Katie provided. The construction of the links took longer than they had expected. It is safe to say that neither of them had used their muscles so much since they were born. They pulled up whin-bushes to clear a space round their holes, made bunkers with rocks, and generally worked like navvies.

They appealed to the others for assistance, which was smilingly declined. Dansie, who had come back from the lighthouse with a

twinkle in his eye, asserted that he was weak for lack of food. Chase, who was a noted golfer, gave them much good advice which involved considerable additional labour but greatly improved their course. Ravenor said it wasn't his day for doing navy work, but he would show them how to play when they had finished; meanwhile he practised shots with the mop-handles and round stones.

They had an excellent supper, and, in answer to Vandenbyl's inquiries for orders for next day, Dansie said that in future they would live rationally and not stint themselves, and hang the expense! He arranged for square breakfast at eight o'clock, square dinner at two, and supper at eight. And Vandenbyl retired to rest extremely well satisfied with the general outlook, but still with a thoughtful groove in his brow.

He waylaid old McNeill early next morning as he was going a-fishing, and endeavoured to enter into some further negotiations with him. But the old man laughingly declined even to discuss any such matters and went on his way chuckling audibly.

After breakfast Vandenbyl and the Duke toiled away at their links. The others went for a cruise in the lighthouse boat, an aged affair of no particular shape, consisting principally of tar and leaks. If they had had hooks and lines they might have amused themselves with fishing. But Vandenbyl had bought up the whole supply, and they had to content themselves with paddling about round the island. They seemed, however, to derive considerable amusement from it, and Vandenbyl and the Duke, toiling among the whins and boulders, straightened their backs now and again and looked at them, and remarked enviously on their high spirits.

All this time Captain Macirone and the sailors from the yacht lived in the lighthouse. They were exempt from the provisions of Vandenbyl's Trust. They loafed, and slept, and smoked, and strolled about the island perfectly contented with their lot, except the captain, who remained a picture of misery. Inside, their quarters were somewhat cramped, indeed, but they were used to that; there was plenty of room to stretch their legs outside, and the life was easier even than on board the *Cormorant*. Vandenbyl tried to enlist their services in the construction of the golf links. But he had parted with all his available cash in the formation of his Trust, and they were enjoying their holiday and did not take kindly to dry land navigator's duties.

That and the two following days the party lived on the fat of the land, and showed such a strange partiality for tinned meats in preference to fresh that Vandenbyl, with an eye on his diminishing stock, felt compelled to argue the matter with them. He threatened them with scurvy, and did his best to bring them to a better way of thinking. But it was no use. They craved for tinned things and he had to supply them. The Duke politely expressed no opinion. He was a guest and had no preferences. What his host provided he ate with gratitude and rare appetite, thankful that it was something other than perpetual porridge.

He still kept up his little flirtation with Miss Katie over the matutinal pot, and she still regarded him with amused wonder; and, in spite of his own acknowledgments, seemed not entirely free from doubts as to the actuality of his standing. He was so very different from all her preconceived notions of ducal dignity.

"And iss it really true that you are a duke?" she asked her assistant one day.

"It's true enough, but it's no great catch. It gets me on boards and things, that's about all."

"On boards?"

"Companies, don't you know, director and all that, second things at meetings and that kind of thing."

"You are not at all like the MacCallum Mohr. I saw him once at Ardrishaig."

"Sorry! Who is he, anyway?"

"The MacCallum Mohr—the Duke of Argyll. Haf you neffer seen him?"

"Oh, him? Yes. He doesn't go in for companies. He's no great shakes in the way of oof, but he's better off than some I know. You see, he didn't have an uncle who had

to pawn his coronet to pay his funeral expenses."

"No, intee," said Miss Katie, commiseratingly.

By the evening of the seventh day of their stay Vandenbyl found himself some 1,500 Askandagas better off than when he landed. He was in capital spirits, and once even hinted at a reduction in his tariff. Nevertheless he was exceedingly thoughtful at times, and sat smoking twist as though it or his conscience disagreed with him.

Only that day he and the Duke had at last got their golf links into working order. They had tried perfunctory shots over it from time to time, but had not yet had a proper round. The work had been more arduous than they expected. Still, it had helped to pass the time, and if they got very dirty over it it had, at all events, given them great appetites.

When Vandenbyl turned out next morning his eye sprang instantly to a notice affixed to the cottage door underneath his own. It ran as follows:—

NOTICE.

The Skor Vhean Land Company having leased the Island of Skor Vhean, visitors are hereby warned that their presence will only be permitted on payment of the following charges:—

Americans—Entrance fee, 1,500 Askandagas and a daily subscription of 300 Askandagas.

Members of the London Stock Exchange	Free	} Subject to the regulations of the company.
Dukes, captains, sailors, and original inhabitants ...	Free	

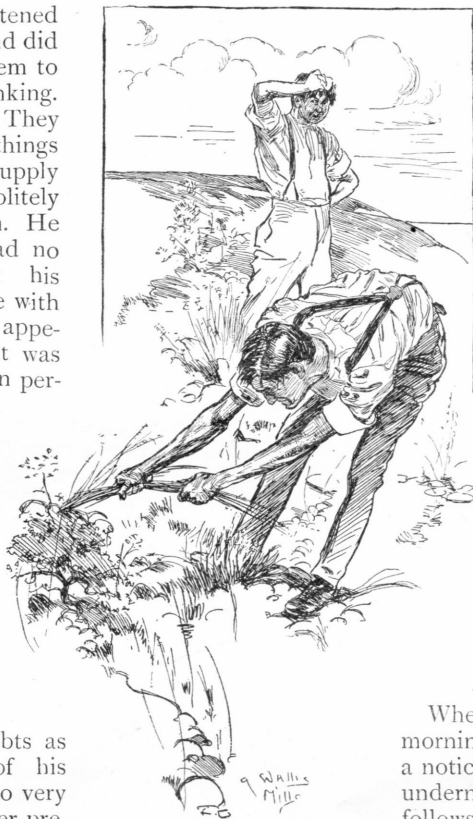
NOTE.—Sheep and other trespassers will be dealt with as the company may decide.

By Order,

THE SKOR VHEAN LAND CO.,

Charles H. Dansie,
President.

Vandenbyl stared at this effusion with compressed lips for some time, then he turned on his heel and went down to the rocks to think it out, and as he went he murmured, "Darn the old fox, I wonder how they managed to get round him."



"VANDENBYL AND THE DUKE
TOILED AMONG THE WHINS
AND BOULDERS."

When he saw Miss Katie descend the lighthouse ladder he went towards it.

"Father up, Miss Katie?"

"Yess, sir, he iss in the Light. What iss it that I will get ready this morning?"

"Porridge at present. I'll let you know the rest later," and he climbed up into the lighthouse.

"Why, where's the President?" asked Dansie, when Miss Katie roused out the rest of the party at the cottage.

"He iss gone up to the Light," she said, with a smile.

"I see! And what has he ordered for breakfast, Miss Katie?"

"Porritch, sir, and the rest he will tell me later."

"And is there anything else down here that we can eat?"

"There iss some whisky and some sugar, and a few tins of corned beef."

"And you could make us some oat-cakes, couldn't you?"

"Oh, yess, I have the girdle here."

"Come, we'll do famously. What about killing another sheep? It's about due, isn't it?"

"Yess. My father did talk of killing one, but you all wanted the tinned meats."

"Well, now I think we'll turn on to fresh mutton."

"But they are Mr. Vandenbyl's sheep."

"They were. They're mine now. You see, they're trespassing on my land, and so I can deal with them."

"I see. I am ferry glad."

Here Mr. McNeill came rolling up with his fishing-lines in his hand.

"Ah-ha! trespassing, Mr. McNeill!" cried Dansie.

"A-weel!" grinned the old man. "What's the condections of the Comp'ny?"

"That you bring all your fish here and leave us what we need."

"A' richt! He's that mad I wantit oot the hoose. He tell't me to catch them sheep and kill one. What'll I do?"

"The sheep are confiscated as trespassers. You can kill one and we will divide it with you."

"Richt!" and the old man went on his way smiling like Neptune at sight of an unusually pretty mermaid.

Vandenbyl never showed face outside the lighthouse that day. He sat up in the gallery and watched

them play golf over the course he had toiled at so laboriously. He smoked twist, and paced the circumscribed round, and found it extremely dull. He was a man of active habits both of mind and body, and at present he found himself severely restricted on both counts.

The limited accommodation of the lighthouse was already strained to the utmost. The occupants were aware of his smart manipulation of affairs. It had not affected them personally, but they resented it as un-English, and he found the atmosphere many degrees lower than it was outside.

On the second day of his retirement, Ravenor, in the midst of a round of the links with the Duke, the others being in close and critical attendance, looked up after his ball and said, "Halloa!" and Chase, following his gaze, said, "Ah-ha!" and Dansie, catching sight of what they were looking at, said, "Quite so! You go over and see what he wants, Chase. There's no variation in terms." And Chase strode away through the whins to Vandenbyl, who was sitting on one of the lowest rungs of the lighthouse ladder fluttering a white handkerchief and swinging his long legs.

"Well, old man," said Chase, "why don't



"A-WEEL!" GRINNED THE OLD MAN.
'WHAT'S THE CONDECTIONS OF
THE COMP'NY?'"

you come down and have a game? What's the good of moulting up there?"

"What terms?" asked Vandenbyl.

"As per company's by-law. Entrance fee——"

"Oh, rats! That's sheer robbery."

"Well, as to that, my boy, those square meals of yours were fairly steep, you know."

"They *were* perhaps a bit stiff," acknowledged Vandenbyl. "I've been thinking we might perhaps amalgamate the concerns——"

"I see! On what basis do you suggest?"

"Start fresh from to-day on basis of present holdings."

"I'm afraid we couldn't do that. My principals wouldn't agree. Why should they? They've got enough to live on——sheep——"

"My sheep," interjected Vandenbyl.

"Not a bit of it. They trespassed on our property and are confiscated in the terms of clause 4 of the Land Company's proclamation."

"Well, talk it over with them. I'll come down and talk it over too, if you like," and he kicked the pebbles with a swinging foot, as though it longed for the feel of something other than lighthouse stone.

"That's a technical trespass," said Chase, and Vandenbyl hastily drew the offending foot up on to the rung again. "You have infringed our rights in contravention of our by-laws, with the provisions of which you are acquainted. Those are our pebbles. You've no right to set foot on them. I am bound to institute an action in defence of our rights. Perhaps you'd like to settle and stay proceedings. It'll be an expensive matter, you know. Commission to Skor Vhean and so on."

"We'll settle all that in the amalgamation. You talk it over with 'em, Chase, and if we come to terms I'll——"

"Oh, come now, Vandenbyl, remember who you're talking to."

"Keep your hair on, old man. I was going to say, when you interrupted me, that if we came to terms I wouldn't mind standing a square meal all round and whiskies and twist free."

"I'll tell you what we'll do. You're sickening for a walk. I can see it by your feet. Send down all the whisky and twist you have and you shall have one complete round of the links."

"Who with?"

"Choose your man."

"I'd like a trial round by myself first. I've never been all round yet. Then——say yourself. You're the best of the lot."

"Well, we'll throw that in."

"Right! Shall we say this afternoon?"

"That will suit us all right."

"It's understood. Honour bright. No catch in it? No actions for trespass?"

"My word for it."

"You bring me the stick and ball here at three o'clock, and I'll hand you over the whisky and twist," and they parted.

Punctually at three the company met him at the foot of the ladder, and the exchange was made. The Duke and Ravenor conveyed the treasure to the cottage. Vandenbyl grasped his club and strode away to the links. Dansie and Chase went with him.

By five o'clock he had not succeeded in entering the first hole.

"I'm a bit out of practice," he said, "and it's a deuce of a course, though I say it myself."

At six o'clock he was still pottering about that first hole——over-shooting, under-shooting, everything but getting in.

"It's a deuce of a course," said he, and went on banging away with stolid energy, while Dansie and Chase eyed one another in mournful silence and made sarcastic comments aloud.

"It's the confinement has upset my aim, I guess," said Vandenbyl, at seven o'clock. "I don't claim to be much of a player at best, but I never was as bad as this before. And there are ten more holes!"

He managed that first hole just before supper-time, and promised to come back in the morning for Number 2.

"I'm sorry," said Chase, as they meditatively ate their supper. "All my fault. You've got to keep your eyes pretty wide open when an American man sets out to get on your blind side."

"That's so," said Dansie. "Shouldn't be a bit surprised if he tried to work a sheep or two into that first round."

"I'll take care he doesn't do that, anyway," said Chase, gloomily. "Strikes me we'll have to pass an emergency by-law limiting games to the day they're begun in."

"Trouble is this isn't a game," said Dansie, biting his pipe grimly as if it were a bit of Vandenbyl. "You and I'll have to start a game as soon as it's daylight and keep at it all day, and bluff him that way."

"He took the club with him. Said it was his free pass," said Chase.

"Well, we'll make one club do."

"He'll play his own round out all the same, and it'll last till the tender comes, if I know anything about it. Write me down an ass."

Vandenbyl sallied out next morning and cheerfully started play again. He saw Chase and Dansie at their game with one club, and apologized for retaining the other one. "I'd like to manage that next hole to-day if I can," he said, modestly. "I'm really ashamed to have had any hand in making such a course."

His round went on perpetually, one hole a day and all the exercise he wanted, and their most vitriolic comments made not the slightest impression on him. He duly brought up the idea of an amalgamation of the General Commissariat Trust and the Land Co., and as he happened to have got the whole supply of salt in his possession, and oatmeal and mutton morning, noon, and night had begun to pall on them somewhat, they finally came to terms. Their table blossomed into plenty once more, and Vandenbyl smilingly took his place at it again.

At last one morning Miss Katie came running to tell them that the tender was coming, and they all crowded up to the highest point by the Light to catch sight of her. All except Chase, who went quietly down to the lighthouse boat and put off in her and lay about waiting till the little steamer rounded to with a peal of the whistle. Then he pulled straight to her and climbed on board. While the men loaded the boat with supplies he interviewed the captain. He and the captain went ashore with the first load and the rest were all standing on the rocks waiting for them.

"Start as soon as we've got all the goods ashore," said the captain, in reply to their eager inquiries. So they settled accounts with McNeill and Miss Katie, as far as that was possible till they got back to London,

and bade them an affectionate adieu, and all stood waiting till the last load was landed.

Dansie sent Captain Macirone and his men off first. As the boat was plodding slowly back to the shore for the rest of the party Chase casually remarked:—

"By the way, when I was out there just now I took the opportunity of chartering all the accommodation that tender has to offer. Fares will be high. Two thousand Askan-dagas each person. But in certain cases there will be a discount, and in some cases"—and his eyes settled solemnly on Vandenbyl—"there won't."

"I understand," said Julius, with a smile. "Boys, I think we'll cry quits on this deal. It kept us from getting rusty, anyway."



"AN AFFECTIONATE ADIEU."

The Romance of Portraiture.



It is much to be regretted that the useful and interesting hobby of portrait collecting, which at the latter end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries was as rampant and fashionable as stamp-collecting is now, is not more popular at the present time. In these days of cheap and rapid production, so many fine portraits are issued of our celebrated men and women, which, though of course not equal to the old ones from an artistic point of view, yet as portraits are of such excellence, and so low in price, that there is no reason why this intellectual occupation should not be indulged in by persons of the most limited means.

We, therefore, beg to submit the idea for the consideration of the readers of this Magazine, for it seems to offer not only a useful but remunerative employment, as there is little doubt that in course of time



THE SAME PLATE AS A PORTRAIT OF CROMWELL.



CHARLES I., WITH THE HEAD TAKEN OUT, IN ORDER TO CONVERT HIM INTO CROMWELL.

many of these portraits will become rare and valuable, a natural consequence of their cheapness and abundance, which prevents them from being preserved.

In the old days, when portraits were much more costly and difficult to obtain, whole fortunes were spent in accumulating this class of print, and many valuable and curious collections were the result. The majority of these have long since been dispersed, and much larger fortunes realized over the transaction than was ever dreamed of at the time of their collection. A few still remain, and it is from one of these which has come down to us in its complete state, and is noted for the number of its rare and curious specimens, that the portraits here reproduced have been selected.

The equestrian portrait of Charles I., in the states shown here, was always a *rara avis*, and much sought after on account of the peculiar circumstances attending its issue and circulation. The plate, which



CHARLES I. RESTORED.

is a large one, was engraved from a picture by Van Dyck, and was first issued during the reign of the unfortunate monarch represented. So long as the King retained his throne and popularity the sale of impressions from this plate proceeded satisfactorily enough, but after the tide turned, and the troublous times of the great rebellion, which ended in the King's death, set in, this satisfactory state of things no longer prevailed, and the engraver found himself reduced to the direst straits. He therefore set to work to remedy matters, and like another well-known personage of the same period altered his opinions, and at the same time his plate, to suit the times. This he did by taking out by means of a scraper and hammer the head of Charles and inserting in its place that of Cromwell. So ingeniously was this carried out that it is only by means of a powerful glass that the altera-

tion can be detected. In this state many impressions were taken off, and so great was the popularity of the Protector that the ingenious engraver soon realized quite a small fortune. It is sad, however, to relate that, notwithstanding all this, such is the weakness of poor human nature, at the Restoration he again altered his plate and opinions, reinserted the head of the dead King, and the portrait was as popular as ever. Several smaller alterations were also made, which a close observer will find some amusement in detecting. Thus, the King's attendant, on becoming Cromwell's, loses the frills at his knees, but finally recovers them, or another pair at least as good. Cromwell is deprived of Charles's scarf, and the King himself, in the final impression, has to be content with a kind of brooch in place of it.

The portrait of the illustrious Dick Whittington was another which underwent alterations to suit the public taste, for when it was first issued it appeared with a skull in the place of the cat; but Dick Whittington without his favourite could not be tolerated, and



A PORTRAIT OF DICK WHITTINGTON, IN WHICH A SKULL FIRST TOOK THE PLACE OF THE CAT.

the consequence was that in order to sell his prints the engraver was compelled to erase the skull and substitute the cat. This animal, though perhaps not one of the most amiable looking, was the salvation of the engraver, as she had already been that of her master, for to one impression sold in its first state twenty sold in the second; and its value is even now very considerable, though the first state now realizes the highest price.

The romantic circumstances under which our next portrait made its appearance are of exceptional interest. It is that of Sir John Dinely - Goodere. This amorous old gentleman, whose search for a wife rendered him notorious at the end of the eighteenth century, was of ancient lineage and good family. He lived at Windsor within the Castle precincts, where he had a small pension and a house allowed him as a Poor Knight of Windsor. Although poor, he had wonderful ideas of his ancient genealogy and of alliances subsisting between himself and the first families in the land; but his one aim in life was to marry, and for this purpose he had printed a large number of handbills, with a portrait of himself in the centre, on which were set forth the conditions under which he was willing to enter the matrimonial state. These handbills he carried about with him to be used as occasion offered, and also inserted advertise-

TO THE
FAIR LADIES OF GREAT BRITAIN,
OLD, OR YOUNG.

Sir JOHN DINELY, Baronet, having it in his power to deliver to any Lady who may be inclined to enter into the favour and alluring state of Matrimony, who is the Title of Lady, and a FORTUNE OF THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS, offers the very great probability of succeeding to a Correspondence, and thus publicly to transfer his hand to such Ladies as are qualified to accept his MARRIAGE OFFER upon the terms stipulated in his Advertisement in the Morning Advertiser of the 1st of Jan. last.

Sir John is aware that some few prejudiced by etiquette, may smile at his mode of address;—let them laugh—who has once experienced its comfortable effects, and will not be dissuaded from giving it a decided preference to the tedious forms of fashionable civility.

All the objections that are possibly urged against this manner,—that it is equally inconsistent with the modesty of the Ladies, as with the Gentlemen's ability to advance in a candid and liberal manner in matrimonial negotiations,—are merely chimerical; the advantages in favor of it, are great and many. By pursuing this principle, the foolish, the timid, the reserved, the secret, may recover her health. The wretched Widow, whose weeds are an almost insupportable load, may be relieved from her burthen; and, the frozen blooming Miss of Sixteen, to whom the trammels of a boarding school are quite intolerable, may be raised to Liberty and Love! Let us therefore, my dear Fair, in gentleness to ourselves, your friend.



As a truly dangerous enemy, for I am resolved to give her the Preference, who is not excited and much expeditious.

* To the Term of Quinquennial which is bound to be generally known, Sir John conceives it expedient to declare that provision to his motto on the Permeance of the Great Contract with any Lady, to null be affirmed of her being entitled to the following Sum, in respect according to her age and condition; (i.e. The under Twenty-one, may Three Hundred Pounds,—thence from Twenty-one to Thirty, Five Hundred; and from Thirty to Forty, Six Hundred.) All Spinsteres, and of that age, shall be treated with according to circumstances; and, probably, few will be eligible candidates than a Thousand. However, Widows under Forty-five will have such Abatement as personal Claims and commitments entitle them to expect.

These several sums, are mere trifles, compared with what Sir John might reasonably demand, on account of his high and noble descent, which may be seen in Nath's History of Worcester; and his Claims to the real family estates known, by a Reference to JOHN WARR, Esq. No. 31. Queen Anne Street, East, London.

JOHN DINELY

N. B. It has been occasionally reported, by the numerous who would wish to deprive me of my approaching opportunity, that I am tired of this Bill, but that I shall never my Interest in my Bill, believe I shall ever.

P. S. Please to address your Letters, with Post paid, to Sir John Dinely, Bart. Windsor Castle.

**THE COURTEOUS BARONET
OR THE WINDSOR ADVERTISER**

*How happy will a Lady be
To have a little Baronet's acquaintance on her knee*

I do hereby declare this New Edition of my last Address to the Ladies, to be a true Copy, and that Mr. C. Knight hath my Authority to publish the same as an Engraving to my Portrait.

Windsor Castle, October 23d, 1799.

John Dinely

SIR JOHN DINELY-GOODERE, AND HIS HANDBILL, OFFERING HIMSELF AS A HUSBAND.

ments in the daily papers to the same effect. Whether the ladies considered the conditions too onerous, or the Baronet too ancient, we are unable to decide, but Sir John, though he persevered for a number of years, never succeeded in his object, and died in 1809 at the age of eighty.

Our next portrait has a still more romantic story. This handsome young lady was the daughter of the famous Count Platoff, Hetman of the Cossacks, very popular in this country in Napoleonic days, for he was one of the most implacable enemies of the French. During the disastrous retreat



MISS PLATOFF, WHOSE FATHER OFFERED HER IN MARRIAGE, TOGETHER WITH A FORTUNE, TO ANYONE WHO WOULD CAPTURE NAPOLEON.

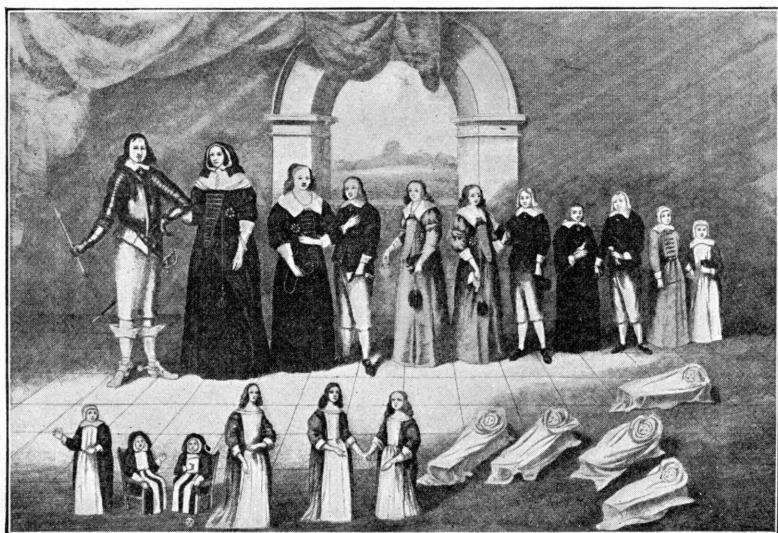
from Moscow he did fearful execution in the ranks of the French army with his twenty regiments of Cossacks; and so great was his hatred of the Emperor that he offered to give his daughter in marriage, together with a fortune of 200,000 roubles, to whoever would capture and bring the little Corsican to him, alive or dead.

In order to encourage competition this portrait was circulated with the proclamation, and no doubt there were many competitors in the field, though none of them succeeded in winning the prize. At a public dinner in Edin-

burgh at the time the Lord Provost toasted this lady in the following words: "Miss Platoff, the fair Cossack, and her patriotic father. May she soon be blessed with a deserving husband, that both she and the nations of Europe may rejoice." The toast created a sensation, and was followed by a burst of applause from the assembled guests.

As a family piece the portrait group of the Remington family is certainly unique, and if pictures were painted by the yard one might be led to conclude that economy was the main consideration in this case, the most for money having certainly been secured, while composition is chiefly remarkable for its absence. Fifteen living children are here depicted—a fair quiverful of themselves. But what makes the picture unique is the treatment of the children who died in infancy, and who are littered promiscuously about the floor. Apart from these, the painting reminds one of the stockbroker who, with his baker's dozen, paid a visit to Hoppner and inquired what he would paint the lot for. The great painter replied that it would depend entirely upon the dimensions, style, and composition. "Oh!" said the broker, "that is all settled. We are all to be touched off in one piece as large as life, all seated on our lawn at Clapham, and all singing 'God save the King.'"

The rarity of the curious portrait following this, and the strange stories connected with the man himself, is sufficient to account for its presence in the collection. This is the man who robbed Lady Fairfax of her gold watch, picked Oliver Cromwell's pocket as



THE REMARKABLE PORTRAIT GROUP OF THE REMINGTON FAMILY.



THE MAN WHO PICKED OLIVER CROMWELL'S POCKET, WITH THE STRAND IN THE BACKGROUND.

he was coming out of the House of Commons, and robbed Charles II. of a collection of valuable plate while he was staying at Cologne. His real name was Cottington, but he acquired the name of "Mulled Sack," from his fondness for that liquor. He was originally a chimney-sweep, an allusion to which is no doubt suggested by the figure emerging from the chimney, but afterwards became an expert thief, and was noted for his daring exploits and gallantry with

ladies, many of whom he deceived and afterwards robbed. For many years this print, which was found in an old book, was considered unique, and realized large sums of money when on sale, but two others have since been found and its renown is somewhat diminished. The scene is in the seventeenth century, and forms a striking contrast to the same place as depicted on the cover of this Magazine.

The bottom of the sea is not the most likely place to look for portraits, yet here is one which has been there and appears little the worse for its adventure. It was recovered from the wreck of the *Don Juan*, the yacht in which Shelley was drowned off the coast of Italy, July 8th, 1822, together with the original of this picture, Captain Edward Elliker Williams, his great personal friend, who accompanied him on this ill-fated voyage. The two were inseparable companions, and Williams was the "Melchior" of Shelley's "Boat on the Serchio." He assisted the poet in many of his undertakings, wrote a translation of "Spinoza" at Shelley's dictation, and copied his "Hellas" for the Press. The portrait was drawn by Williams himself, and is the only one of him, we believe, in existence.



CAPTAIN WILLIAMS, WHO SANK WITH SHELLEY, AND WHOSE PORTRAIT WAS RECOVERED FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

Some Famous Bats.

BY HAROLD MACFARLANE.



UNDOUBTEDLY pride of place in our photographic collection of famous bats must be awarded to His Majesty, who has recently emphasized the great interest he has always taken in the game (an interest that must have cost him an enormous sum, seeing that Kennington Oval, which was let to the Surrey County Cricket Club for a nominal rental, would, had it been built over, have brought in a very considerable amount annually to the Duchy of Cornwall) by causing to be laid out at Sandringham, under the direction of that popular cricketer, Chatterton, of the Derbyshire team, a new cricket ground for the use of the tenants on his Norfolk estate.

Although a celebrated professional, Bell, of Cambridgeshire, who was sent up from Eton to coach the young Princes at Windsor in the sixties, remarked when he returned that he "could make nothing of 'em," it is none the less a fact that His Majesty played cricket at Oxford during his University career, though the local Press of the period did not appear to be cognizant of the fact, seeing that no details of the Royal batting feats at the University are available, whilst the inscription upon the well-worn bat reproduced herewith, which bears on the back a silver medal engraved with the Three Feathers of the Princes of Wales, surmounted by a coronet, states that "this bat was used by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales when a member of Prince's Cricket Club."

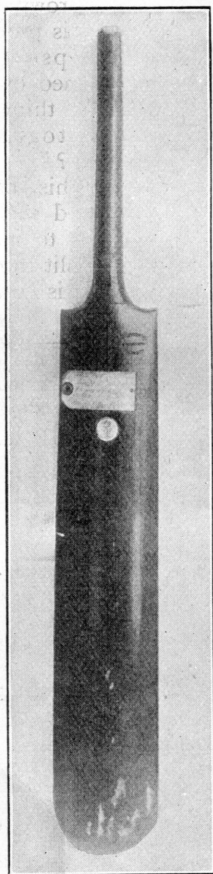
Whether this bat was used when the King assisted the I Zingari to beat the Gentlemen of Norfolk at Sandringham on July 17th, 1866, we are unable to say, but it is interesting to note that the fact that

Fortune knows no distinctions in the cricket-field was emphatically exemplified on this occasion, for a fast underhand ball seemingly of the "sneak" or "grub" persuasion, and of diabolical straightness, lowered the Royal wicket, and the score-sheet henceforward bore the entry:—

"H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, b. C. Wright, o."

It should be mentioned, *à propos* of this match, that the Zingari took down a very strong team, including several old Blues in the Hon. T. De Grey (Camb.), W. H. Dyke (now the Right Hon. W. Hart-Dyke), R. A. Fitzgerald (Camb.), who was at one time secretary of the Marylebone Cricket Club, and Lord Royston and a few representatives of the Gentlemen of England in C. F. Buller (a relative of the General) and Captain Arkwright, in addition to the already-mentioned "Blues." That the Zingari team, for whom the King fielded at short square leg, won by an innings and thirty-eight runs is not altogether surprising.

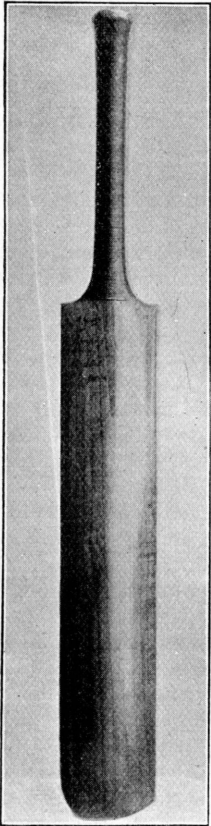
Although the name of Her Royal Highness Princess Louise is not included in that great work of cricketing reference, "Scores and Biographies," as having run up any notable score or performed any redoubtable bowling feat, that she takes a keen interest in the national game is evidenced by the fact that the bat shown in our second illustration was once her property. This bat, a most admirably balanced weapon for attack or defence, was purchased by Her Royal Highness in 1897 at the stall devoted to the sale of cricketing implements under the direction of Messrs. Feltham at



THE KING'S BAT, USED WHEN HIS MAJESTY WAS A MEMBER OF THE PRINCE'S CRICKET CLUB.

From a Photo. by Sands, Hunter, & Co.

the Imperial Fête of that year, and bears, as will be seen from the illustration showing the shoulder of the bat alone, the signatures of cricket's only "Champion," Dr. W. G. Grace;



PRINCESS LOUISE'S BAT—
FULL LENGTH.

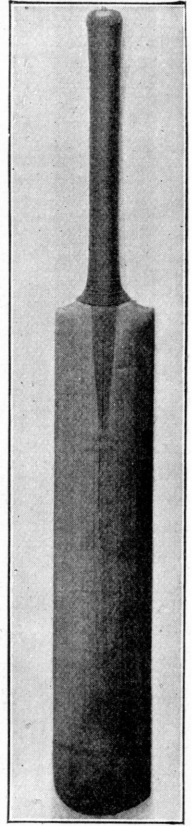
From a Photo. by W. Goshawk,
Harrow-on-the-Hill.

of Mr. G. L. Jessop, upon whose shoulders the mantle of that magnificent hitter, Mr. C. I. Thornton, appears to have fallen; and Brockwell, Abel, and Hayward, three representative professional cricketers of English fame. At the time the purchase was made it was a matter of conjecture as to what purpose the bat would be turned, but it eventually transpired that the Princess had given it to a young friend, Lord Stavorale, who when at Eton was regarded as a promising bat, and to whom we are indebted for permission to present the two photographs herewith published for the first time.

Some few years ago a red willow tree planted in 1835 beside the River Chelmar, at Boreham, was found when felled to be

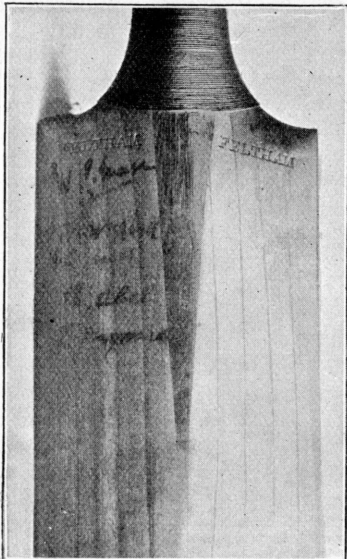
10ft. long and $5\frac{3}{4}$ ft. in diameter. From this giant of the species *salix* a firm of bat manufacturers in St. John's Wood made 1,179 cricket bats out of the prime cuts alone. With this data to assist him perhaps some energetic purveyor of popular statistics will kindly supply the answer to the query: "How many willow forests will have to be planted before the wood is grown from which a bat is produced that will eclipse the feat performed by the wielder of the third bat in our photographic collection?"

This bat which rendered such doughty service to its wielder until it split from shoulder to foot is now the treasured



A. C. MACLAREN'S BAT,
WITH WHICH HE MADE
THE RECORD SCORE OF
424 NOT OUT.

From a Photo. by W. Goshawk,
Harrow-on-the-Hill.



PRINCESS LOUISE'S BAT—SHOWING SIGNATURES.
From a Photo. by W. Goshawk, Harrow-on-the-Hill.



A. C. MACLAREN'S BAT—SHOWING
INSCRIPTION.

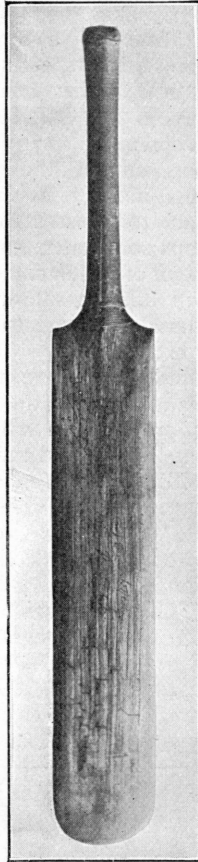
From a Photo. by W. Goshawk,
Harrow-on-the-Hill.

possession of the Old Harrovian Club, the windows of which look out upon the Harrow School playing-field, where from 1887, the year in which he received the Harrovian equivalent for his colours in his school team—namely, the black and white

speckled straw hat and white flannel trousers—until 1890, Mr. MacLaren, its original owner, by many remarkable innings foreshadowed his great career in the cricket-field.

As the statement on the bat itself, written and signed by the Lancashire captain, declares, it was with this bat, on July 15th and 16th, 1895, that Mr. MacLaren surpassed all previous individual scores in first-class cricket, including, of course, Dr. Grace's mammoth compilation of 334 against Kent in 1876, which remained a record for nineteen years. Mr. MacLaren had not attained his fifth birthday on the day Dr. Grace ran up his record score in first-class cricket; when he beat the said record in 1895 he had not quite attained the age of twenty-four.

Prior to the match with Lancashire in which Mr. MacLaren broke the record Somerset had had a very unpleasant experience at the bats of Essex, who in seven hours ran up the exceptional total of 692 runs, Carpenter scoring 153, Mr. C. McGahey 147, Mr. A. P. Lucas 135, and T. M. Russell 99. Tyler, it may be mentioned, took five wickets for 215 runs and Mr. S. M. J. Woods two for 171 in this match. After they had passed through such an experience it was a little unkind of fate to permit Mr. MacLaren to win the toss and go in on another perfect wicket, and even more unkind that the great batsman should elect to remain undisturbed at the stumps for seven hours and fifty minutes, during which time he can scarcely be said to have been idle, seeing that he hit one 6, sixty-two 4's, eleven 3's, thirty-seven 2's, and sixty-three singles. It should be mentioned that the Lancashire captain went in first, added 363 runs with Paul (171) for the second wicket in three hours and ten minutes, and was out seventh when 792 runs had been scored. When Lancashire were out for 801 runs, and the bowling



MR. V. T. HILL'S BAT,
USED AS AN AUTOGRAPH
"ALBUM."

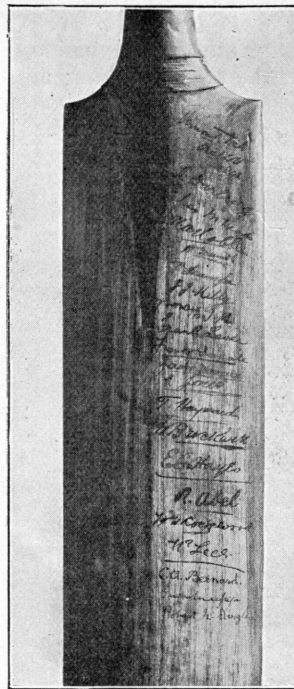
From a Photo. by W. Goshawk,
Harrow-on-the-Hill.

analysis was made public, it was found that Tyler had taken one wicket for 212 runs and Mr. Woods two for 163. A few weeks later, playing against Surrey, Tyler captured all ten Surrey wickets in the first innings for 49 runs; it would be difficult to cite a more extraordinary contrast in any cricket season in the case of any first-class bowler. As a memento of his wonderful feat the Lancashire County Cricket Club presented Mr. MacLaren with a gold chronometer; had they given him the contents of a watchmaker's shop it would not have been more than his deserts.

When a year last July Mr. H. Martyn, of Oxford, was scoring off the Cambridge bowling at the rate of two runs a minute many of the spectators who applauded his Jessopian feat recalled a similar display, dating back eight years, of which Mr. V. T. Hill (Winchester, Oxford, and Somerset) was the hero. When Mr. Hill's great innings in the University match of 1892 began the Oxford total was but 157 for five wickets—as things go a very moderate score; when he left the wickets after a most exhilarating innings, lasting just a hundred minutes, the Dark Blue's total, thanks to his and Mr. Jardine's fine display of batting, had been augmented

by 178 runs, of which Mr. Hill's share was 114, a score that contained more 4's than singles, the proportion being eighteen to thirteen.

A bat that had served its wielder so well obviously deserved a fate better than that which is usually accorded to a discarded implement, and Mr. Hill in having it planed and cleaned and using it as a novel sort of autograph "album" hit upon a very happy method of preserving it and adding to the undoubted interest it already possessed.



SIGNATURES ON BACK OF MR. HILL'S
BAT.

From a Photo. by W. Goshawk,
Harrow-on-the-Hill.

If the reader directs his attention to that photograph of the bat that shows a portion of the leather handle and back he will observe that the same is headed, in proximity to the shoulder, by the signature of Mr. Hill himself, who wrote under his signature, Vernon T. Hill, "Oriol College, 1892." Following the signature of the old Wykehamist, come those of several members of the last Australian team, including J. Dar-

adjudicate upon their respective claims for premiership would be a difficult task, seeing that whilst the former owns unique specimens, such as the cricket implements used by the Arctic explorers who went out to search for Sir John Franklin and who played on the ice, the latter has in the King's bat—already shown in our photographic collection by the kind permission of the owners—a specimen that they probably would not ex-



SIGNATURES ON FACE OF MR. HILL'S BAT.

From a Photo. by W. Goshawk, Harrow-on-the-Hill.

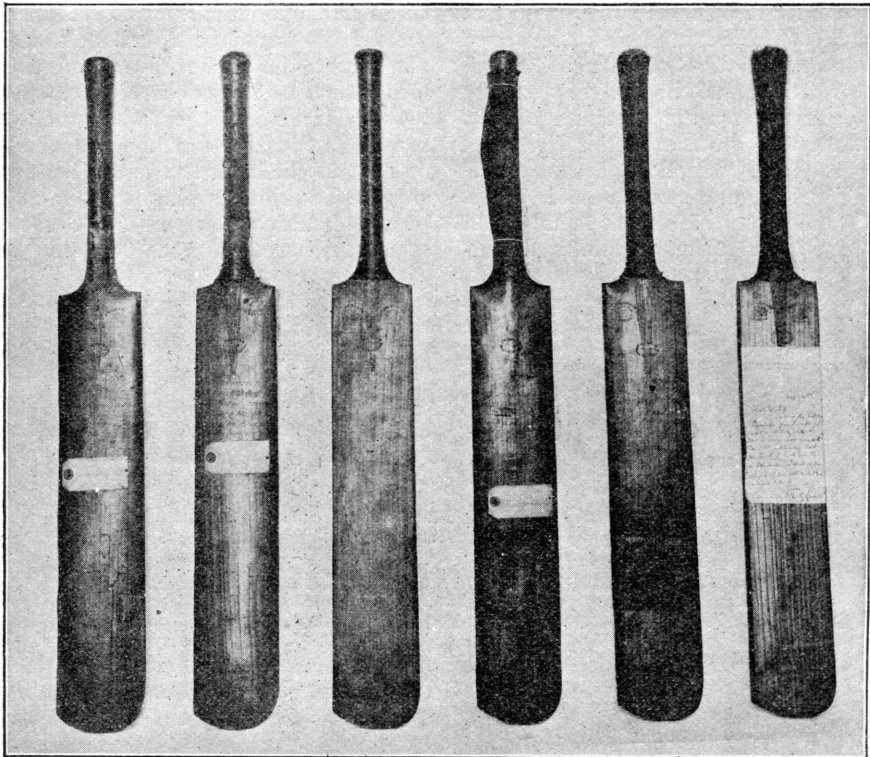
ling (the captain), Charles McLeod, M. A. Noble, H. Trumble, V. Trumper, J. J. Kelly, W. P. Howell (written upside down), Frank Laver, Frank Iredale, Jack Worrall, and E. Jones. Following these famous autographs can be discerned the calligraphy of T. Hayward, W. Brockwell, E. G. Hayes, R. Abel (who is apparently always ready and willing to add his signature to autograph bats), W. H. Lockwood, and W. Lees, of the Surrey team; C. A. Bernard, of Somerset; and Messrs. Gregor McGregor and Robert N. Douglas, of Middlesex. On that portion of the face of the bat shown in our second photograph the signatures of W. G. Grace, T. Richardson, W. N. Roe, K. S. Ranjit Sinhji, W. Newham, and George Brann stand out with great distinctness, whilst those of Messrs. Cyril O. H. Sewell, F. Stanley Jackson, George F. Vernon, S. M. J. Woods, A. O. Jones, J. A. Dixon, Lord Hawke, C. B. Fry, C. M. Wells, Francis G. Ford, and C. L. Townsend, in addition to others, are only just visible, these latter gentlemen being too economical in respect to the amount of ink they use for their signatures to permit the same to be quite so effective from a photographic point of view.

Of the many collectors of cricket bats two in particular are peculiarly rich in rare specimens, namely, Lord Sheffield, who has done so much for Sussex cricket, and the firm of John Wisden, so well known to wielders of bat and ball; to have to

change for any bat in existence, including that presented by the native sporting community of Calcutta on New Year's Eve, December 31st, 1898, to Prince Ranjit Sinhji, which bat took the shape of a small gold scarf-pin set in sapphires.

In addition to the King's bat Messrs. Wisden permitted us to add to our photographic collection the six bats shown herewith in the last of our photographs, that on the right belonging to Dr. W. G. Grace, and the other five from right to left being at one time in the possession of Messrs. Percy Perrin (of Essex), F. Stanley Jackson (Harrow, Cambridge, and Yorkshire), C. B. Fry (Oxford and Sussex), J. T. Brown (Yorkshire), and George Lohmann—all, with the exception, at the moment of writing, of Mr. Perrin, Internationals.

Undoubtedly the bat in the best state of repair is that of Dr. Grace, who states in the letter dated from the London County Cricket Club, pasted on its face, that he scored over a thousand runs with it, including the 126 he compiled for the South *v.* the North, at Lord's, in September, 1900, his highest score of the year. Mr. Perrin's bat, bound, it will be observed, in three places, bears an inscription to the effect that the popular Essex amateur scored a couple of thousand runs with it in 1898. The bat labelled "F. Stanley Jackson's bat" is not only thrice bound, but has a large piece of wood let into it, striking testimony of the fact that



Lohmann.

J. T. Brown.

C. B. Fry.

F. S. Jackson.

P. Perrin.

W. G. Grace.

From a Photo. by]

SIX FAMOUS BATS.

[Sands, Hunter, & Co.

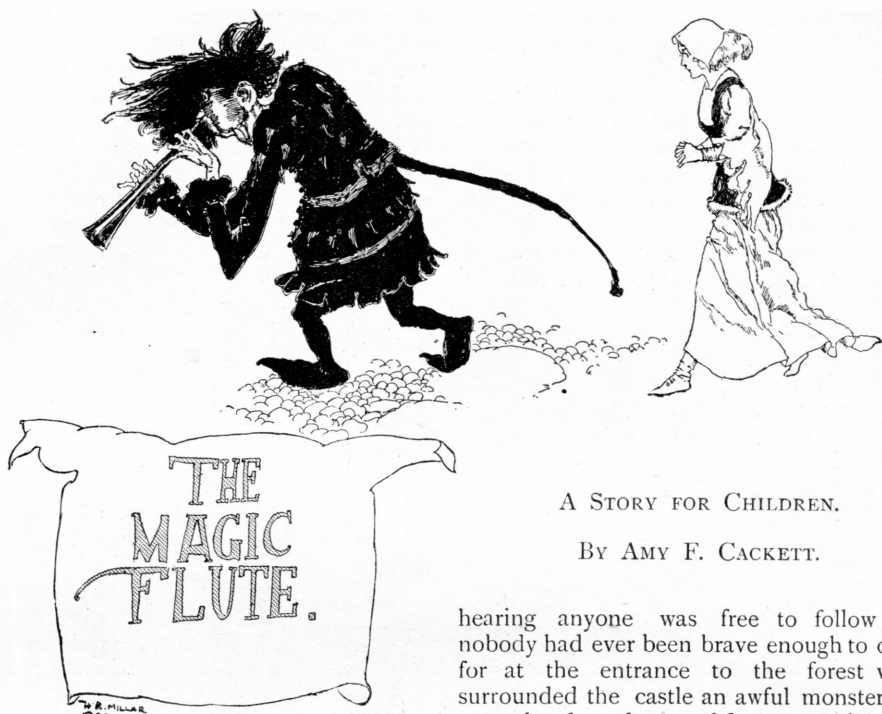
Mr. Jackson, who scored a couple of thousand runs with it, was in excellent form in 1893.

Upon the fourth bat from the right appears, in the handwriting of the celebrated Sussex cricketer, the inscription: "The blade to which this handle originally belonged was the best I have ever used.—C. B. FRY."

The fifth bat, that of J. T. Brown, is reminiscent of a great cricketing occasion, namely, the England *v.* Australia match played at Melbourne in March, 1895, and won by the former by five wickets. It was in this match that, England being set 297 to win and having lost two wickets (Mr. Stoddart's and Brockwell's) with but 28 runs on the board, J. T. Brown joined Albert Ward and, the former batting brilliantly for 140 and the latter playing a grand defensive innings of 93, no fewer than 210 runs were put on for their partnership, which practically won the match for the home country.

The sixth bat shown was once the possession of that popular Surrey cricketer, George Lohmann, who not only used it himself but apparently permitted all the other members of the Surrey eleven to do so also, with the result that in 1890-91-92 some 5,000 or 6,000 runs were scored with it. That it was a well-tried friend is proved by the wood that has been inlet, whilst other evidence is forthcoming in the shape of the numerous pegs introduced for the purpose of extending its career of usefulness.

In bringing this brief commentary on the bats portrayed to a close the writer takes the present opportunity of thanking Lord Stavordale, Messrs. A. C. McLaren, V. T. Hill, the officials of the old Harrovian Club, Messrs. Wisden's representative, and the other gentlemen who rendered him great assistance in preparing the accompanying photographic collection of famous bats, for their kindness in lending him the bats and giving him information concerning them.



A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

BY AMY F. CACKETT.



ONCE upon a time (that always means a very long time ago) there lived some people who ought to have been very, very happy. They had everything to make them glad and joyful—a lovely, smiling country with an abundance of fruit and flowers, rich houses and raiment, and beautiful children. Yet they were always mourning and always sad, for there was an awful curse over their land.

In the very midst of the country was a huge, black forest, in the middle of the forest was a great castle, and inside the castle dwelt an ogre who had a dreadful power over them. Whenever he came amongst them he played some wonderful music on a flute, and as soon as he piped all the people of the country became as stone, unable to move hand or foot.

But if the ogre beckoned to any of them they had to follow him. They could not help doing so; as soon as his finger pointed the way they moved towards him as if drawn by cords. Whoever followed him went into his castle and was never heard of any more.

And so these people who ought to have been so happy were always sad, for the ogre had lured away many of their most beautiful maidens.

As soon as the music passed out of their

hearing anyone was free to follow; but nobody had ever been brave enough to do so, for at the entrance to the forest which surrounded the castle an awful monster with many heads and eyes of fire was stationed.

Tradition said that if you succeeded in passing it you only lost your life in the forest, which was pitch dark, for the trees closed up and crushed you as you tried to pass. And, even if you did get past the dragon and through the forest, the castle was guarded by bad spirits who would not let you enter. These dangers took away all the courage of the people, and they did nothing but weep for those taken from them.

Ruling over this land was a lovely Princess called Villette, whose father and mother had died when she was quite young. And as the years went by she grew more and more beautiful, and the people loved her very much, but were always afraid that she might be taken from them by the dreadful ogre.

Villette had recently been betrothed to a Prince named Boldheart, who lived in another country a long way off. The people loved him, too, and when he married Villette they were to be crowned King and Queen.

Boldheart left his country so as to stay near Villette and watch over her. He would never let her go outside the palace grounds, for he feared that the ogre might see her, and he had sworn that if ever she was lured away to the castle he would brave all the dangers and attempt to rescue her. But the people only smiled and prayed that he might not be put to the test, for many of them had sworn

the same vow, but no one had ever passed the terrible dragon at the entrance to the forest.

One day, after he had been out hunting, as Boldheart was getting near the palace he heard the dreaded music and at once became as if chained to the earth. His heart sank within him, for the music came from the palace, and a moment afterwards he saw his lovely Princess being led away to her awful doom. For everyone was quite sure that the fate of those who went within the castle must be awful. His rage and horror were useless, as he could neither move nor speak.

As soon as the music had passed away and he was free he rushed to the palace to prepare to keep his vow and endeavour to rescue his beloved Princess. The people all flocked around him to try to dissuade him by telling him that they would not only lose their Princess, but him also. They begged him to listen to them and to stay and rule over them. But he would not listen; he could not live without his beautiful Princess, he said.

So he entered the palace to prepare himself. He buckled on his sword and armour; but his great dread was of the mystic music. Of what use was his good sword and all his courage if he should hear that and be rendered powerless and unable to move? He rushed out of the palace so that his misgivings should not make a coward of him.

Outside the people stopped him and brought to him a strange old man who had asked to see the Prince. The old man was

all red—long red beard and hair, rich ruddy skin, and long flowing red robes. He made everything look quite bright and cheerful. He said his name was Encourage, and that he had come from afar to try to help these people. He told Boldheart that he would give him

a phial which contained a liquid, and if he was a really brave man it would make him impervious to the influence of the music. But if he was a coward at heart it would be of no use to him whatever.

Boldheart asked him why he had not given this liquid to others, and the old man replied sadly that he had given it to many, but that they must have been weak-hearted, because it had never done any of them any good. Boldheart took the phial gladly. Then the people sorrowfully wished him good-bye, but none dared to follow him.

When he reached the place where the dragon stood his heart sank, for the monster was truly terrible to look at with its many heads and flaming eyes. He stepped back afraid, and as he did so the monster became bigger and fiercer than ever.

Poor Boldheart felt that he could never kill that awful thing, so he sat down and looked at it and wept. The more he looked and wept the bigger and bigger grew the monster. It made no attempt to touch him, it only grew, and grew, and grew, becoming more dreadful every moment, glowing with angry fire from every point, so



"HE SAW HIS LOVELY PRINCESS BEING LED AWAY TO HER AWFUL DOOM."

that Boldheart could feel the heat even from afar off, and snorting so loudly that it shook the earth on which the Prince stood.

At last Boldheart remembered his vow. He sprang up and cried, "Is this how you love your Princess? Coward! you can but die, as she will surely do if you do not rescue her."

His eyes flashed and he looked brave once more as he turned to the monster with defiance. And then he fancied it did not look quite so big.

"Either I get past you, or you shall kill me," he shouted.

As he said that the monster certainly became smaller.

Boldheart grasped his sword and ran towards the dragon, and at every step he took the monster became smaller and smaller, until at last,



"BOLDHEART GRASPED HIS SWORD AND RAN TOWARDS THE DRAGON."

when Boldheart was quite near it and struck at it with his sword, the beast had become so tiny that he had not the heart to kill it. So he walked by it and entered the great dark forest.

After he had gone a few yards everything became black, blacker even than the darkest night or a blackbird's wing. The Prince could find no path, and at every step he stumbled and bruised himself against the trees and tore himself amongst the thickly-tangled brambles. The more he tried to pass, the closer the brambles twined round his feet. He struggled and struggled, but could not move.

Boldheart felt that he would never reach

the castle and his Princess at this pace. He must think of a better way. As soon as he thought a thought the whole wood became quite light and the brambles cleared before him. You see, it was one of those bright, luminous thoughts, and they do light up tangled ways. Boldheart rejoiced and thought and thought, until a clear, straight path was before him, which he hoped would lead to the castle. He went quickly along it, sword in hand, so as to be strong against sudden danger.

As he strode along a sweet fragrance filled the air. The path led on and on; and the farther he went the more scent-laden became the atmosphere, until at last he reached a lovely scene.

Before him lay a beautiful blue lake with the most wonderful flowers growing everywhere out of it, and right in the middle rose the gabled and turreted castle, looking a mighty stronghold as the sun shone upon it.

Boldheart paused to admire the scene and to inhale the languorous perfume in the air. He had never seen flowers growing out of the water like that before, and

they were such wonderful flowers too, all of them being nearly as tall as he was. They all had their heads bent one way, as if asleep or listening to something.

He put out his hand to bend one towards him, so as to find out if the fragrance came from them. To his astonishment, instead of meeting the soft, yielding stem of a flower, his fingers felt a hard substance like wood, which resisted all his efforts to try and bend it.

Then Boldheart knew that the gentle flowers heard the cruel music, and he pitied them, and was glad to think that he was strong against it. The thought of the music

reminded him of his Princess, whom he had forgotten for a moment. He told himself that he must not tarry, but he felt strangely tired and sleepy.

He walked round and round the lake, trying to find a way across, but no way could he find. Then he prepared to swim to the castle and leapt into the water. But when he tried to swim he found that he could not move his limbs. The water seemed so heavy, and although he tried hard to keep above it he was sinking fast and the heavy fragrance was taking away his senses.

He roused himself to another effort, and with much difficulty he struggled back to the bank. When he recovered his strength and his senses somewhat he found that he carried the heavy scent about with him, and then he discovered that the lake threw off the perfume into the air, and that the longer he stayed under its influence the weaker he became.

Boldheart tried to think how he could cross the lake, but his senses were so dulled that the thought was not a bright, path-clearing one. It only told him to cut down some of the flowers and bind them together, so that he could float on them to the other side.

He drew out his sword and slashed those nearest him. Then he dropped it quickly, for as he cut the stems of the flowers they quivered and bled rich, warm blood. A shudder that shook the air ran through all

the other flowers, as those he had cut down lay writhing on the bank.

The poor Prince's spirits sank with horror. He looked at the flowers, and as he looked they seemed almost to take human shape. He would have to cut down many to make his raft. Could he spill blood like that, even to save his Princess? It seemed rather a coward's way to cut down the harmless flowers. But what else could he do? So he shut his eyes and went forward once more, sword in hand.

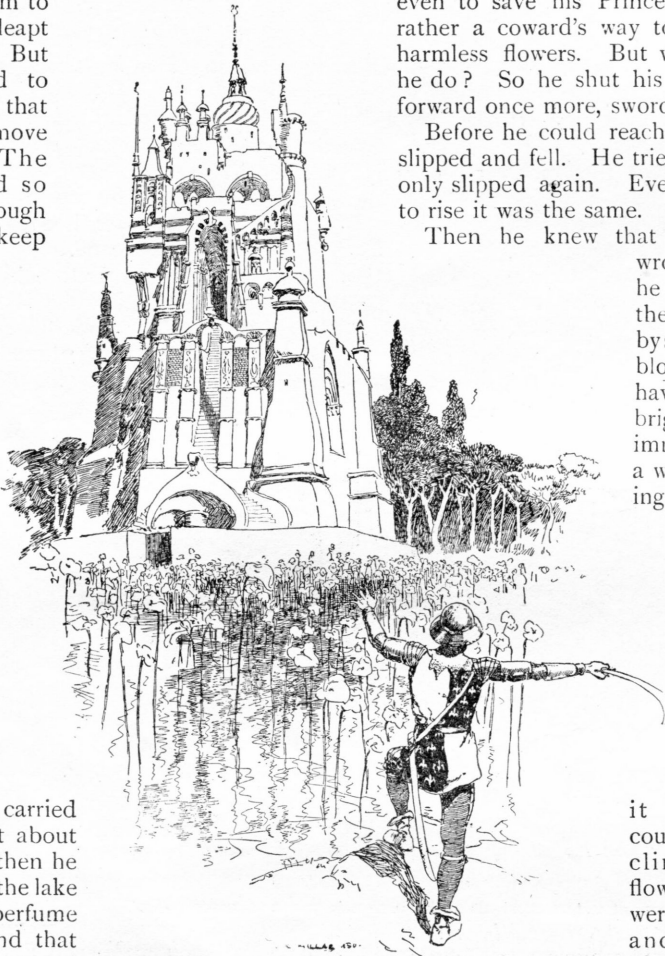
Before he could reach the flowers he slipped and fell. He tried to get up, but only slipped again. Every time he tried to rise it was the same.

Then he knew that he had acted wrongly, and that he could not win the crown of victory by spilling innocent blood. That must have been another bright thought, for immediately he saw a way of overcoming his difficulty, and then he found that he had left the slippery place and was able to get to his feet.

Why had he not thought of it before? Of course he could climb over the flowers. The stems were stiff like trees and would bear him.

So he removed his slippery boots and climbed on to the nearest flower. Then he sprang lightly from flower to flower, going as gently as possible, so as not to hurt them. Sometimes he forgot and tried to hurry. When he did that he was sure to slip and be in danger of falling into the drugged lake.

The Prince was becoming very weary when he reached the last flower, and he sat down upon it, for his feet were very sore, and the jump down into the courtyard of the castle looked very deep. As soon as he sat down and thought about the depth it began to get



"HE DREW OUT HIS SWORD AND SLASHED THOSE NEAREST HIM."

deeper and deeper, and the more he thought about his sore feet the more painful they became.

Boldheart remembered the dragon.

"This will never do," he exclaimed, and he did not look any more, but flung himself down from the top of the flower.

When his feet touched the ground there was a great shock like an earthquake, and for a moment he lay stunned. Then he rose and turned to look at the mighty castle. To his wonder and amazement he saw that it was rocking from side to side.

Boldheart rushed to the massive doors and beat at them with his sword. As he did so they fell in, and Boldheart ran back as the whole castle tottered and then fell with a mighty crash. It was only a cowards' castle made strong by cowards' imaginations, and it could not stand before the attack of a brave man.

When Boldheart recovered from the shock he went wildly among the ruins in search of his Princess. But nowhere could he see her. Crushed in the ruin of his castle, with the magic flute at his feet, the Prince discovered the evil ogre. He picked up the flute and went on vainly searching for his Princess, but at last, when he was sure that she was not there, he turned sadly away.

He was so sorrowful that he hung his head so as not to see the bright sun and the lovely flowers; but he had scarcely left the ruins when he felt soft arms around him and a warm kiss on his brow. He looked up quickly and found that he was in the midst of a number of beautiful maidens, and beside him was his own Princess.

He gazed around in wonderment, and then he noticed that all the flowers had gone. Boldheart then looked at the maidens again, and he saw many faces that he knew, for they were the long-mourned daughters and sweethearts whom the ogre had enticed away by his music.

There was great rejoicing when they all



"HE SAW MANY FACES THAT HE KNEW."

returned to the town. But the men also felt great shame, for they knew now that all their troubles had been of their own making because they had been too cowardly to fight against them.

The next day Prince Boldheart was married to Princess Villette. And then they took the magic flute and burnt it on the ruins of the castle. As it burnt a huge stone statue arose out of the ruins, and there it stands to this day.

The dragon (whose name, by the way, was Trouble-and-Care) they never quite got rid of. But when he appeared and they went to fight him he always ran away, so that they could not kill him.

He did not trouble them much, however, and at any rate he did not keep them from being very happy in their lovely land, now that the ogre and his magic flute had gone.

Postage-Stamp Pictures.



LET me hasten to assure readers at the outset that the subject of this article is not such that will interest philatelists only, but also those who have never taken more than a "licking interest" in stamps in their lives, and regard with contempt what they term the collecting craze. The uses for old stamps of no value in bulk beyond £3 or £4 a million are numerous, but the most popular use to which they have hitherto been put is the decoration of such articles as ash-trays and cigarette-cases, plaques for the wall, drinking-glasses, and the like; and there is in existence more than one suite of furniture thus elaborated, and more than one room in the world plastered over and hung about with festoons and ropes of used and valueless postage-stamps.

Plates and other articles thus adorned make by no means disfiguring ornaments for wall and shelf, but there is a higher art in the manipulation of these multi-coloured scraps of paper than consists in merely pasting them down with studied negligence over a plate or glass. Up to the present, however, it is but little known, for

it has not been noised abroad to the millions who might be inclined to attempt to make a hobby for pleasure or profit or both; indeed, until recently it was quite a one-man art, no one than its initiator understanding it. This was undoubtedly because M. Desseignes, the gentleman in question, an ardent collector of postage-stamps, had not disclosed in their entirety the facts as to how it was done. He took old stamps of no value, cut them into various shapes of different sizes, and with these composed floral designs and coats-of-arms on porcelain plaques. These he showed to M. Maury, the well-known *Marchand des Timbres-postes*, of the Boulevard Montmartre, Paris, and M. Maury, introducing them to his

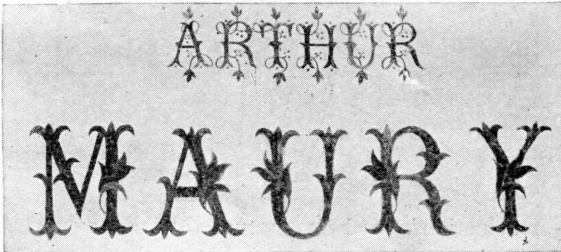
philatelic customers, found for these unique, artistic, and beautiful creations a ready sale.

Parquetry work with stamps is nothing new, but never until M. Desseignes took a hand in it had there been produced anything so delicate and well executed; while the idea of turning stamps into flowers and the like was quite new and novel. M. Maury, who is, of course, an authority on everything in which postage-stamps play a part, explained that the success of M. Desseignes was due to the fact that he possessed a true artist's instinct of colours and knew how to handle them to get the very best effects. Indeed, in the production of first-class work of this description everything depends upon the possession of this instinct, which, according to M. Maury, so few, unfortunately, can claim. As it is necessary to the painter in oil and water-colours so it is necessary to the artist in postage-stamps, which are to the latter what the paint-box is to the former.

The nature of the work produced by M. Desseignes can be readily seen from the photographs illustrating this article, though, no doubt, many will find it hard to believe that the beautiful floral

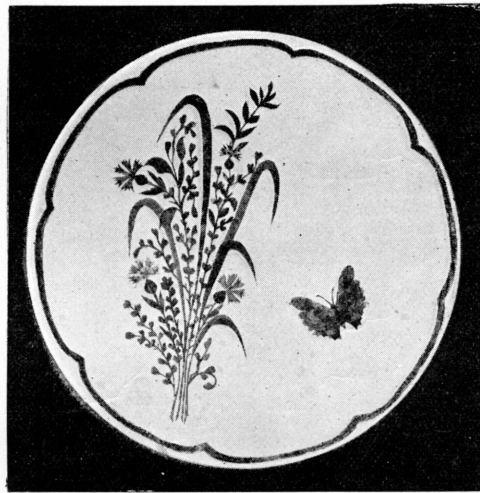
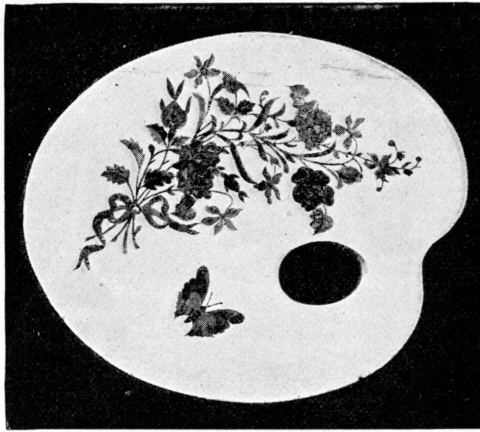
sprays, the marvellous life-like butterflies, and the wonderful lattice design shown on one of the plaques have been obtained with nothing else than postage-stamps. Such, however, is the truth, but to appreciate the designs as they should be appreciated one must see the plaques themselves, for our photographic reproductions do not convey the beautiful colours in the originals, the blending of which is more than half their charm. They look like nothing so much as plates hand-painted in oils, and it is only when one examines the work closely that the real character of it becomes apparent and increases one's admiration.

There are many stamp collectors who in the pursuit of their hobby have no doubt accumulated a lot of stamps of little value with which they are at a loss to know what to



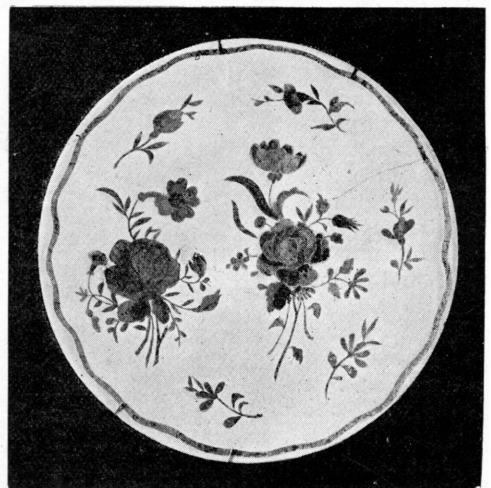
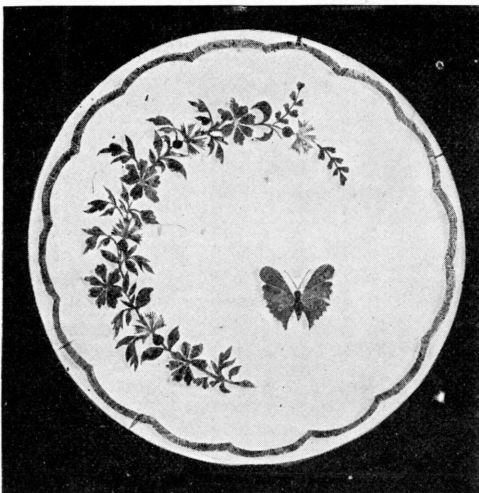
A SPECIMEN OF M. DESSEIGNES' LETTER-WORK IN STAMPS.
From a Photograph.

do. To give them away to others or to burn them has been the only means of getting rid of them, taking it for granted that the philatelists have a sufficiency of articles decorated with them; now they have open a new course, if they care to follow it—as may anyone who cares to purchase for next to nothing a quantity of variously coloured stamps which have done their duty so far as the postal authorities are concerned. No artistic temperament is required to make the designs to be placed on plaque or palette, for these can be copied, and though it cannot be promised that beginners will immediately achieve great things, patient practice cannot fail to end in success more or less pronounced, though those who possess the colour instinct will always produce the best results.



Stamps and plaques in hand, the necessary tools must be obtained. First and foremost are required several small cardboard boxes, into which the stamps must be sorted according to their colours. A small pair of scissors with long fine blades and a double-edged blade or lancet will be wanted for cutting the stamps into pieces; while the object of a good sticking-gum and varnish is too obvious to need explaining. In addition, tracing and carbon papers are essential, for, of course, beginners will find it easier to trace existing designs from other pieces of china and the like than to commence with originals.

M. Desseignes advises the copying of the simplest design to begin with, and recommends flowers, because one can get from the natural blossoms an idea of the



required colours. It is not necessary to choose large designs, small ones give better results; and the decorations on Strassbourg, Rouen, and Mousten china-ware are admirably adapted to copying, as the numbers of colours are comparatively few.

The stamps to be used must first be cleaned of any paper adhering to them. This is easily done by soaking them in water. Afterwards, they are dried between clean cloth and sheets of blotting paper, and then left in a press or beneath some heavy weight, so that they become perfectly flat whilst getting quite dry at the same time. It is a simple matter to take a tracing of the flower to be reproduced, and its outline and other guiding lines are transferred from one tracing paper through one carbon paper on to the plate to be worked on.

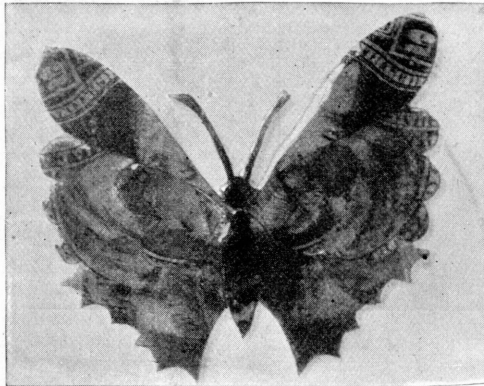
To cut the stamps into shapes to fit the design and build up the flower becomes a simple matter with practice. Imagining that the bloom in question is a red rose, a stamp of suitable tint is taken and placed beneath the tracing paper, and the desired shape is traced on to it, but it is better to make the impression on the back of the stamp rather than on its

face. Thus, bit by bit, the flower is traced in stamps of different shades and tints, the stamps are cut as traced, and then carefully the pieces are pasted down on the plate. Although these instructions sound so extremely simple that a child could not fail to follow them, to carry them out correctly is no easy matter, and a steady hand and a sure eye are necessary to excellent execution of the work. Many of the pieces will be found to be so small that the artist will do well to supply himself

with a tiny pair of pincers; indeed, unless his fingers are naturally small and delicate a pair of these will be absolutely indispensable.

Before again touching the plate the gum must be allowed to dry. Then any raggedness in the design can be cut away with a lancet, and the undesirable morsels will disappear with a little gentle persuasion, when the next operation of washing the plaque with tepid water and a sponge will clean off any superfluous gum on the face and round the edges of the postage-stamp flower.

The sponge must be slightly dampened and drawn lightly over the design in one direction only; a too liberal use of water and a heavy hand

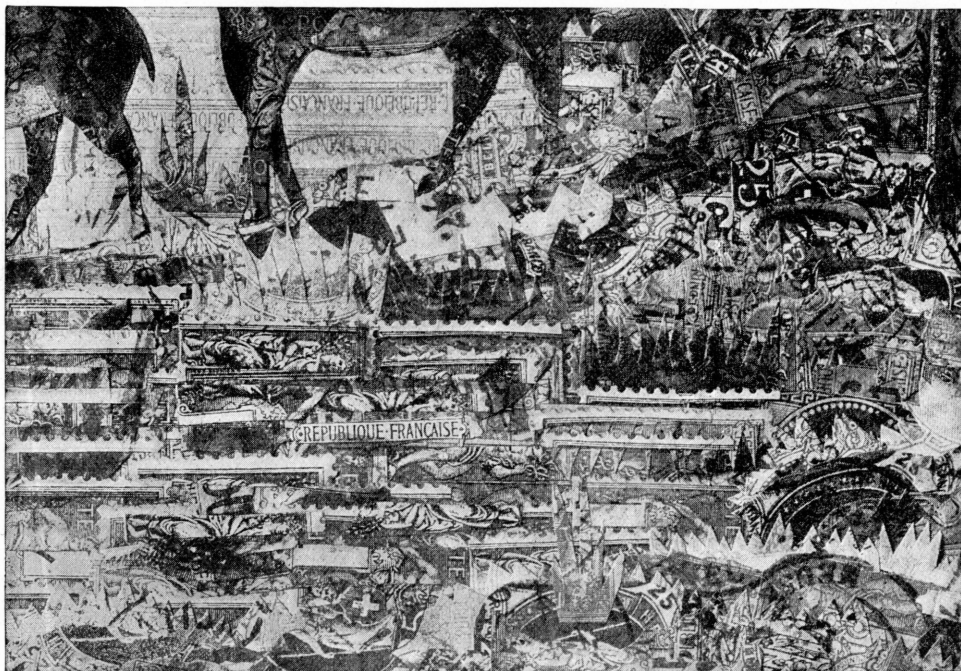


From a) A POSTAGE-STAMP BUTTERFLY. [Photograph.]



A LANDSCAPE MADE ENTIRELY FROM POSTAGE-STAMPS—THE MOST WONDERFUL PIECE OF WORK OF ITS KIND EVER EXECUTED.

From a Photograph.



From a]

PART OF THE PRECEDING LANDSCAPE SHOWING THE ACTUAL SIZE.

[Photograph.

travelling about in all directions tend to wrinkle up the edges and make a lot of extra work, if it does not entirely ruin what has been done. With a soft, clean piece of linen the plate must be dried; gentle dabbing will have the desired result.

Now the artist will, for the first time, be able to gather some idea of the result of his labours. It may not be so satisfactory as he had hoped, but patience and practice will secure better things. It will probably happen that the design has the appearance of discontinuity—that is, being made up of separate pieces—but this is only to be expected. In a perfect design this would not be the case, the aim of the maker being to give the idea that the flower is all in one piece. Gaps can, however, be filled up with the tiniest morsels of stamps.

It only remains now to varnish the design, but before this can be done the plate must be put away out of the dust for a day, to ensure that it shall be perfectly dry. The varnish is not smothered all over the surface of the plate, only the design itself is glazed with it, and this naturally is an operation requiring a very steady hand. The application of this liquid gives the work the appearance of a painting on porcelain, and at even a short distance one would need to have a sharp eye to tell the differ-

ence. The drying of the varnish is an important matter, and while this is in progress the plaque must again be placed out of the reach of dust and dirt. It may be that this decoration of plaques, as described, sounds too trivial for some persons to undertake, while the nature of the work does not appeal to others; but there is still hope for them if they would become artists in postage-stamps—using the word artist in the full sense of the word, *i.e.*, a painter of pictures and not merely of floral design. Set them at the photograph reproduced on the preceding page. They will see at once that it is, indeed, a perfect picture of a pool, wherein a couple of deer are assuaging their thirst beneath the shade of tall trees. It is to be regretted that it is not possible to present this picture in all its beautiful colours, for at first glance it looks as though they had been transferred by an artist's brush. It is a large picture—some 2½ ft. in depth by 1½ ft. in width, and every scrap of it is postage-stamp.

If a reader feels inclined to doubt it he will gather conviction from the last photograph, which shows just a small portion of the bottom of the same picture. In this the stamps show up plainly.

How many hundreds of stamps, cut into how many shapes, how many colours are here represented, it is quite impossible to say.

Curiosities.*

[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]

A CURIOUS RAILWAY SMASH.

Messrs. Alfred Field and Henry Sharp, both newspaper correspondents, of New South Wales, send the accompanying picture of a remarkable railway accident. They also send the following description: "This peculiar accident occurred on the Western line of railway from Sydney to Bourke, in New South Wales. A train of forty empty coal-waggons was going down the first grade or road on its journey to Lithgo, but on reaching the point where it stops to back down the middle road the brakes got out of order, causing the train to keep up its speed and dashing the engine against the stop-blocks, which, by the way, were powerfully built. Not content with



wrecking these the engine dashed over the roads until it stopped, as seen in the photo., with a bogie and leading wheels hanging in mid-air, 3,000ft. above the gully below."—Photo. by Austin Cockerton.

HONEY-MAKING IN A HELMET.

Corporal H. Redfern, 22nd Co. Imperial Yeomanry, Herbert Hospital, Woolwich, has had a strange experience. He writes: "The photograph I send you is that of a helmet which I discovered in a case of helmets that were sent out to South Africa to one of the Yeomanry depôts. On the case being opened the helmet of which I send you the photograph was found to have a swarm of bees in it. They had evidently got into the case and swarmed in the helmet. All

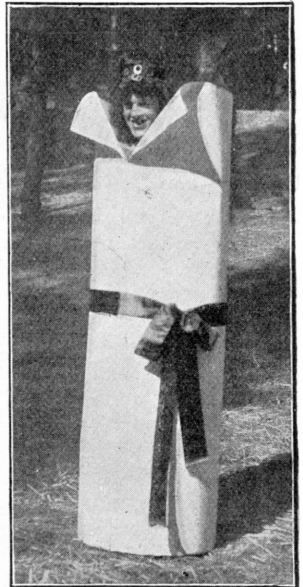


the bees were living and I kept them in the helmet for a few days, when they took their departure, leaving the cakes in the helmet as can be seen in the picture."

WELL COLLARED.

"We all have heard that a handsome woman should be *bien gantée* and *bien chaussée*, and here is one who is apparently well collared. But the face is not that of a woman after all. The photograph is that of a male student of the University of California, made up with long hair and all but hidden from view entirely by an enormous collar with a huge bow of ribbon encircling it in the middle. The photograph was taken by Backus, of

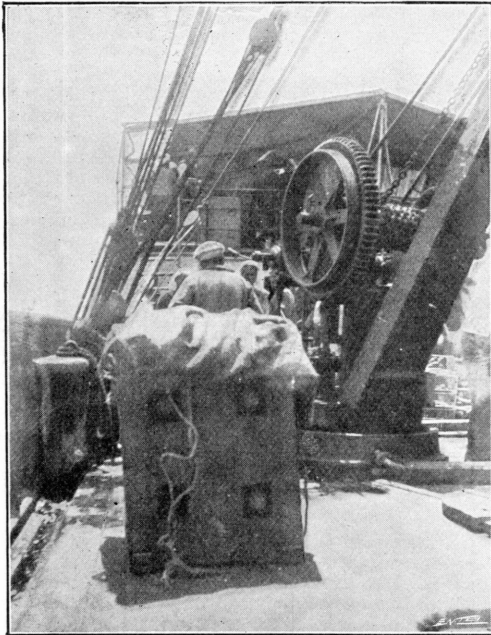
San Francisco, in the grounds of the University of California, at Berkeley, on Charter Day, when the students of American Universities hold processions and indulge in pranks and antics of all sorts." — Mr. Arthur Inkersley, of San Francisco.



* Copyright, 1901, by George Newnes, Limited.

AN INGENUOUS
FANCY DRESS.

"Herewith a photo. of my character in the Watford Wheelers' Carnival, held on Oct. 10th, 1900. The character represents, as you see, a scarecrow; it is mounted on a tricycle, but this is hidden from view by the miniature field. Although I am not in view I can assure you I was inside this suit (if I may call it such) when this photo. was taken, as well as when I was judged in competition. So that nothing should be out of keeping with the character, I used turnips for my lanterns. These I cut out as you can see by the photo. and placed a candle inside, and when these were lighted they proved a great success. I entered in the comic class as 'Have you ever seen this in a field?' and with this character I gained the first prize valued £1 10s. I think you will agree with me that even for a cycle carnival it is indeed a curiosity."—Mr. Arthur Linley, Lower Derby Road, Watford, Herts.



TWO WIVES IN A PACKING-CASE.

"I took this photo. at Casablanca, in Morocco. It shows a case in which are two of the wives of a Moorish swell. In the background on the upper deck is another case containing a third wife. As soon as they were swung on board a huge screen was placed around them so that no man might look on them, so I think I am very lucky in obtaining this photo.,

which I hope to find in your splendid selection of 'Curiosities.' P.S.—Their consignment note ran thus: 'Two cases of women.'"
—Mr. E. W. Jenkins, Foydeane, Boscombe, Hants.

A STRANGE
NESTING-PLACE.

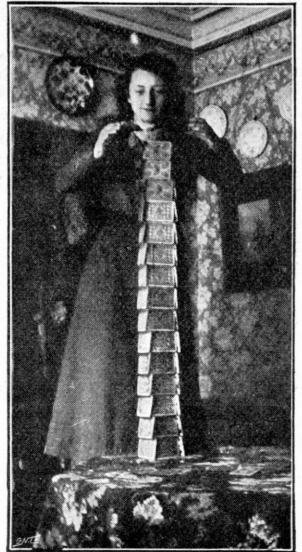
Here is a little robin redbreast that was fond of Cerebos, hence his predilection for a tin of that product, in which he has built his little nest. Some time ago the proprietors of Cerebos Salt adver-

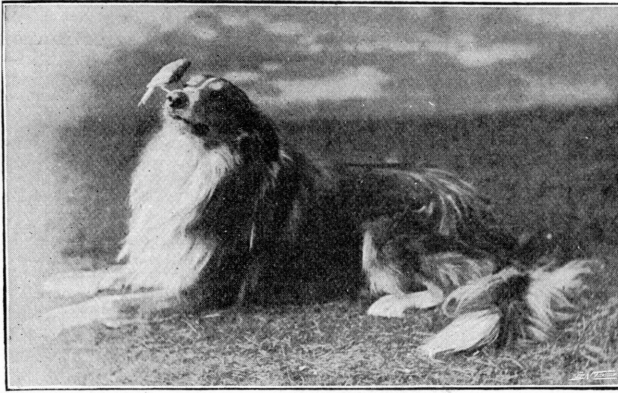


tised for a list of the best uses to which empty tins could be put, but, needless to add, birds' nesting-places were not among the suggestions sent in.

A RECORD CARD
TOWER.

"Some time ago I began to build card towers. I send you the photograph of one fifteen stories high, taken by my brother. My friends think it is rather an unusual feat. I made a tower seventeen stories high, but unfortunately the negative is a very bad one."—Miss Victoria Maitland, 50, Norfolk Square, Hyde Park, W.





A CHARMING PICTURE.

Mr. John H. Coath, photographer, Liskeard, who took this charming photo., writes: "Dr. Seecombe, of St. Austell, the owner of dog and canary, says the dog is a thoroughbred collie, Tregarne Prince, registered at Kennel Club; the canary a Norwich. The canary used to sit on the back of a chair and sing. One day it flew off the chair on to the dog's back. Dr. Seecombe, who had trained the dog to hold a piece of sugar on its nose, thought he would try the canary, and after a while he succeeded, and now the dog's nose is a favourite place with the canary. The dog is very pleased to have it there, and will sit or lie any length of time and will keep perfectly quiet. Two or three have tried to photograph this interesting pair, but without success. I exposed four plates on them, all of which gave good results."



COLLECTION OF HUNTSMEN'S BUTTONS.

"I beg to submit to you for 'Curiosities' a photograph of a collection of huntsmen's buttons, from Queen Victoria's hounds downwards, which should be most interesting, especially to sportsmen. The collection is in the possession of Mr. H. R.

Kay, of Hope Cottage, Patching, near Worthing, who owns a pack of foxhounds. I ought to mention that this collection is, as far as I can discover, absolutely unique."—Mr. G. Johns, 67, Upper Westbourne Villas, Hove.

A NEW GAME FOR TYPISTS.

"I herewith forward you for your 'Curiosities' the 'balance-sheet' of a new game played by two persons with a typewriter. The first presses the key for a certain letter, the other then follows, and so on alternately until a breakdown occurs. It is fascinating, simple, and instructive, and proficiency in it can be acquired

Hens arranged theis

Ha! You ass. 0

I am an ass. Horses are not a bad s

The bad zebra with the groc

Solmn

My onslaught

Nonsensc

Sorry was the man when Tim stood on h

Hens ut

lrr

after a very brief period."—Mr. Joseph O'Donoghue, Dingle, Co. Kerry.

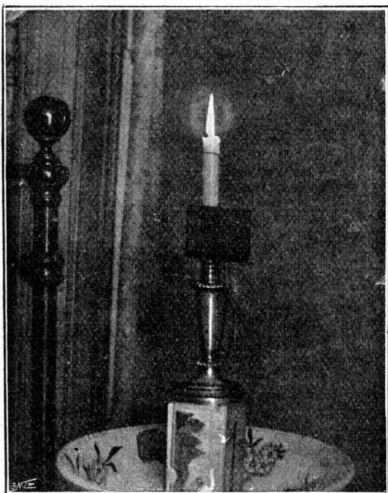
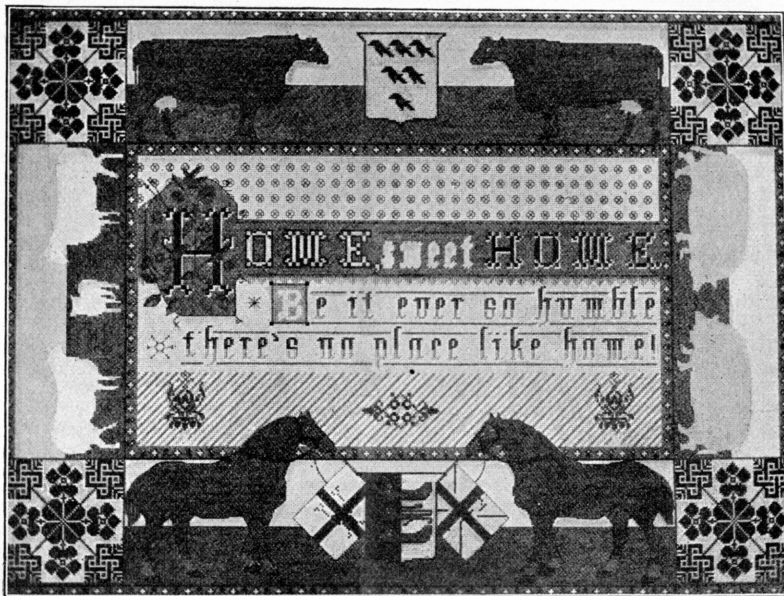
RARA AVIS.

"I am sending you the photograph of a 'white starling' which was shot on this place on May 30th, by the keeper. It is rather smaller than the ordinary starling and pure white, with a yellow bill. The bird was stuffed by Quatermaine, of Stratford-on-Avon. I believe the bird is a great rarity; the oldest inhabitants of the neighbourhood do not remember ever seeing one before."—Miss Maye Bruce, Norton Hall, Campden, Gloucestershire.



LADIES, PLEASE
NOTE.

"I am sending you a photo. of something I made in my leisure time during the three last winters' evenings. It is a piece of ornamental needlework by one of the sterner sex, and much admired by my friends. I thought it might also interest your readers. The design was worked upon a fine perforated cardboard with various coloured filo-selle silks, in what the ladies are pleased to call 'cross' and 'tenth stitch.' The card contains $367\frac{1}{2}$ square inches, with 420 holes to the square inch, giving a total of 154,350 holes, nearly all of which are filled, and many of the holes had to be used more than twice over. To assist me in my self-imposed and tedious task my wife used to read aloud to me whilst I was working at it, and we managed thus to spend many long and happy evenings together, and to get through a good many volumes ere I completed my task."—Mr. Walter Field, St. Helens, near Hastings, Sussex.



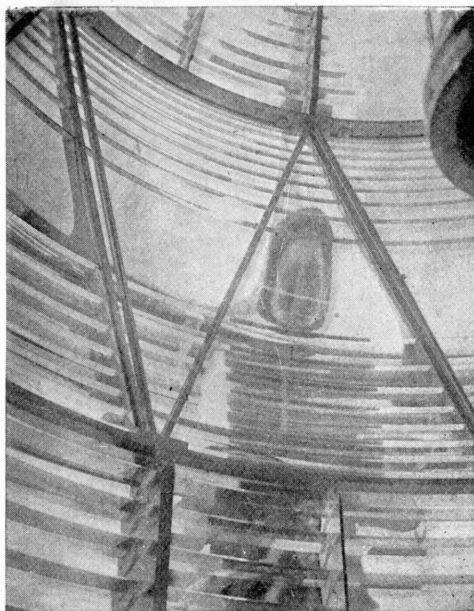
AN INGENIOUS ALARUM.

"The accompanying photo. illustrates a device hit upon by an Irish police-sergeant in days when alarm clocks were less common, and a good deal more expensive, than now. The sergeant found it very hard to wake in time for 'guard' duty, and on more than one occasion nearly got into trouble through oversleeping. He experimented with a certain make of candle until he found what length was consumed per hour, and in a short time was able to mark off the hour spaces on each candle. When retiring he tied a thread around a candle at a mark which represented

the time at which he wished to awaken. From the thread was suspended a small metal box partly filled with shot, which hung over a tin-ware basin. When the candle burned to the thread the box clattered into the basin, and the rattle of the shot and box combined to make a noise which aroused the sergeant to his duties."—Mr. T. J. O'Callaghan, 16, Sunday's Well, Cork.

THE DISTORTED LIGHTHOUSE-KEEPER.

"I send you a photograph which I hope may interest your readers of 'Curiosities.' It is that of a lighthouse-keeper through the lenses, and shows him, of course, greatly distorted."—Mr. Dudley H. Magnus, Geldholt Hall, Stonebridge Park, N.W.





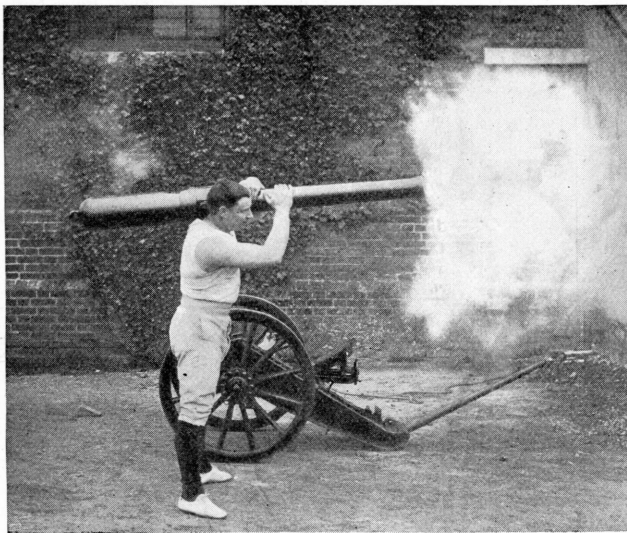
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A PECULIAR POST-CARD.

"Some months ago you published in the 'Curiosity' pages of your STRAND MAGAZINE a photo. of a post-card with the address and correspondence written in shorthand, and I inclose herewith post-card written in backhand which I forwarded and which was delivered in due course to a friend of mine. The post-card can easily be read by holding it before a looking-glass.—Mr. Harry Alden, 1, Brick Street, Bury.

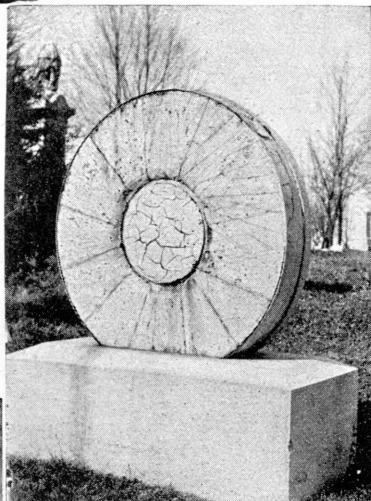
A SPLENDID FEAT OF STRENGTH.

"I send this photograph of one of the strongest men in the Army, for some time sergeant-instructor at Woolwich. His name is Sergeant Hawthorne. The gun he has on his shoulder, and which has just been fired from there, weighs 400lb., with a bore of 2.5in., it being identically the same kind of gun as supplied to the mountain batteries. Considering the recoil and the weight of the gun, surely this is a marvellous feat of strength."—Mr. C. A. Cameron, R.M. Academy, Woolwich.



A MILLER'S MONUMENT.

"Here is something unique in the line of monuments. It is the upper stone of a pair of French burr millstones, which serves to mark the grave of a miller of the old school in the cemetery at Georgetown, Ohio. The conception is barbaric and yet eloquent. This old millstone—the hole in its centre, through which the grain formerly flowed, filled with plaster; its sides chipped and seamed and worn; a reminder of the days when millers knew not the roar of mighty machinery or the worries of a fluctuating grain market, but went their daily round as calmly and easily as their millstones—tells of the life of the man whose grave it marks



far more eloquently than these verses which some local poet has chiselled on the back:—

A MILLER'S MONUMENT.

("A Millstone Taken from His Mill.")
 Beneath this stone a miller lies
 Who left the world before the rise
 Of modern ways of making flour,
 And hence passed many a happy hour.
 He was not forced to speculate,
 Nor on Chicago's movement wait;
 He did not care for foreign trade,
 But sold his neighbours all he made.
 Cables and telegrams were rare—
 The markets did not make him swear.
 Small was his mill; his profits round;
 Clear was his head, his slumbers sound;
 He envied none, was envied not,
 And died contented with his lot."

—Mr. Chas. W. Kimball, Parsons, Kansas.